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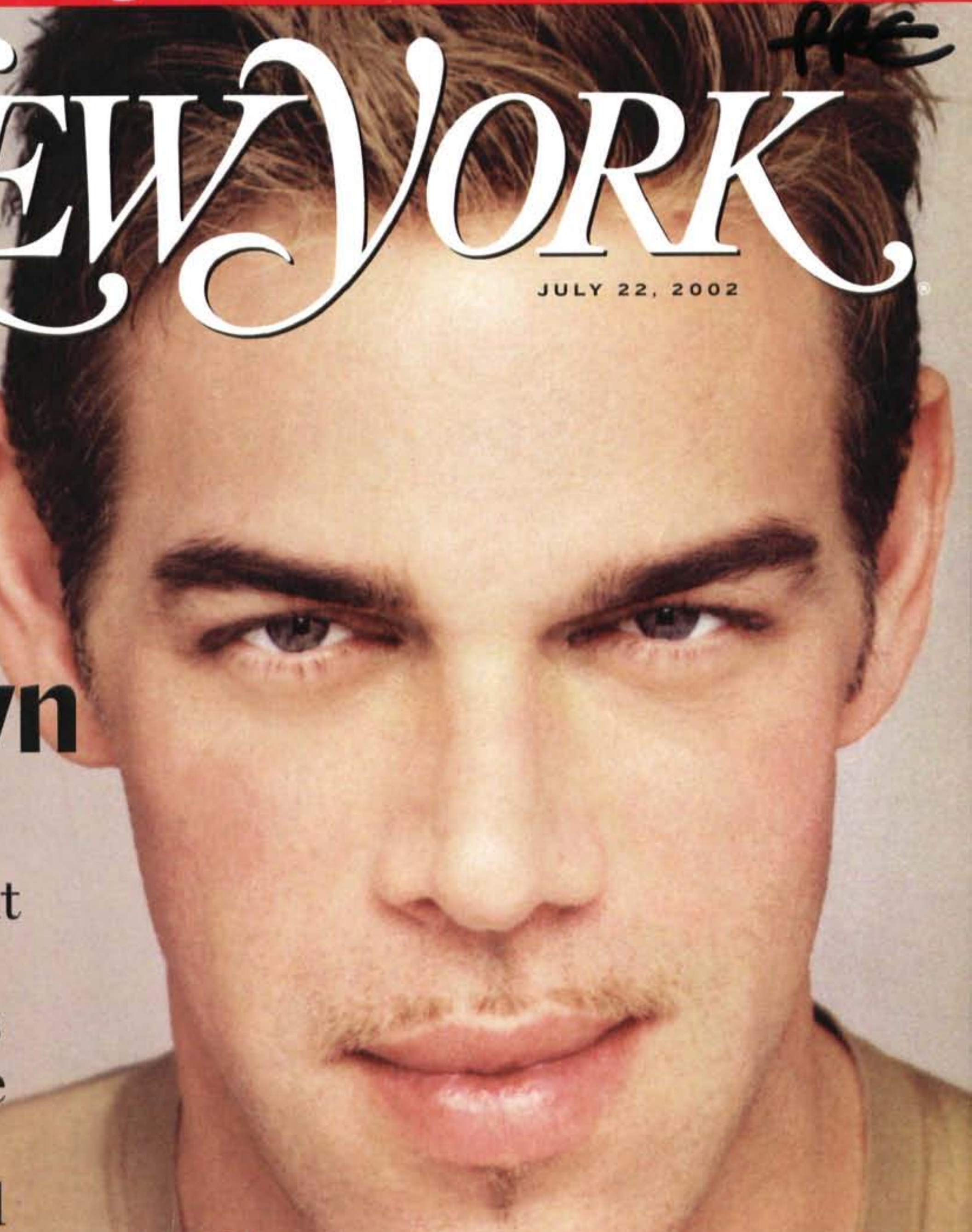

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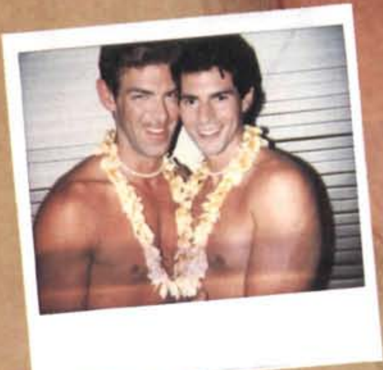

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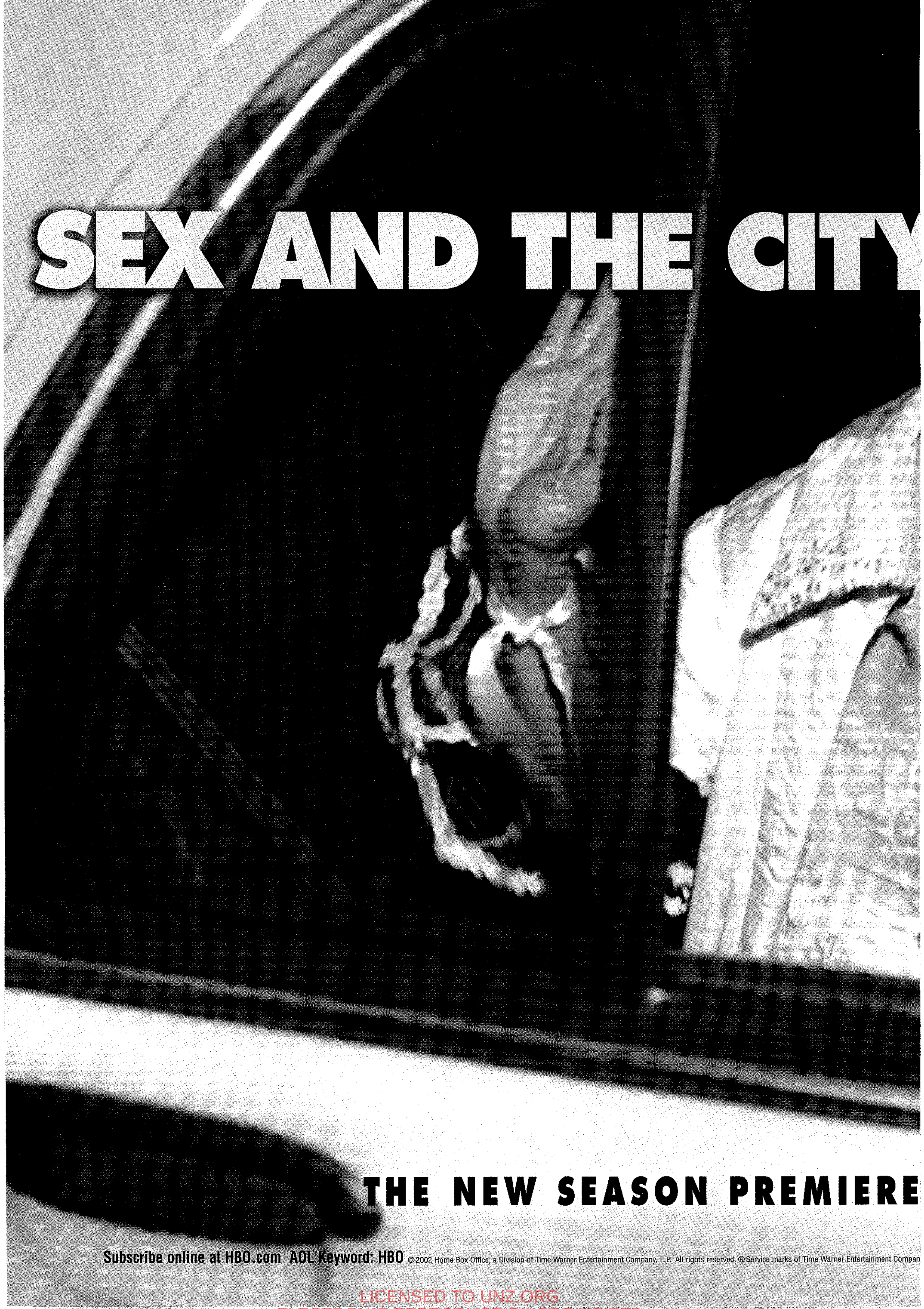
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Contents

July 22, 2002

5 **Letters**

7 **Intelligencer:** Marc S. Malkin

8 **Scene:** Patrick McMullan

11 **Gotham**

Columns

14 **This Media Life:** Michael Wolff
How business culture is becoming uncool (again)—and why that might not be such a bad thing

36 **Best Bets** Rima Suqi
Customized fortune cookies, Tiffany vases, and the Godiva mango truffle

38 **Sales & Bargains**
Dive into summer at the city's best pools

40 **Cue Best of the Week**

Critics

41 **Movies:** Peter Rainer
Benoît Jacquot brings the passion of Puccini's *Tosca* to the big screen

42 **Books:** John Homans
With *How to Lose Friends and Alienate People*, Toby Young continues a long tradition of writerly self-indulgence

43 **Theater:** John Simon
Sondheim's sophistication shines through in *Company* and *Sunday in the Park With George*

44 **John Leonard's TV Notes**

45 **Architecture:** Joseph Giovannini
MoMA finally moves beyond Mies in the dynamic design for its Queens outpost—at least until you get to the galleries

46 **Restaurants:** Hal Rubenstein
Industry (food) brings upscale dining to the East Village

50 **Listings**

84 **Classifieds/Personals/Real Estate**

96 **'Cue' Crossword:** Maura B. Jacobson

'Guardian' Crossword

ON THE COVER: PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF THE KEVYN AUCOIN ESTATE. INSET PHOTOGRAPH (*HAIRSPRAY*) BY ANDREW ECCLES & (WEDDING) COURTESY OF JEREMY ANTUNES.

> **"Camp is something that's so bad, it's good. But I think *Hairspray's* so good, it's great."**
>
> —John Waters, page 16

16 Hair Apparent By Susan Dominus

A chubby heroine. Her drag-queen mother. A poppy soundtrack from the guy who wrote the scatological songs of *South Park*. Add the subversive genius of John Waters—and a creative team that's a Broadway Who's Who—and you've got *Hairspray*, the candy-colored, sixties-tinged musical that's generated the best buzz since *The Producers*. A backstage look at the making of an off-kilter musical comedy.

22 The Makeup Breakup By Ariel Levy

Celebrity stylist Kevyn Aucoin's gift for makeup was matched by his gift for making people love him—among them his live-in boyfriend, an ex who'd never really left his life, a devoted family in Lafayette, Louisiana, and a galaxy of stars from Cher to Hilary Swank to Mary Tyler Moore to Amber Valetta. When he died last month, after years of struggle with a painful pituitary condition, it was assumed that his condition killed him. Instead, it was the drugs to which he'd become addicted in treating it. And that in turn has ignited a battle between his lover—who'd tried to force him to get off drugs in his final months—and his parents and his ex, who feel Kevyn was abandoned in his hour of need.

28 Jailhouse Blues By Jennifer Senior

With the public—not to speak of the president—urging stiffer sentences for corporate malfeasance, white-collar criminals take note: Federal prisons aren't the country clubs they were reputed to be when Ivan Boesky and his ilk were playing tennis at Lompoc. Those trading bespoke suits for green jumpsuits will find a harsher system—and a tougher population.

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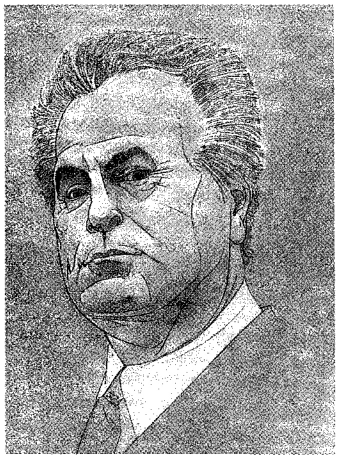
Letters

> I wish those who came to see 'the Don' off had thought for just one moment about the lives he wrecked.
>
> —Frank Cipolla

The Dishonorable Don

Hats off to Jack Newfield! Finally, someone tells it like it is when it comes to John Gotti ["Cityside: Little Big Man," June 24–July 1]. Gotti was a crook, a thug, and a convicted killer. Moreover, he cost all of us money through the extortion of legitimate businesses and the creation of illegitimate ones. I wish those who came to see "the Don" off had thought for just one moment about the lives he wrecked through the sale of heroin to their friends and neighbors. This fascination with mobsters is an insult to every New Yorker and to all the hardworking Italian-Americans embarrassed by his star status.

Frank Cipolla, MATAWAN, N.J.



IL CAPO DI TUTTI CAPI: John Gotti.

Forget about the flap over *The Sopranos.* I can't even imagine how law-abiding Italian-Americans feel when sociopaths like Gotti are paraded in print and TV as princes of the city, let alone when their daughters are permitted to write glowing obituaries and Father's Day tributes about them in the *Post.* Jack Newfield got it right.

Marc Wallace, MANHATTAN

Behind the Music

Michael Wolff's article on the music industry was one of the best post-Napster "someone finally fucking gets it" articles written to date ["This Media Life: Facing the Music," June 10]. The music industry as a whole will never descend to the level of the book world. Why? Highbrow art and effete intellectualism are a far cry from the roar of primal screams and outlet for youthful aggression that rock and pop music will always provide. This will never change, whether Sony sells 10 CDs a week or 10 million.

Mark Bloomstein, WORCESTER, MASS.

Michael Wolff's "Facing the Music" is flawed in that he listened to the music industry discuss why the music industry is failing. In fact, the industry is still uninformed; if they knew what was broke, they'd fix it. They have encouraged the development of a twelve-second attention span in consumers, and yet they are continually glutting the market with copycat acts, even as tastes, faster than perhaps anything else, evolve.

Lynn Lendway, MANHATTAN

Queens Living

Your story on MOMA's move into Long Island City ["Queens Modern," by Alexandra Lange, June 17] was quite thorough but missed one point. I work in the area, and the space in our neighborhood is actually superior to that in Chelsea and Soho. Long Island City is the only affordable area in the city where you can get street-level space, nineteen-foot ceilings, and superb access to midtown.

David H. Inerfeld, BEDFORD, N.Y.

Fashion Plates

Hal Rubenstein should stick to fashion. His excessive concern about the décor at Drew Nieporent's Montrachet in Tribeca is totally misplaced ["Restaurants: Déjà Drew," June 17]. Montrachet's classic atmosphere provides the perfect backdrop for its amazing cuisine. Perfect food, perfect service, perfect décor. Please keep Mr. Rubenstein away from Tiffany's. Next, he'll accuse their classic blue boxes of needing a makeover, too.

Holly Malkin Green, ORANGE, CONN.

Sing It, Sister

After reading Peter Rainer's review of *Divine Secrets of the Ya-Ya Sisterhood* ["Movies: Sister Act," June 10], I have to ask if he and I saw the same movie. Oh, yeah, he's a guy—never mind!

Karen Brooks, PHOENIX, ARIZ.

Ode on the L.I.E.

It was time someone did justice to that strip of asphalt that connects Manhattan to the Hamptons. Love it or hate it, the L.I.E. is what allows thousands of us to leave the city on a hot summer Friday and reach the beautiful East End of Long Island. How arrogant of us to think there's nothing useful between here and there. *New York* Magazine corrected that with an excellent pullout guide [June 24–July 1]. Bravo!

Andrew Visconti, MANHATTAN AND EAST HAMPTON, N.Y.

Corrections: In our July 8 article "Who Knew" (by Landon Thomas Jr. and Beth Landman Keil), we mistakenly referred to the late Arthur Altschul, instead of Arthur Altschul Jr.—the brother, not the father, of Serena Altschul. In our June 24–July 1 issue, we erroneously claimed that Juicy Couture sweatsuits are sold at Macy's ("Gotham Style," by Amy Larocca); they are available at Scoop boutiques. And in our July 15 issue, a photo caption on page 31 should have identified the location as the Muscoota Café, which is not owned by Carl Redding. *New York* regrets the errors. ■

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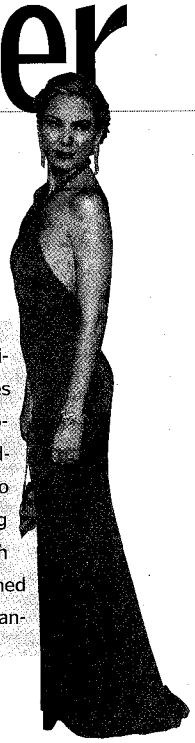
Intelligencer

By Marc S. Malkin

Kalman Sporn Makes a Run for It

He's raised enough cash to take out full-page ads announcing his candidacy for New York State Assembly representative from the Upper West Side, but **Kalman Sporn** insists he can't afford to pay a restaurant tab from over a year ago. In May 2001, Sporn threw an elaborate dinner party at Marika (now known as Compass) on the Upper West Side for 30 friends—but his check for $5,001.75 bounced. Restaurant manager **Don Evans** says Sporn returned a few days later with $2,000 in cash and promised to be back soon with the rest. "He gave me this sob story about how the market was down, and he was being harassed by the government because he had traveled to Switzerland and he was friends with **Denise Rich**," says Evans. He tried to contact Sporn over the summer, but his calls went unreturned. So he took the matter to small-claims court—and won a judgment for the $3,000 balance. Evans says that as recently as two weeks ago Sporn promised to pay: "He says he just can't afford it right now, but when I pointed out that he has the cash to run for office, he got off the phone really fast." Sporn claims the party was thrown by his former company KalmanSporn.com, which has since gone bankrupt, and that the restaurant will eventually get its money, but he doesn't know when.

Kim Cattrall's Tête-à-Tête

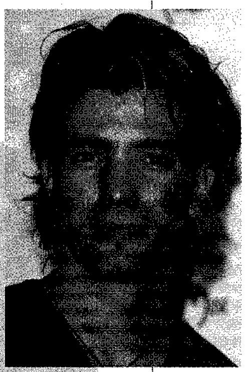


Warning! If you're a *Sex and the City* fan and don't want to know what happens in the season finale, stop reading this. A source tells us that the episode, filmed last week in New Jersey, features Samantha (**Kim Cattrall**, pictured, right) in a topless catfight with a busty guest at what is supposed to be a Hamptons pool party. Actress **Melissa Short**—a co-star of the raunchy Off Broadway play *Birdy's Bachelorette Party*—plays a bitchy double-D diva in hot pants and pumps who disses Samantha's more diminutive dimensions. She tells Samantha that her philandering ex-boyfriend Richard (**James Remar**) never would have left her if she had more cleavage. At which point "they rip their bikini tops off and start comparing assets," our spy tells us. When we reached Short, she refused to provide details, but said her character in *Birdy's* is actually based on Samantha: "I do a bathroom-stall sex scene that's meant as an homage to her."

Lizzie Grubman: Fashion Victim

In case you haven't seen enough **Lizzie Grubman** headlines, former New York *Post* reporter and current *Men's Health* contributor **Doug Dechert** is marking the anniversary of the crash—and the launch of Scandalmonger.net—by peddling shirts emblazoned with the New York *Daily News* cover from July 17, 2001, which reads "WHITE TRASH" BOUNCER CLAIMS LIZZIE WAS DOING DRUGS, for $19.99. Dechert has printed only 480 shirts but hasn't ruled out using Grubman's image in the future. "When I wore one in the Hamptons, people were trying to buy it off my back," he said. "Who knows? Mugs and hats could be next."

GREEN ACRES: After years of renting, **Mark Green** has finally bought his own place in East Hampton. "I waited until after **Barbara Kopple**'s documentary so that the prices would be so depressed that we could afford a place north of the highway," he tells us. He and his wife, **Deni Frand**, had originally planned their housewarming for August 3, the same day as People for the American Way's fund-raiser at **Marjorie Loggia**'s estate. "But I didn't want to have a competing party," he says. Green's bash is now set for August 10.

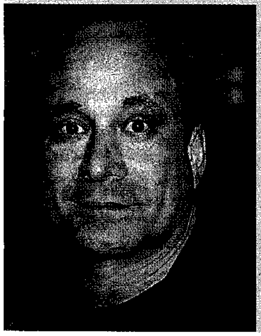


PRESIDENTIAL SUITE: Laura Bush was spotted shopping at ABC Carpet & Home near Union Square last Thursday. She put a hutch table from the Monkey Hill shop on hold along with about a dozen chairs from the Toad Hall department. After snapping several Polaroids of her selections, she cooed, "This would be perfect for Camp David."

With Catherine Townsend.

Ross Bleckner and J. C. Chasez Take in the Sights

Kelly Klein knows how to get the music started. About two hours into the recent fifth annual Dance at Sunset at the Sunset Beach Hotel on Shelter Island, D.J. **David Chang**'s sound system blew a fuse and co-host Klein had to run around frantically to fix the mishap. Two hours later, the music died again for another ten minutes. Between power outages, a very wide-eyed 'N Sync-er, **J. C. Chasez** (pictured, right), was squeezed between two bikini-clad women for some bumping and grinding to his band's hit "Girlfriend," as **Alex von Furstenberg** sprayed them with Taittinger champagne. Chasez backed off when Chang put on **Nelly**'s "Hot in Herre" and ogled the two women from the sidelines as they did their own dirty dancing. Chasez wasn't the only one getting an eyeful. As co-host **Ross Bleckner** (pictured, left) surveyed the dance floor with **Claudia Cohen**, a young man wearing only a pink Hello Kitty towel walked by. Cohen cooed to Bleckner, "Oh, he's definitely your type." For the record, Bleckner just smiled and made his way home. The bash raised more than $100,000 for the AIDS Community Research Initiative of America.



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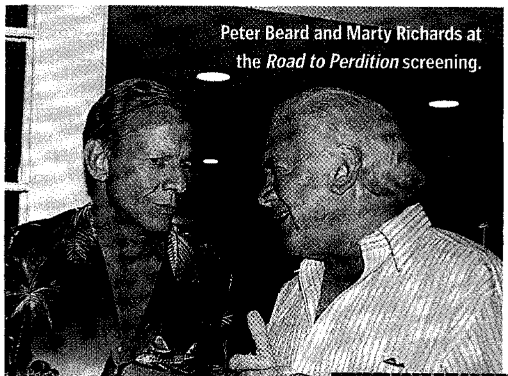
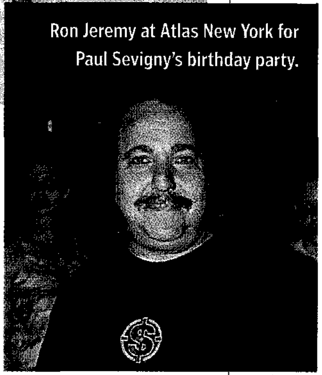


Peter Beard and Marty Richards at the *Road to Perdition* screening.

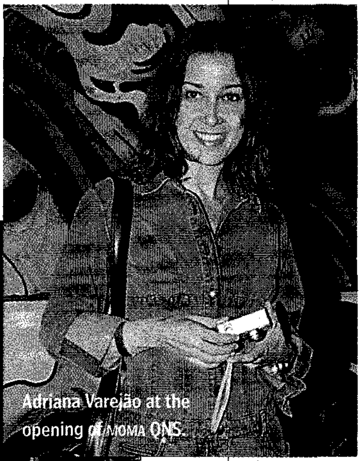
Joanne de Guardiola and Jeanne Sorensen-Leff at the Southampton Fresh Air Home's annual picnic.



Ron Jeremy at Atlas New York for Paul Sevigny's birthday party.

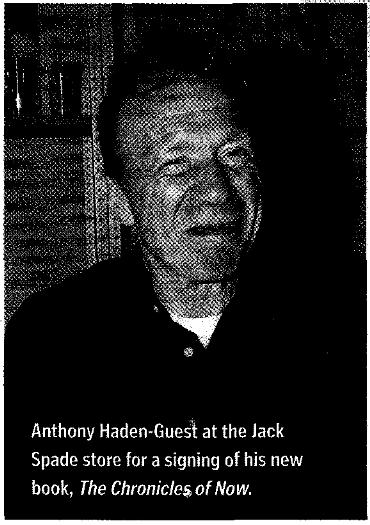
Sarah Michelle Gellar and D.J. Cassidy at Dark to celebrate Cassidy's 21st birthday.

J. C. Chasez and Marcelle at the Sunset Beach Hotel for Dance at Sunset.



Adriana Varejão at the opening of MoMA QNS.

Chuck and Candy Pratts Price at the Hampton Designer Showhouse at Villa Maria preview cocktail party.



Anthony Haden-Guest at the Jack Spade store for a signing of his new book, *The Chronicles of Now.*

Philip Bloch, Renée Cox, and Russell Simmons at Eugene's for Sean "P. Diddy" Combs's Independence Day extravaganza.

The L.I.E. to Perdition

As the caravan of holiday weekenders made its slow departure from East Hampton, a small, privileged group breathed a collective sigh and sank into their cushy seats in the screening room of Goosecreek, **Bryan Bantry**'s Wainscott spread. The occasion was a Sunday-night screening of **Sam Mendes**'s *Road to Perdition*, and the crowd was a diverse assemblage of high-gloss Hamptonites. "**Sandy Gallin** was just on the phone with **David Geffen**, who says the film is fabulous," reported painter **Ross Bleckner**. "I love this. It's around the corner, it's the best screening room in the Hamptons, and it's free. Oh, is that **Kelly Klein** over there?" It was, chatting with a pal, next to **Julian Schnabel** and his son. "What a combo. Can you imagine **Tom Hanks** and **Paul Newman** together?" asked *Chicago* producer **Marty Richards**, in anticipation of the film. "And this group feels like old-home night. There's **Peter Stone**, who I won a Tony with for *Grand Hotel*, and **Sidney Lumet**, and that guy from *Jaws* [**Roy Scheider**]." **Bianca Jagger** arrived solo and slipped into a seat near **Peter Beard.** In the last row sat **Star Jones.** "My show is live 46 weeks a year," she said. "When it's not on, I'm here." After the credits rolled, the group appeared spellbound. "It was like a beautiful poem," sighed **Bruce Weber.** With him was his latest discovery, model **Nicholas Aaron.** "I'm from Idaho. I just started modeling two months ago," said the tattooed young man. "But what I really want to do is act." BETH LANDMAN KEIL

Photographs by
Patrick McMullan

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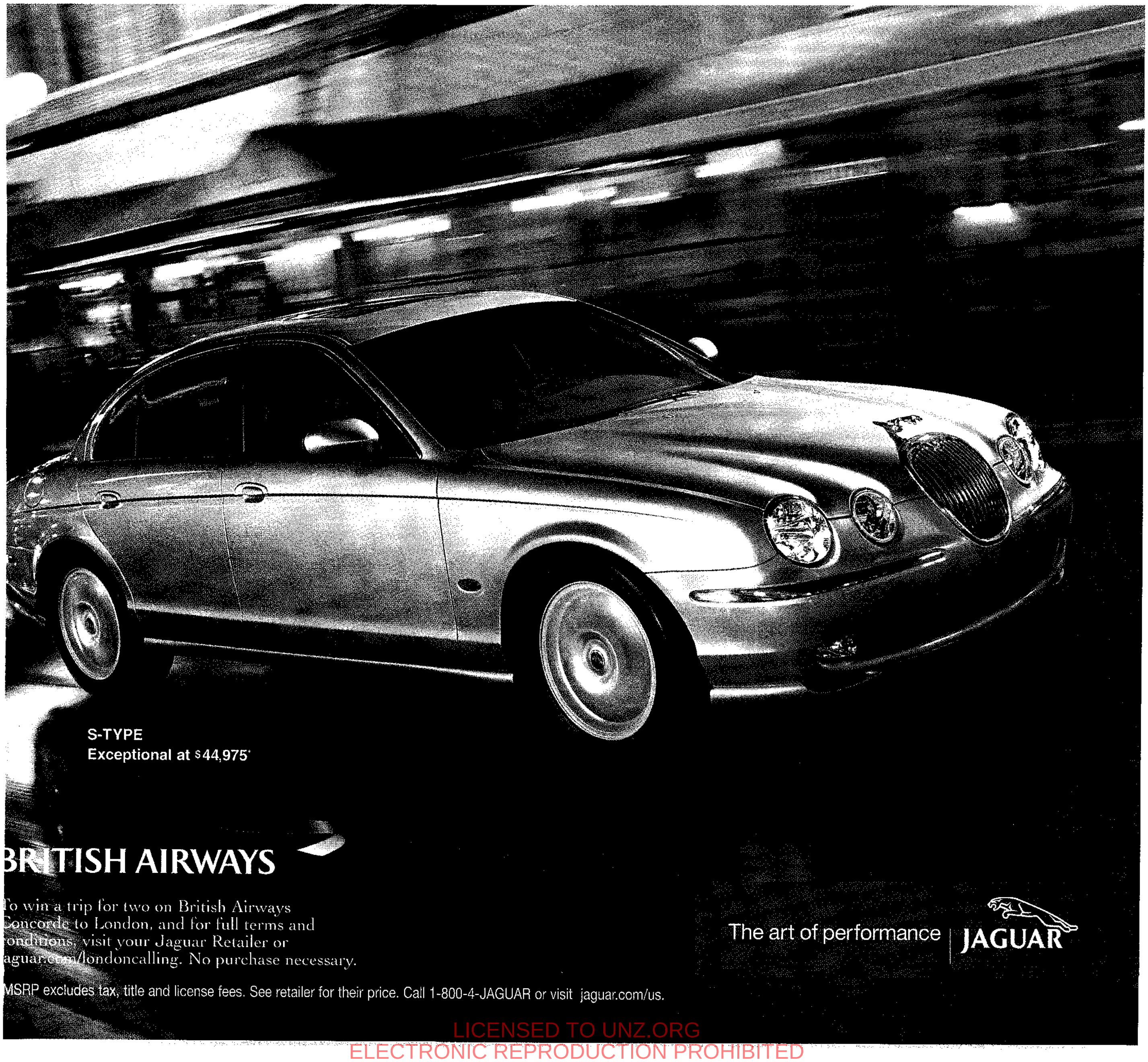

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Life in the New City

Hormonal Imbalance

Forget terrorism. New York's postmenopausal women have a new anxiety to conquer—so break out the chocolate. By Meryl Gordon

When Public Advocate Betsy Gotbaum took her dog, Willy, for a walk in Central Park last week, she was stopped by several women eager to discuss a very personal matter with a stranger—menopause.

"Nobody knows what to do," says Gotbaum. The news that the government had stopped a study on hormone-replacement therapy (HRT), warning that some drugs increased the risk of cancer and strokes, has sent New York's high-powered women of a certain age into emotional free-fall. "I've been trying to reach my doctor for two days," says Gotbaum, who went cold turkey last week, stopping the hormone pill she's been on for six years. "Maybe the hot flashes will start again. Who knows?"

Get out the chocolate and the Prozac: All over the city, thousands of women are debating whether to give up their meds and return to sleepless nights, low libido, and sweaty Chanel suits. Gail Sheehy, author of the best-seller on menopause *The Silent Passage*, says, "Watch out for the workplace. Wherever there are women over 40, it's going to be hell." Sheehy, who uses a low-dose estrogen patch, is planning to stop but can't face the side effects right now. "I'll take a hormone holiday," she says. "But I have to wait until I finish my new book."

Anxiety about the new side effects may also turn out to be a side effect in itself. Or as one high-level publishing veteran mutters, "We've all been worrying about the next terrorist attack, but this is much more frightening." She had just received a mass e-mail sent by a friend, a well-known TV correspondent, with the plaintive query: "Now what, ladies?"

Patricia Allen, a gynecologist and director of the New York Menopause Center, says that for years she has cautioned her patients to use hormones for short-term relief, but that long-term use (as the study indicated) is dangerous; the women often don't want to hear it. "They want to be young forever," says Allen. "It's all about how you look. I ask patients, 'If you get breast cancer or a blood clot from HRT, was better skin worth it?' "

The answer, for some women, is a resounding yes. Gossip columnist Liz Smith says, "Something is going to kill us all eventually. I'd rather have quality of life with hormones." Literary agent Lucianne Goldberg nods: "I stopped taking hormones for three months once, and half my hair fell out. I've been gargling the drugs ever since." Erica (*Fear of Flying*) Jong offers the comforting thought that life is worth living without the pills, which she gave up several years ago. "I didn't have hot flashes or brain unraveling," she says, "and I didn't need hormones to have a sex life." But playwright Jeanie Linders, author of *Menopause: The Musical*, sees estrogen as so addictive that many women won't kick the habit. "This is a time of life that makes women so insane that they'll hold onto anything that makes them feel better," she says.

> "I stopped taking hormones for three months once, and half my hair fell out. **I've been gargling the drugs ever since."**

A more poignant reaction comes from Helen Gurley Brown, the ultimate *Cosmo* girl, who recalls publishing in 1965 one of the first stories hyping the merits of estrogen and birth-control pills. "I mainlined Premarin for years," she said. "I wanted to stay sexy and juicy and young." Diagnosed four years ago with breast cancer, Brown, now 80, is angry that the long-term side effects of HRT are only now being studied. "If not for all those hormones," she says, "maybe this wouldn't have happened to me."

ILLUSTRATION BY GREG MORGAN/WWW.LILAROGERS.COM.

Pecking Order

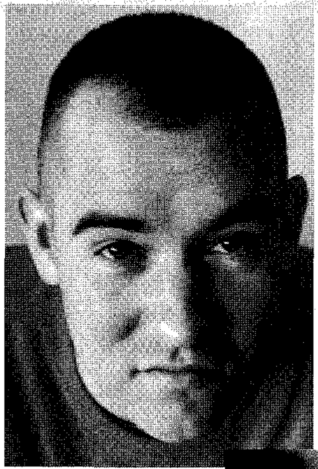
Novelist Dale Peck goes for Rick Moody's jugular—and literati gasp. By Heather Caldwell

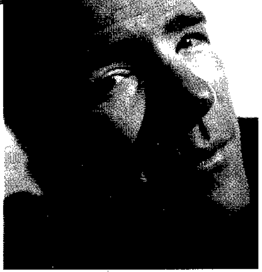
"Dale Peck is the Michael Ovitz of the literary world," says agent Bonnie Nadell. She's referring to the novelist's jaw-droppingly scathing review in *The New Republic* of Rick Moody's memoir, *The Black Veil.*

The nearly 6,000-word-long tirade—which begins "Rick Moody is the worst writer of his generation" and goes on to pulverize practically everyone in American literature, from William Faulkner to David Foster Wallace—has the literary world aflame.

"He's just trying to draw attention to himself," says Stanley Crouch—another of Peck's recent hit jobs. "It's a career move." But others welcome the screed, in which Peck skewers Moody for everything except his decision to go by Rick.

"Our reviewers are such a bunch of brownnosing back-scratchers," says literary agent Chris Calhoun. "Though I don't think Peck had the chops, it's nice to see somebody pick a fight."





WAR OF WORDS: Dale Peck (top) vs. Rick Moody.

"We have no company policy on Rick Moody; he's not the war on Afghanistan," says the mischievous Leon Wieseltier, literary editor of *The New Republic.* "If Dale had admired Moody, we would have published his admiration."

Wieseltier adds, "We're not in the business of instructing readers on what to pack for Amagansett. There are principles at stake in literary reputations."

Principles indeed, counters Adrienne Miller, the literary editor of *Esquire:* "I think editors have an ethical obligation to publish responsible reviews. And if somebody is going to come out with such an incendiary piece, he'd better have the credibility to do it."

So what gives Peck the authority to trash Faulkner? His first novel, *Martin and John,* was published to lavish praise in 1993, when he was all of 25. But he had an ugly falling-out with his publisher, Farrar, Straus & Giroux, after his third novel, and his career has yet to skyrocket, prompting speculation that the frustrated writer may have turned bitchy reviewer.

In his St. Marks walk-up, Peck says, "When I see people profaning at the temple of literature, I want to throw them out. I think one's task as a book reviewer, and a novelist, is to say, 'You guys are in our way.' " (Well, maybe, but if Faulkner were in their way, most writers would want him to stay there.)

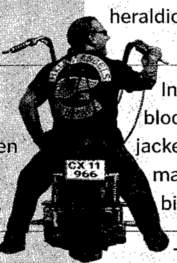
Peck adds that Wieseltier *wouldn't* have published a nice review: "He doesn't assign me books that I'm going to like. What can I say? I write bad reviews well."

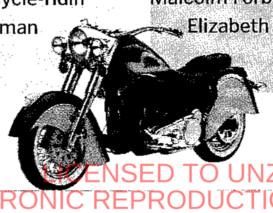
Moody couldn't be reached, but his editor, Michael Pietsch, e-mailed: "I expect Rick is proud to be castigated for qualities he shares with James Joyce . . . Vladimir Nabokov, and Thomas Pynchon. . . . Rick is a musical writer. I suppose there are people who listen to John Coltrane and hear only noise. There's no arguing taste, but I feel sad for them."

Audubon to the Autobahn

Vroom! This summer there seem to be more motorcycles than ever zipping by—whether you're on the FDR or the L.I.E. Leading some motorists to wonder: *Who are all these bikers, anyway?* And if they were in a *West Side Story*-style battle for control of the South Fork, which "gang" might win?

LISSA TOWNSEND RODGERS

	Classic Hells Angel	*Harlem Knights*	*Master of the Universe Biker*	*Off-Duty Officers*
Type of ride	Ancient, lovingly maintained Harleys ("they don't make 'em like that anymore").	Kawasaki Ninja or Suzuki Katana "crotch rocket" in bright heraldic colors.	2002 Indian Chief—retailing for upwards of $20,000.	BMW with patriotic bumper sticker.
Identifying plumage	The same gray hair and paunches seen on many of our senators. 	Intricate color-block leather jacket perfectly matching the bike.	Gucci shades, Hugo Boss jacket, Cole Haan boots.	Members Only and a mustache.
Where found	Mostly just kickin' back outside the East 3rd Street clubhouse.	Traveling in packs of 100-plus down 125th Street on a Sunday afternoon.	Tearing into a 32-ounce steak at the Palm after a leisurely sunset ride on Long Island.	Meeting at the diner before the annual Toys for Tots ride.
Likely companion	"Well, the old lady hasn't been riding much since the kids left home."	J.Lo wannabe—and if it's serious, she'll get her nails done to match the jacket.	Second wife.	"Today's for rolling with my buddies from the precinct."
Role model	Still Angel Godfather Sonny Barger, man.	Motorcycle-ridin' ladies' man Tyrese.	Malcolm Forbes (*with* Elizabeth Taylor).	Well, it sure ain't Robert Blake in *Electra Glide in Blue* anymore . . .



PHOTOGRAPHS: FROM TOP, JILL KREMENTZ; JEAN-CRISTIAN BOURCART/RAPHO/LIAISON; IAN HODGSON/REUTERS; COURTESY OF INDIAN MOTORCYCLES.

Rookies Vs. King Kasparov

One recent evening, in a loft in the Puck Building, a crowd waits for former world chess champion Garry Kasparov, who's about to play 34 simultaneous matches. His opponents: pairs of kids, mostly boys, ages 6 to 16. The purpose: a benefit organized by Mentor USA, a group that works to prevent drug abuse among young people. Suspense is high (even if the outcome seems near-certain).

5:15 P.M. Grown-ups balance cocktails and cameras. The kids must all be thinking the same thing: *Maybe I'm the one who can beat this guy.*

6:20 P.M. Kasparov, 39, enters to applause. Mentor member David Soares explains some rules: "Make your move when Mr. Kasparov can see it—no sneak moves! Please don't offer Mr. Kasparov a draw." Much laughter. "And if the game is lost, don't play on in the hope that Mr. Kasparov will make a mistake."

6:35 P.M. Kasparov paces. Fingers fluttering at each board, he adjusts his pieces. Then: Pawn to king 4. Times 34.

7:02 P.M. At Board 20, he bends over, hand on hip: long pause. "Those kids must be good," someone whispers.

7:44 P.M. A mother walks by: "I see one table's down—at least we're not the first!"

7:46 P.M. "I gotta calm down," murmurs a boy. Farther along, one father confesses to another, "I said to him, 'You draw him, I give you 25 bucks. You win, 50.' "

7:54 P.M. Kasparov looks up at another kibitzing dad: "*Please,* you are not playing."

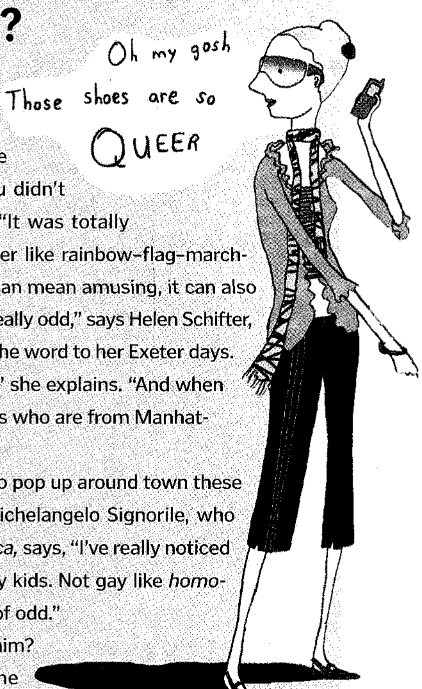
9:17 P.M. The boys at 27 lay down their king: too many advancing Kasparov pawns.

9:26 P.M. Kasparov zigzags among the few survivors, asking other kids for strategies. "Good! Excellent!" he says.

9:58 P.M. Kasparov sinks into a chair. He's just won 34 matches, but he looks whipped. "It's hard work," he says. "But I'm happy to do this. Maybe chess can help kids, their attention might be diverted from vices." He laughs. "Maybe chess is also a vice. But a less dangerous one."

GEORGE KALOGERAKIS

"Q" Is for What?



It's here, it's *queer,* and it doesn't mean what you think it does.

"How was the party?" said one socialite to another recently. "You didn't miss a thing," came the answer. "It was totally queer." *Queer* is back. But not queer like rainbow-flag-marching-down-Fifth Avenue queer. "It can mean amusing, it can also mean kind of gross, or it can mean really odd," says Helen Schifter, a socialite who dates her usage of the word to her Exeter days. "It's really a boarding-school thing," she explains. "And when I'm with my boarding-school friends who are from Manhattan, everyone uses it."

Queer is not the only gay word to pop up around town these days in an unexpected context. Michelangelo Signorile, who wrote a book called *Queer in America,* says, "I've really noticed a resurgence of *gay* by skateboardy kids. Not gay like *homosexual.* It meant kind of farty, kind of odd."

Does this sort of usage bother him? Not really. Queer's already run the gamut of meaning, from biddy old-lady word to playground stinger to hate speech to Queer Power—and now, apparently, it's come around again.

"Queer itself was always a sort of queer word," Signorile adds. "It never meant anything until it became a derogatory word for homosexual. Maybe it's back because the word has really lost its sting and it can just go back to being used in a queer way again."

AMY LAROCCA

Secondhand Smokes

"Smoke? Smoke?" By now, everyone knows where to go to avoid paying up to $8 for a pack of cigarettes (the Web, Indian reservations, Indian reservations on the Web . . .). But, as with many things in New York, it's so much more convenient to have someone else do the legwork for you. Hence the rapid emergence of a new class of dealer: the white-collar nicotine bootlegger.

On a sweltering afternoon, in front of the modernist glass façade of 350 Madison Avenue, employees of a hedge-fund brokerage huddled together, dragging on their tax-free Marlboro Lights. Where did the cigs come from? One name rang out: "Donny the Accountant."

"It's a New York–savvy thing to do, to buy something for less than the going rate, just as we try to pay the lowest price for a share of stock," said Donny, who snaps up ten to twenty cartons at $32 each from a Website and solicits orders from his fellow accountants.

"Interest has really grown this week—it's time for another order," added Donny, who distributes the smokes at cost, wary of making a profit on goods from an Indian reservation, which, he believes, could mean breaking the law. (Yes, there are still accountants who worry about the law.) "When the cartons come, I'm like Santa Claus."

"I don't pay the tax," one finance man spit out defiantly. "I have a summer home in Pennsylvania, and cigarettes go for $28 a carton there," he said while lighting up with his boss, Bob Martz, a brokerage vice-president, in front of their building. "I pay him what they cost, he works for me," said Martz—at which point the bootlegging broker smiled and added, "There are others on the list."

Many interviewed feared giving out their names, citing what could be an urban legend in the making—tax bills that comes out of the blue to people who've bought goods out of state. While no one had received such a document, a few spoke ominously of "someone who did."

But Linda Massarella, a newspaper writer, sees no danger (or shame) in making a buck off her co-workers. When she returns from a trip to Canada, she says, "I will buy some Camel Lights at the border, and I'll sell them for $5 a pack. It'll help pay for my trip."

HOWARD STIER

PHOTOGRAPHS: FROM TOP, MARK PETERSON/CORBIS SABA; C. SHERBUME/GETTY IMAGES. ILLUSTRATION BY ALLI ARNOLD.

Michael Wolff THIS MEDIA LIFE

Out of Business

How could the demise of the business culture—prompted by the ongoing spectacle of corporate humiliation—be a good thing? Ask the good old-fashioned gentlemen at *Forbes.*

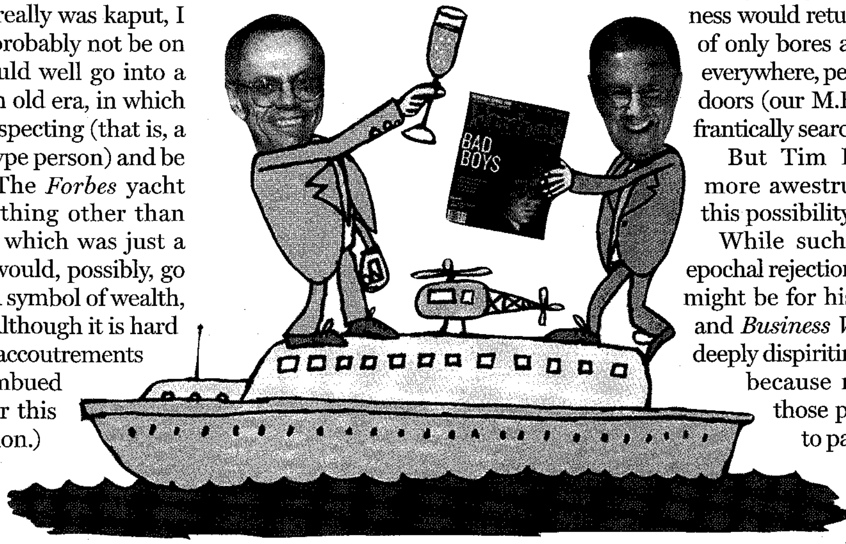
WHAT IF, AFTER THRIVING FOR TWENTY years, the business culture—market savvy, ever-increasing net worth, the art of the transaction, the broad social power of private enterprise, the no-guilt thrill of making large amounts of money—is finally over? Kaput?

I was on the *Forbes* yacht having this conversation—it was one of those meet-and-greet affairs for advertisers and other media that the magazine hosts on its boat, *The Highlander,* on summer evenings—just as WorldCom was collapsing and the week before Vivendi gave Messier the boot. If the business culture really was kaput, I was thinking, I would probably not be on this boat again. We could well go into a new era, or back into an old era, in which one could not be self-respecting (that is, a self-respecting liberal-type person) and be on the *Forbes* yacht. The *Forbes* yacht would stand for something other than what it stood for now, which was just a promotional thing—it would, possibly, go back to being a resented symbol of wealth, class, and exclusivity. (Although it is hard to imagine just how the accoutrements of wealth could be re-imbued with exclusiveness after this long run of popularization.)

Still, I continue to be fond of Tim Forbes, who has been the Forbes brother most responsible for running the business since the death of his father, Malcolm, in 1990 and since the designated heir, oldest brother Steve, took up running for president (Steve was on the boat in the role of official greeter). Tim is a self-effacing, none-too-hip, always somewhat pained-looking anomaly of a modern media executive (the opposite of, say, Jean-Marie Messier). Tim might be, you suspect, a lot happier having inherited a more anonymous sort of business—for instance, a water utility—but, dutifully, he makes the best of his fate. In fact, this aura of dutifulness, rather than ego gratification, may be one of the reasons that he seems popular among his staff—something unusual for most ego-charged media executives.

We were sitting together at one of the little tables on the yacht, eating the catered dinner and marveling at this whole breathtaking moment of corporate humiliation.

But we were both old enough to appreciate that in all likelihood this was just a periodic blip. Various deserving people would be pilloried and hung out to dry, and there would be a requisite shocked, *shocked* moment of sanctimony and contrition, and then the markets would get going again. This made sense. "It's very hard to imagine the end of this," said Tim. The business culture was just way too ingrained in careers and aspirations and relationships to be undone by what was, relative to the vastness of the American economy, just rounding-error-level corruption. We chuckled about the recent *Wall Street Journal* story naming this business era as the most corrupt since just before the Great Depression.



And yet that the *Journal,* of all places, could so easily be caught up in the anti-business fever—partly, of course, trying to distance itself from the current mess—was precisely the point. It really could happen. It really could come apart. And not just the economy. But the central organizing faith of our time—that personal ambition, relentless salesmanship, financial savvy, and, well, greed were the most efficient and even liberal agents of societal advancement and harmony. All of that, almost in the blink of an eye, could go back to being not just uncool but really nasty stuff. Quite possibly, business would return to being the province of only bores and bad guys. Certainly, everywhere, people were rushing for the doors (our M.B.A. president himself is frantically searching for an exit).

But Tim Forbes seemed much more awestruck than depressed by this possibility.

While such a turn of events, an epochal rejection of the business culture, might be for his colleagues at *Fortune* and *Business Week* and the *Journal* a deeply dispiriting notion (not least of all because many of the people at those publications would want to participate in the repudiation), for Tim Forbes there was the possibility that this might be very good news.

"You know, we have always been," Tim said, with a certain twinkle, "the magazine for true believers."

IF YOU GO BACK TWENTY YEARS, IT WOULD not at all be a prosaic thing to say "I am a capitalist" or "I believe in unfettered markets" or "Government is too big." Rather, saying something like this would have defined you as a contrarian or country-club member and, quite likely, a *Forbes* reader. I remember my own grim fascination with the *Forbes* motto, "Capitalist Tool"—it

ILLUSTRATION BY SCOTT MENCHIN. PHOTOGRAPH: RIGHT, JIM BOURG/GETTY IMAGES.

seemed so brazen and taunting. It was a line drawn in the sand. In the early eighties, my best friend from college became a bond trader and a *Forbes* reader (he read *Barron's* too), and a breach opened between us—he had gone over to the other side.

To be a *Forbes* reader was not to have any sort of liberal or youthful or ambivalent impulses whatsoever. Dick Cheney surely read *Forbes*.

Certainly, there wasn't any greater cheerleader for the Reagan revolution than *Forbes*. Deregulation, laissez-faire capitalism, hands-off government, pro forma anti-communism, was *Forbes* stuff. Caspar Weinberger, Reagan's secretary of Defense, even became—and in some preserved-in-amber state remains—the ceremonial chairman of the company.

Nor was there any greater voice in the eighties for the sheer *joie de vivre* of wealth. *Forbes*'s "400 Richest Americans" issue, which debuted in the early Reagan years, may rank as a seminal work of the business culture. For one thing, it vividly established a new benchmark of riches—there were really, it turned out, a whole lot of people who had achieved mythic levels of dough. Absolute-freedom money. Start-your-own-nation stuff. For another, it was a folksy instruction manual. Anybody, apparently, with a head for business and a modicum of audacity could make a few hundred million bucks.

And then there was Malcolm himself. He was a Reagan complement. While each man represented stiff and conservative and unemoting constituencies, they were both showmen. Hollywood was, ultimately, the point (Malcolm Forbes's 70th-birthday party in Morocco, with Elizabeth Taylor on his arm, was a pivotal Hollywood-business-culture moment). Both men helped foster the most profound transition of our time: making business sexy, expansive, embracing, even polymorphous.

BUT THIS LEFT *FORBES*, ESPECIALLY AFTER polymorphous Malcolm died, as an awkward cultural fit. That it neither acquired nor was acquired; that it remained in private hands; that the company was known for a yacht instead of a G4—all of this suddenly made it seem quaint and fragile. The fact that Forbes remained an independent company was not so much an accomplishment as an eccentricity—and probably a costly one (if *Fast Company* was sold for nearly $400 million, how much would that have made *Forbes* worth—$2 billion or $3 billion? How could the Forbes family, if they had any head for business at all, not have taken the money and run?).

So much about the magazine seemed out of sync. The brothers, with their odd primogeniture plan (Steve, by order of birth, getting the top title and biggest share of the business). The crotchety old editor, James W. Michaels, on the job for decades, only to finally retire and be replaced by another lifelong veteran of the magazine, William Baldwin (just a somewhat younger version of crotchetiness). And then you had the magazine's uplifting quotations and mini-sermonettes and ritualistic pomposity. And, of course, there was Steve Forbes's loopy quest for the presidency and efforts to restore the Republican Party to its place as the party of the pants-pulled-up-too-high set.

Like all business magazines in the nineties, *Forbes* raked it in. But as business became the big media subject, and one of the great media revenue generators, *Forbes* also got roughed up by the competition.

Forbes may have remained the magazine of true believers, but *Fortune* and *Business Week* (and so many other New Economy comets) became the must-reads of the yuppies and entrepreneurs and opportunists and faddists and marketers and digital schemers and reconstructed radlibs. These magazines were not fundamentally about business but about celebrity, heat, fashion. They were the new business culture. *Forbes* was the old.

But old and new are in bad shape now. *Fortune* and *Business Week* are certainly no fun anymore. And at *Forbes*, for the first time, they've had to lay off staff, sell from the collections (those preposterous Fabergé eggs!), even ask senior execs to take pay cuts.

SO, WHAT IF? WHAT IF THE MARKET DOESN'T soon recover? What if we continue to see corruption behind every boardroom door? What if I and other chattering sorts get to be socialists again? What if the pendulum has really swung as dramatically as that?

This is an exciting possibility for me: the collapse of monoliths, the end of business talk, a return to a cottage media industry (oddly, not unlike the *Forbes* company itself), the rise of new (old) values to complement a falling GDP (this really will be weird), and a new, widely shared antipathy for CEOs and fat cats everywhere (Cheney and Halliburton, Bush and the Harken Energy Corporation—ha!).

And it might well be, I think, an exciting possibility for Tim Forbes (and for Steve and their brothers, Bob and Kip). "If the world becomes more hostile to business, it just makes our job easier," Tim said, with something like irony.

I would not say that there was, on the *Forbes* boat, exactly a mood of giddiness (or that the Forbeses have ever been giddy). But, possibly, something was in the air: a sense of renewed mission. Dennis Kneale, the Young Turk (at 44) who was brought in from the *Wall Street Journal* a few years ago to liven things up, was energetically announcing a "Free Martha" campaign. There was a not unhappy sense of this being time to circle the wagons, of capitalism having to be defended once more from hoi polloi.

I would not say that there was on the *Forbes* boat exactly **a mood of giddiness** (or that the Forbeses have ever been giddy). But, possibly, something was in the air: a **renewed sense of mission.**

"I do believe we do things right in this country," Tim remarked, with, for him, a fair degree of passion.

It will, of course, not be the business culture that *Forbes* is defending but, rather, business itself. The Forbeses, too, may well take some pleasure in the collapse of monoliths, the end of business talk as a popular pastime (business talk, business secrets, should be the province of businessmen), and an affirmation of their own, stand-alone business model (I suspect the Forbeses will, however, remain great defenders, possibly among the last defenders, of Cheney-Bush business ethics).

It occurs to me that while subscribing to the *Forbes* attitude might not have made businessmen more ethical, it would certainly have been wise on everyone's part to play it, *Forbes*-style, a little more conservatively. Businessmen get in trouble not just because of accounting tricks but because they think they're something more than faceless businessmen. They overreach—whereas at *Forbes*, a businessman plays it close to the vest.

Yes. The arrivistes and wannabes screwed things up, but now the natural order may be righted.

On the yacht, you'll have the true believers in capitalism (in their madras jackets), and on dry land, everyone else—hurling insults at them. ■

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This whimsical, candy-colored, sixties-tinged musical—based on a film by the notoriously weird John Waters and starring Harvey Fierstein in drag—won over the critics and the crowds in Seattle. Now it's set to open on Broadway. Could this be the next *Producers*? **By Susan Dominus**

Hairspray It On

It's two days before the Broadway musical *Hairspray* is scheduled to begin previews in Seattle, and the lead producer, Margo Lion, has just decided she hates her own show.

It took Lion, an aristocratic, dark-haired beauty in her fifties, three years of pitching, persuading, and hondling to create a musical-theater version of John Waters's sweetly kitschy film about the integration of a Dick Clark–style TV dance show in early-sixties Baltimore. She signed on Marc Shaiman (the perverse genius behind the *South Park* movie soundtrack) and his partner, Scott Wittman, to write a cheerfully subversive score, the celebrity architect David Rockwell to create off-kilter sets in Necco Wafer hues, and costume designer William Ivey Long to finesse all those metallic satins, Pucci prints, and towers of teased hair. Lion recruited a cast of young, eager talents and one Broadway icon, luring Harvey Fierstein back into drag to play a housewife whose heart is matched in size only by her waistline.

So for most of the drizzly May week, Lion has been happily anticipating the initial run-through, when the cast will perform in full costume with sets and orchestra for the first time. She's spent days wandering in and out of the theater, hugging the creatives hello, beaming at the dancers as they jumped and shimmied their way through choreographer Jerry

OH, BEE*HIVE*: The cast of *Hairspray*, with the original film's director John Waters at center. From left, Kerry Butler, Corey Reynolds, Marissa Jaret Winokur, Harvey Fierstein, Laura Bell Bundy, and Matthew Morrison.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANDREW ECCLES

Mitchell's period-perfect numbers. By the end of the week, the show will open to the Seattle public, and seven weeks after that, on July 18, start previews at the Neil Simon Theater in New York.

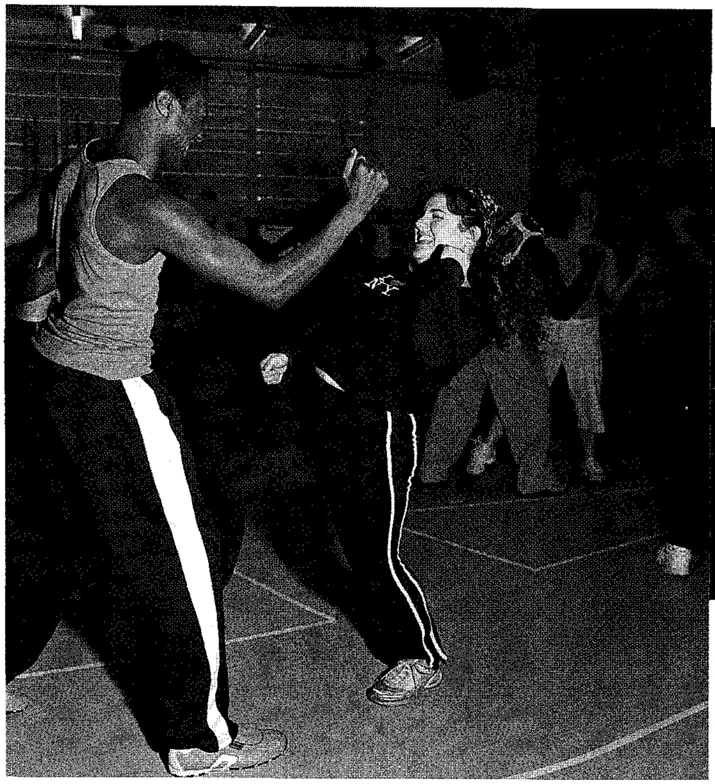
But around halfway through the first act, Lion begins to get a sinking feeling. Her laughs, initially enthusiastic, start to sound a bit half-hearted, and then cease altogether. Marissa Jaret Winokur, the actress playing the part of Tracy Turnblad, the show's stout and stouthearted heroine, is sick with some bronchial bug, and her replacement is missing the bright-aqua paisley polyester dress she should be wearing when she emerges triumphant from a cotton-candy-pink boutique in the third scene. The segues seem muddy, the lighting is off on the eighteen-and-a-half-foot-tall multilevel dance platform, and the one-liners fall flat, or at least seem to in the mostly empty theater—though there is that one guy, some young actress's husband, who keeps laughing maniacally at every joke in the show's book.

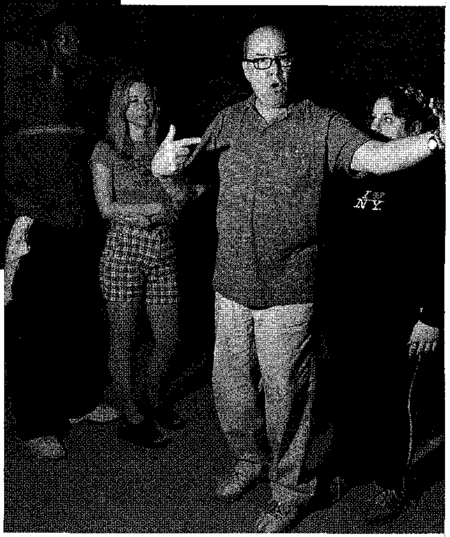
Insulted by Velma Von Tussle, a rich white racist, a young black character asks, "Are all white people like that?" "No," responds Tracy's father, "just most."

At that, Lion slinks down in her chair. "Ew," she says. "I *hate* that."

Lion knows that the first run-through is often a show's darkest moment. And she can *almost* laugh, during the break just before the second act, when she runs to the bathroom and disaster seems to follow her even there. As she leans over to flush the toilet, the strap on her purse breaks and the entire contents of the bag fall right in. The next day, she says dryly: "And all my friends think producing theater is really glamorous."

In the summer of 1998, Lion caught *Hairspray* on TV for no other reason than she was home saddled with a bad flu, possibly precipitated by a bad funk: Her beloved *Triumph of Love*, a musical fairy tale based on a Marivaux play that she'd developed and single-handedly produced, had folded six months earlier. "I was really in mourning," she admits. Watching $3 million of investors' money and those $100,000 she'd borrowed trickle away into nothingness, a person, as they say, could develop a cold.





HAIR TODAY: This page, from left: Winokur rehearses a dance with an ensemble member; producer Margo Lion; director Jack O'Brien gives notes to Reynolds, Butler, and Winokur. Opposite: Fierstein takes a break from rehearsal.

She could also develop a high level of anxiety about the next project she painstakingly develops and brings to the stage. And back in the theater, as the jubilant chord sounds in the final all-out dance number, Lion jumps up in misery and beelines backstage, where she's required to assure everyone that the show's going to be *great.*

GIVEN THE HARD, COLD FACT THAT MORE musicals fail on Broadway than succeed, any producer could be forgiven the occasional immoderate mood swing in the weeks leading up to a show's debut. As a production, *Hairspray* had long been enjoying the kind of aerosol high that can make a show's team giddy but nervous, with rave reports at its readings and investors clamoring to sign on. Bloomingdale's committed to filling its windows with *Hairspray*-themed merchandise, with Shoshanna Lonstein among the designers creating a whole new line of narrow-waisted, full-skirted dresses for the store's forthcoming *Hairspray* shop. Even the potentially vicious gossips on theater-obsessive Websites like Talkinbroadway.com have had nothing but nice things to say about the cast and score. "I haven't seen buzz this good since *The Producers*," says Jonathan Frank, a writer for the site. As the noise about the show grew louder, even those outside the theater community started to take note. "People in the architect world don't show a lot of visible enthusiasm for theater," says Rockwell. "They just quietly call and start asking for tickets."

A story about a fat girl who wins a spot on a dance show, then goes on to integrate it (winning the affections of the local heartthrob along the way), *Hairspray* may not sound like a conventional Broadway hit. Then again, until *The Producers*, neither did a show about a *gonif* and his sidekick profiting off a comedy about the Third Reich. Waters-inspired weirdness notwithstanding, *Hairspray*'s humor is more upbeat than *The Producers'*—if *The Producers* both satirizes and celebrates cynicism, *Hairspray* does the same thing for early-sixties sincerity. (There is some creative overlap: Tom Meehan co-wrote the books of both shows.) You could call what the show does shtick, or you could call it good clean fun, with a wink. Just don't call it camp.

"*Hairspray*'s not camp—camp is two older gentleman talking about Rita Hay-

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRIAN FINKE.

worth as they hang their Tiffany lamps," pronounces Waters at his West Village apartment (and not a Tiffany lamp in sight). "*Camp*—that's just a socially acceptable way of saying it's old-school faggy." A man who made his name with puke jokes and dog-shit stunts, Waters once said the only theater he liked was a good trial, preferably for murder. Now, as a paid consultant for a family-friendly musical, he's like a proud grandparent who can enjoy the family resemblance but skip the sleepless nights and parental headaches: "Camp is something that's so bad it's good. But I think *Hairspray*'s so good, it's great."

Even in these mellowed days, Waters says he hates anything that's too feel-good, though he volunteers that the musical, like the movie, has a strong fat-liberation theme. "Fat people always say hi to me on the street," he says. Don't regular-size people, and skinny ones, also say hello? Waters practically bats his eyes. "Yeah, but fat people do it with a certain tenderness."

THE AFTERNOON OF THE FIRST RUN-THROUGH, Marc Shaiman peers into the orchestra he's seeing assembled for the first time. "What's the matter?" he asks the musical director cheerily. "You couldn't find any brothers in Seattle?"

Jack O'Brien, the director of, among other hits, *The Full Monty*, sits halfway back in the theater, his eye trained on the stage, taking notes. Later, O'Brien will deliver those notes to the cast in his daily near-spontaneous, oratorically dramatic, inspiring, and hilarious monologue; but for the most part, O'Brien—an elegant man in his fifties—does not fraternize with the cast, most of whom are so young that when they wax nostalgic for classic Broadway, they're thinking *Rent.* The producers sit behind O'Brien or off to the side, and David Rockwell sits even farther back.

"*Hairspray*'s not camp. Camp is just a socially acceptable way of saying it's old-school faggy," says John Waters. "Camp is something so bad, it's good. *Hairspray* is so good, it's great."

Shaiman, on the other hand, spends most of his time in the front row, as does his co-lyricist, Scott Wittman, who's also his partner of 23 years—the two of them are the favorites of the cast, the big brothers who ply them with expensive alcohol and impress them with their snazzy friends and never give them tough-love speeches about the responsibility of a star. At a party Shaiman and Wittman hosted at their apartment in New York, cast members walked in to find Nathan Lane, Sarah Jessica Parker, and Matthew Broderick. "Scott has a formula for a great party," says Clarke Thorell, who plays Corny Collins, the Dick Clark figure. "Four cases of champagne and two cases of vodka. I think he has some kind of a deal with Veuve."

Shaiman, five feet seven, has a boyish way of bouncing as he walks, and his dress tends toward the disheveled (with the exception of the blue fox coat, white suit, and blue fedora he wore to the Oscars one year). He keeps his eye on the orchestra during rehearsals, occasionally bursting out with a "Bam!" or "Baaaam bam!" as he gets carried away emphasizing the beats of the songs. A longtime arranger for Bette Midler, he's also responsible for perhaps the world's funniest, and crudest, big musical spoof: the soundtrack to *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut.*

Wittman is a tall drink of water in Paul Smith and Fred Segal, with striking green eyes that peer out from behind Oliver Peoples sunglasses. His one-liners are delivered in dulcet tones; when he directed Patti LuPone in a one-woman show, *Variety* called it "sublime." As a kid, Wittman worked as an apprentice in summer stock in Nyack, brushing shoulders with Betty Grable and Van Johnson, and his knowledge of Broadway is uselessly arcane. Asked about his favorite shows, Wittman pauses. "Well, the thing is, I like really bad musicals," he finally says. "Like *Golden Rainbow*? It starred Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme. They just broke character whenever they felt like it and went into their lounge act."

It was the music Wittman and Shaiman wrote for *Hairspray* that got the show moving early on—in a matter of days, they'd tossed off three highly singable songs with bounce, an early-sixties beat, and just enough Waters-style grit to make it a match. ("The rats in the street / All dance around my feet / Tracy, they tell me, it's uuup to yoooou . . . ") All three songs are still in the show. "They won't tell me how long it took them to write them," says Lion.

"Right, because she pays by the minute," Shaiman says.

This is their first major collaboration, but they've been working together on small shows since they met (Wittman was looking for a pianist at a West Village bar where he worked; Shaiman got the job). One of their first joint projects was a musical called *Livin' Dolls.* "We dropped acid and wrote it in one weekend," says Wittman of the show, now a Disney movie being co-produced by their former usher, *American Beauty*'s co-producer Dan Jinks. In another early collaboration, a female friend played both halves of Siamese twins; one kills the other and spends the remainder of the show carrying her head in a hatbox.

"All our friends said, 'You guys are so slick, you're going to be doing Broadway,' " says Shaiman, who until now was writing well-paying scores for movies like *Patch Adams, Beaches,* and *When Harry Met Sally.* "Twenty-three years later, we got here."

THE ONLY CAST MEMBER WHO REGULARLY wanders back to schmooze with O'Brien is Harvey Fierstein, who looks surprisingly civilian in an untucked T-shirt and sneakers for most of rehearsal. A three-time Tony winner—two for his tour de force *Torch Song Trilogy* and one for the book of *La Cage aux Folles*—Fierstein is a grown-up like O'Brien, with as many Broadway bona fides as anyone in the theater. Although he works steadily, most recently with a small part in the Robin Williams film *Death to Smoochy,* he hasn't performed onstage since *Safe Sex,* a follow-up to *Torch Song Trilogy* that lasted only a week on Broadway.

Initially apprehensive about returning to theater, Fierstein seems relaxed and happy, and eager to please; anytime he's onstage, he's prepared to deliver a laugh for O'Brien, whether he's in character or not. "Are you comfortable in there?" O'Brien asks Fierstein one day as he emerges from a piece of scenery that encloses him in a tight space.

PREVIOUS SPREAD: LOCATION BY SPLASHLIGHT STUDIOS; COSTUMES BY WILLIAM IVEY LONG; DESIGN ASSOCIATE: MARTHA BROMELMEIER; WARDROBE SUPERVISOR: MARILYN KNOTTS; WIGS BY PAUL HUNTLEY; HAIR SUPERVISOR: JON JORDAN; MAKEUP DESIGN: RANDY MERCER; MAKEUP ARTIST: JUSTEN M. BROSNAN FOR M.A.C. COSMETICS.

"Oh, sure," Fierstein calls out in that famous voice—the croak of a mobster on his deathbed, all smoke and gravel and crushed glass. "Just give me a little glory hole and it'll feel like home."

The Fierstein wit is fast, and frequently foul, and almost always at his own expense. During notes one day, O'Brien mentions that an oversize hair-spray can they've all been waiting for will be arriving the next day. "Oh, yeah, I love that big can!" says a cast member. "Why, *thank you*, Rashad," murmurs Fierstein.

Fierstein infuses that distinct combination—bawdy but gracious—into his portrayal of Edna (played in the film by drag legend Divine), a character for whom he says he has tremendous empathy. He understands her fears of the unknown, her insecurities about her looks, her tough slog as a wife and mother. "Edna's a very hardworking woman," says Fierstein. "Her husband's a little bit of a goof, her daughter's a dreamer, and she seems to run it all and keep it together. But at the same time, she hasn't been given a lot of happiness, and what happens is that all of the strengths that she's given to her daughter then come back and are given to her, so then she discovers the world at large." Fierstein worked carefully with his makeup designer, Randy Mercer, to create a look that was clearly female but not glamorous—Edna's a housewife, after all, not a cabaret act.

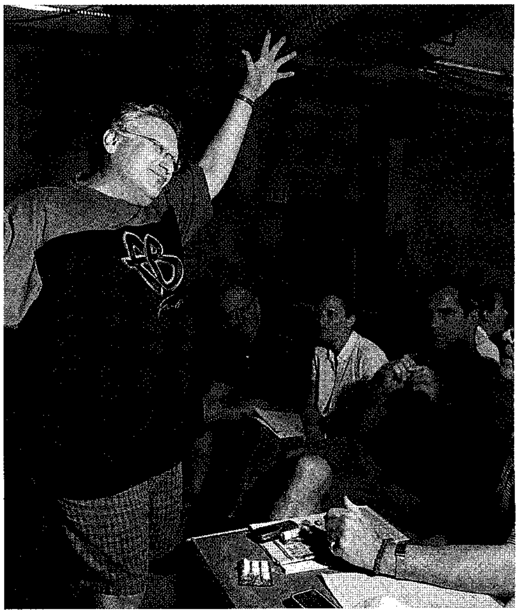
"It's a miraculous thing to make 1,900 people laugh at exactly the same moment," says director Jack O'Brien. "It's like trying to get everyone to have the same thought at the same time."

And then there was the body suit. "I got a new body suit today," Fierstein explains one afternoon in between scenes. "Because the old fat suit, we decided the tits were too big, so we took the tits down a bit, but now the tits-to-belly ratio is off, and we're worried the belly's too big." The biggest difference, he says, is that "this one has a crack." And he's happy about that? "My bowels are," he says sincerely.

Winokur says that Fierstein, who plays her mother, has actually taken on the role offstage as well, fussing over her health, making sure that she's eaten. Winokur, a curly-haired girl from Westchester, is sort of a cross between Betty Boop and Rosie O'Donnell. In character, she's adorably wide-eyed as Tracy; but offstage, she's as quick-witted and potty-mouthed as anyone in the production, and this is not a crowd short on either talent. During one technical run, the crew, checking some tracking, rolled onto the stage a particular set, a jail cell with a toilet in it. There was Winokur, butt planted on the toilet, open magazine in front of her, pants and underwear at her feet. "You can't half-ass it," says Winokur, her black hair held back in a checked kerchief. "Either you do it, or you don't." She does her stage mother proud.

IF *THE PRODUCERS* OCCASIONALLY FELT DATED—how fresh can you make an endless succession of gay jokes?—*Hairspray*'s humor would better be described as unabashedly nostalgic. A typical rehearsal finds Fierstein practicing a scene with a whoopee cushion. The appropriate sound effect rings out impressively. "You break it, you buy it!" crows his character's husband, the owner of a joke shop called the Har De Har.

"With a serious play, you're trying to open it up to more honesty, but you don't feel the responsibility of getting a group response," says O'Brien. "I mean, it's a miraculous thing to make 1,900 people laugh at exactly the same moment—it's like trying to get everyone to have the same thought at the same time. So we work on the delivery and work on the delivery until you get the laugh. And then once it works in a hit production, something goes into the consciousness, so that even if amateurs do it, it gets a laugh. And you think, *But we worked our butt off to get that laugh!* It's not fair."



In one sight gag, Fierstein talks into a phone receiver with its cord pulled taut all the way offstage; when he says good-bye, he merely lets go in midair, and the phone springs all the way back, disappearing off stage left. It's amusing on Tuesday; by Wednesday morning, they've added the sound effect of breaking glass a beat after he lets go, and the gag gets better. On Wednesday afternoon, Jack suggests that Harvey watch the phone disappear, as if admiring his aim. "That'll nail the laugh." And somehow, it does.

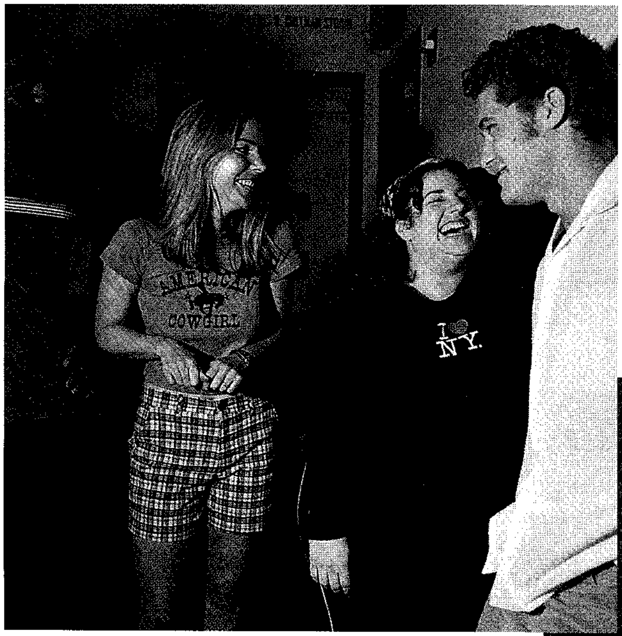
Co-writer Tom Meehan has been crafting comedy for years, and has the battle-weary look of someone who's spent decades up against a foe who keeps changing the rules (either that, or he's still wrung out from his collaboration with the famously difficult Mel Brooks on the book of *The Producers*). "It's a mystic science," says Meehan, sitting a few rows back from O'Brien along with his co-writer, Mark O'Donnell; the two are rarely seen apart all week. "We know it's about rhythm. It's primitive that way." And there are a few precious guidelines. "Whenever Nathan Lane was delivering a funny line on *The Producers*, he'd tell the rest of the cast, 'Okay, when I deliver this line, nobody move.' He wasn't being difficult. He just knew that if the eye was distracted by any movement onstage, the punch wouldn't be there."

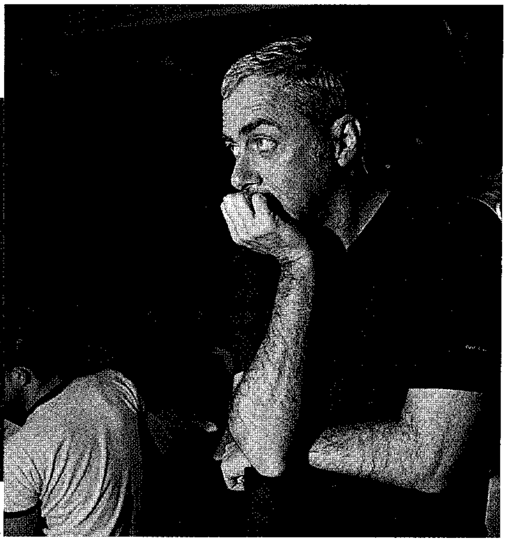
After writing the book for eighties blockbuster *Annie*, Meehan went on to pen a spectacular flop, *Annie II*, a production that clearly haunts him still. "We all thought it was *better* than the first *Annie*. It wasn't until we performed it in front of an audience for the first time that we saw it wasn't going to work." He grimaces. "Within five minutes, we knew."

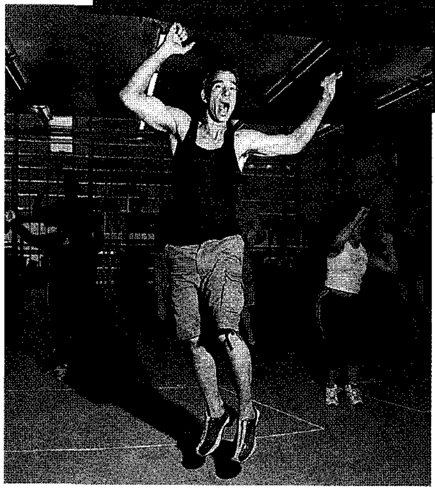
The Seattle audience that showed up for the first preview would be the definitive end to all internal debates about whether a line has chops ("If they don't laugh in Seattle, they won't laugh anywhere," says Meehan). Someone asks O'Brien if he's excited about the first preview, the debut performance before the all-knowing audience. "Bloody fucking audience," he says. "I hate them. *I hate them*."

O'Brien, of course, has devoted his life to delighting audiences. It's just that at the mo-

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRIAN FINKE.







THE BIG TEASE: This page, from left: Reynolds, Butler, Winokur, and Morrison relax between scenes; choreographer Jerry Mitchell shows a move; composer Marc Shaiman. Opposite: Fierstein makes a grand gesture to O'Brien et al.

ment, tension is starting to build as various producers, in town for the preview, start gathering like dark clouds in the corners of the theater. The cast members, meanwhile, are having the time of their lives. They're practically all in their early twenties, uniformly gorgeous, and so high-energy that they nearly miss their beats because they're jumping so high. Since arriving in Seattle, they've been crashing at dormlike apartments ten minutes from the theater. They play late-night poker, put on the occasional strip show, and throw parties with theme rooms (in one, only towel apparel allowed). Fast friendships have sprung up across the board, like the one between Fierstein and Dick Latessa, the Broadway veteran playing Edna's husband. The two of them play off each other as they kill time onstage waiting for the orchestra to cue up their soft-shoe song and dance, a number that starts out with Latessa, a spry man in his sixties, hugging Fierstein from behind as they dance. The two assume the position.

"Is it in yet?" asks Fierstein. "I couldn't tell . . ."

"No," says Dick, "but I think I found my wallet." O'Brien and Wittman and Fierstein crack up. A young cast member lounging in the front row lets out a groan. "Aw, man! That's gross. Cut it out, you guys."

"I found my wallet!" hoots O'Brien, and he and Wittman and Fierstein keep laughing. They know how the old joke goes; they're all in on the same old routines they've known for years.

IN THE PRODUCTION OF A MUSICAL, NO DETAIL is too small to escape attention, which perhaps explains why so many disasters actually make it all the way to Broadway: Everyone from the producers to the costume designer is so busy analyzing whether the pennies in the penny loafers are shiny enough that it becomes impossible to step back and capture the full effect of the dance number—or the plot.

At the same time, there's a spirit of last-gasp improvisation at the very end of the rehearsal process that jacks up the adrenaline. Two days after the first run-through, in a flurry of tweaking, half the ensemble learn an entirely reconfigured, cheerier dance routine for the opener, and late in the afternoon the day of the preview, they rush through an entirely new bit for a post-curtain-call, minute-long frosting-on-the-cake finale.

For months, there had been tinkering with the book, some of it driven by casual suggestions made by Waters himself, whose approval every creative craved (and eventually won). "They treat me like the pope," says Waters. " 'Is this right? Is this right?' " Mostly he gave notes about authenticity; he pointed out that when Tracy wins a scholarship at the end, it shouldn't be to Goucher—too highfalutin for our girl—but to Essex Community College, which gets a bigger laugh in any case.

The biggest creative controversy came down to a battle between the producers and Shaiman and Wittman over a song that comes three-quarters of the way through the show, a soulful belter called "I Know Where I've Been." A tribute, Shaiman says, "to the black perspective," the song struck Lion and some of the other producers as a drag on the plot, not to mention a cliché—the obligatory eleventh-hour number when a big black woman comes out, stops the show, and tells it like it is. Under pressure, Shaiman and Wittman whipped up a cheerier replacement, the worrisomely titled "Step It Up." But about three weeks into rehearsal, when they tried it out on the cast, they sensed it wasn't going over well with the African-American performers—Shaiman says it was something about the way they were smiling during what he calls the "clappin' " section of the song. "It *is* a little bit cotton-pickin'," someone finally told him, at which point, he says, "we put on our 800-pound-gorilla suit" and fought to make sure "I Know Where I've Been" at least got a try-out in Seattle. "We weren't going to make this into a minstrel show," says Shaiman, still indignant. "The cast found something very important about that song."

"Which, of course, we wrote in Laguna, while drinking martinis," adds Wittman.

THROUGHOUT REHEARSAL, THE LOBBY outside the theater has been filled with overflow that didn't fit backstage: cables, steel boxes, rubber containers, men drilling. But early in the evening before the first preview performance, a cleanup crew empties the hall, revealing a red carpet and dramatic curling staircase—entirely transformed, the space suddenly feels like it's yet another set, with nice casting touches like the fresh-faced girl at the candy counter selling five-flavor punch. As if on cue, at 7:30, the audience starts streaming in.

The opening drumbeats sound, and the curtain rises on Tracy, in bed—only the bed is vertical, a Rockwell design that's visually surprising but *(continued on page 57)*

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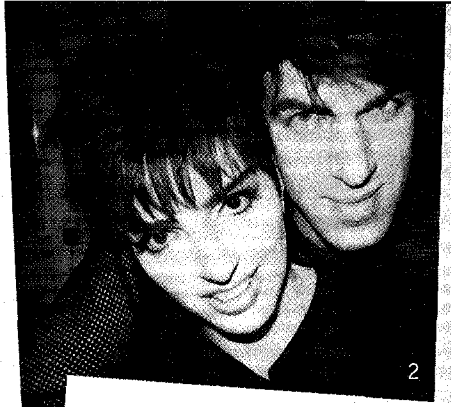
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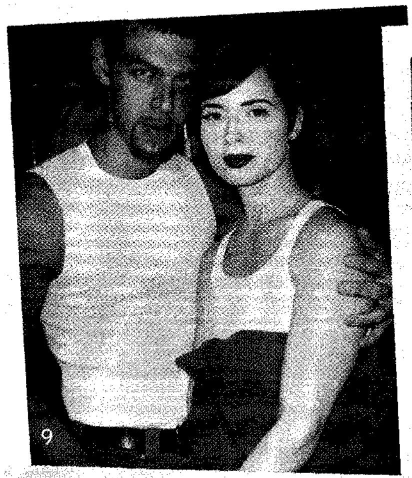
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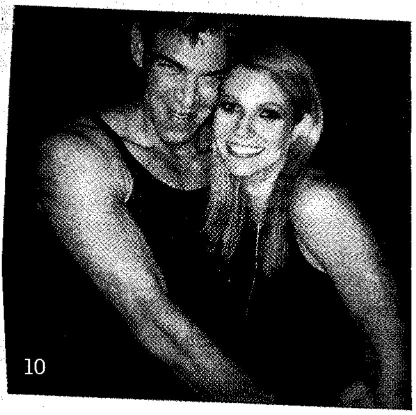
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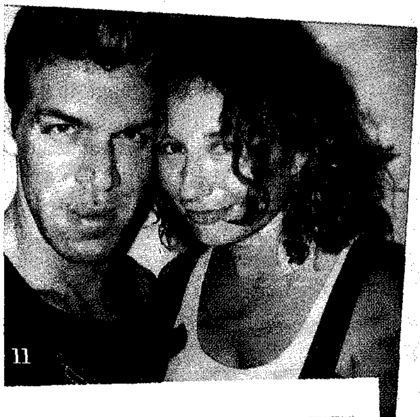
KEVYN'S GALAXY: Aucoin with (1) Shalom Harlow; (2) Liza Minnelli; (3) Cher; (4) Nicole Kidman; (5) Winona Ryder; (6) Janet Jackson; (7) Calista Flockhart; (8) Courtney Love; (9) Isabella Rossellini; (10) Gwyneth Paltrow; (11) Tori Amos; (12) Victor Alfaro and Linda Evangelista; (13) Julia Roberts; (14) Amber Valletta; (15) Christy Turlington; (16) Jeremy Antunes.

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF THE KEVYN AUCOIN ESTATE.



11

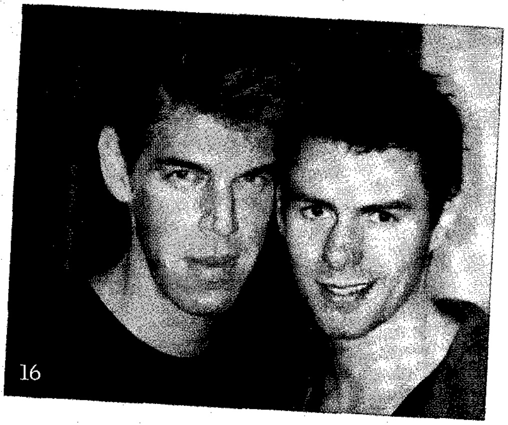
MAKEUP BREAKUP

Celebrity stylist Kevyn Aucoin was adored by just about everyone he touched. Actresses, models, lovers, and former lovers—all became part of his eccentric extended family, but none was able to stop the downward spiral of drugs he took to deal with chronic pain. A story of love, death, and makeup. **By Ariel Levy**

A WEEK BEFORE HE DIED, KEVYN AUCOIN SAT ON THE BED HE SHARED WITH JEREMY ANtunes, the man he called his husband, at their farm in Middletown, New York, and listened as Antunes delivered an ultimatum.

"I love you," Antunes told him, "but I can't watch you destroy yourself. You made a promise to me in Arizona that you wouldn't do this anymore, and I'm not going to sit here and watch you kill yourself."

This was a discussion that had been going on for some time. Aucoin, by far the most celebrated makeup artist of his time and the author of several best-selling books on beauty, suffered from a condition called acromegaly—a tumor on the pituitary gland that causes the brain to keep secreting growth hormone. In the last five years of his life, Aucoin, tall to begin with, grew two inches and went up two shoe and ring sizes. To relieve the constant headaches, joint pain, and insomnia associated with his long-undiagnosed disease, Aucoin had been taking fistfuls of prescription medications—Vicodin, Lorcet, Xanax, Soma. In the past year, this had spiraled into a dangerous addiction. At times, he seemed incoherent, "spacy and slow, like someone who was really, really drunk," Antunes says. Sometimes, like during the shoot for Cher's video "Song for the Lonely" in December, he would pass out completely. By the end of the shoot, Cher says, "I grabbed him and hugged him and I said, 'You have *got to do something*.' "



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Antunes wouldn't whitewash the issue. Three months before, at a treatment center outside Phoenix where the two had gone for a week of intensive couples therapy, Antunes told Aucoin that he would leave if Aucoin didn't take steps to deal with his addiction. Aucoin took it seriously, and made progress—which didn't last.

In fact, he got worse. A couple of days before the ultimatum, Aucoin had passed out for two hours in the middle of the day. Model Joanne Russell, whom Aucoin called his "best friend and muse" in his January column for *Allure* magazine, was one of several people who tried to wake him, and couldn't.

"The last eight months of our relationship was us fighting about this issue," says Russell. "One time, I tried to take the pills away from him, and he got angry and said, '*You're not my mother!*' But I had no idea—it would never have *occurred* to me in a million years—that Kevyn would die."

On the bed that morning, Antunes told Aucoin that he was going away for a week to get some perspective on the situation. He chose Paris because he knew it was a place Aucoin hated, so he wouldn't want to go. "We were crying, and he was saying, 'I don't want you to go; promise me you'll be faithful.' But he also said he understood."

Antunes says he had a conversation with Samantha, the 15-year-old daughter of Aucoin's sister Carla, who had been living with the couple since last August. "I told her I didn't know what was going to happen, but we'd figure it all out when I got back."

The next time Antunes saw Aucoin was in a hospital bed, hooked up to a ventilator. Four days later, he was dead.

Then, two weeks ago, Antunes learned that he'd been locked out of the Middletown farm and their duplex apartment on 23rd Street in Chelsea at the behest of Aucoin's Lafayette, Louisiana, family. "I'm not saying I have the most pain," says Antunes. "I just don't understand why I'm homeless."

KEVYN AUCOIN WAS ONE OF THOSE charmed individuals whose talent arrives early and unmistakably—at age 11, he'd make up and pose 6-year-old Carla, with near-professional results—accompanied by a singular gift for making people feel special. "I could pontificate for hours on the vast talent, versatility, and genius of Kevyn, but instead, I shall simply say that the best thing about having him do your makeup is that it allows you to spend time with him," Gwyneth Paltrow once said of her friend.

From the time he arrived in New York in 1983 to his death, he'd styled just about every model and actress of any significance, for magazines, fashion shows, videos, events like the Oscars, and for three best-selling books. But he was as likely to focus his high-wattage smile on the counter girl at Bergdorf Goodman or on his next-door neighbor as on his good friend Tina Turner. "My favorite Kevyn memory is of him giving makeup tips to these 16-year-old drag queens," says Bari Mattes, the board chair at the Hetrick-Martin Institute, which aids homeless gay youth, "telling them how *beautiful* they were." He spoke the language of New Age optimism—"life energy" was a favorite phrase—that's so popular in Hollywood and the fashion world. But Aucoin put the jargon into practice, using his powers, almost magically, to bring out the best in people. Mary Tyler Moore sums it up: "There were three men in my life I met who had the ability to make you feel like you were the only person in the world just by looking at you, just with their eyes: One was Sinatra, the other was the current pope, and the third was Kevyn."

MAN, INTERRUPTED: Clockwise from top, Aucoin with Joanne Russell; with Antunes and niece Samantha; with Eric Sakas; with parents Isidore and Thelma. Opposite, Antunes wearing his and Aucoin's wedding bands.

When Aucoin died, in Westchester Medical Center on May 7, his death was reported to be the result of "complications" from his pituitary condition. The celebrities he worked with seemed genuinely undone. "Losing him is like losing a piece of nature," says Sharon Stone. "It's hard to breathe without him here."

Of course, no one is more devastated than Aucoin's family. But in the case of Kevyn Aucoin, both "family" and "complications" were complicated indeed.

"RIGHT NOW, AT NIGHT, IS WHEN I MISS HIM the most," says Aucoin's father, Isidore, a 72-year-old phone-company retiree, from his home in Lafayette. "I have dreams about him, though. Good dreams. We never turned our backs on him—love is not like a light switch you turn on and off. At first we were in denial—I can't speak for Mrs. Aucoin—but I said it couldn't be that he was a homosexual. Around Louisiana, it was something never spoken about in the open. But I realized—when he was a little baby, I loved him at that time, so how could I turn my back on him now?"

Thelma and Isidore Aucoin started the Lafayette chapter of Parents, Families and Friends of Lesbians and Gays, and have been working with the organization for fifteen years. "I never missed a meeting," Isidore says proudly. "Marriage is between a man and a woman, according to Webster's dictionary, but I feel that there should be a law so that same-sex people could make a commitment recognized by the government. I looked at Kevyn's boyfriends exactly the way I look at my other children's spouses, just like a married couple. My whole family looked at them that way—up through Eric."

Eric Sakas was Aucoin's boyfriend before Antunes and is now the president and creative director of Kevyn Aucoin Beauty, the company Aucoin set up to release his makeup line—for which he had completed the formulas and packaging just before his death.

I tell Mr. Aucoin I take it that he has some problems with Jeremy Antunes. His soft Cajun drawl swiftly hardens.

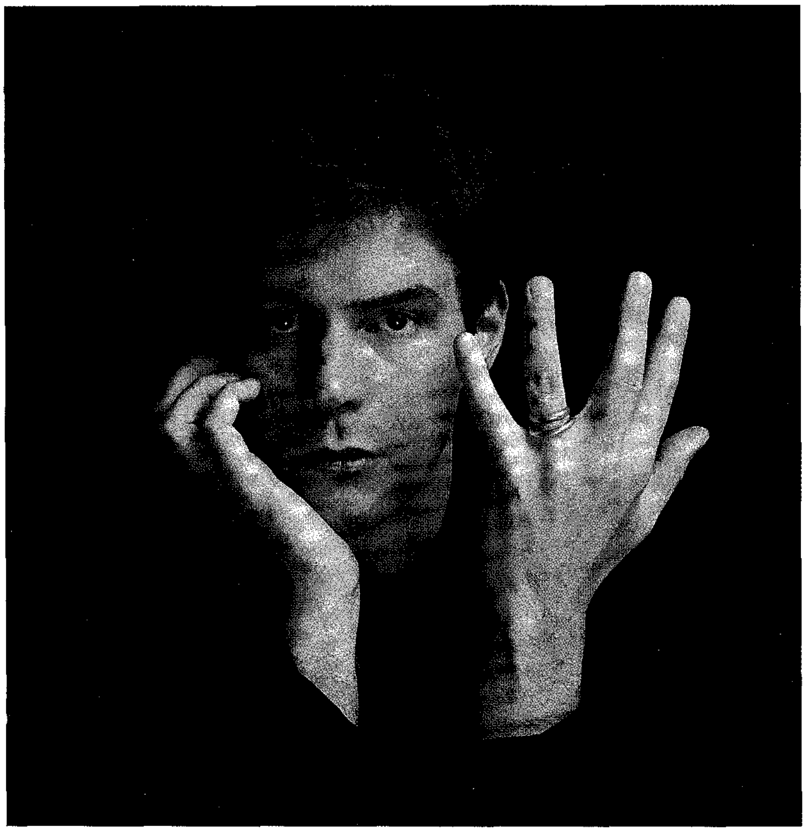
"You take it any way you want."

IT'S JULY 5, AND ANTUNES DRIVES HIS BLACK GMC through Middletown past an old man on a tractor. He is an anomalous motorist in Middletown, where pots of petunias decorate every porch and signs for Jesus grow out of the earth. At three-quarter profile, Antunes can look so much like Tom Cruise that it's hard not to ask him for his autograph. "That's what Tina Turner said," he says, smiling.

Antunes has two tattoos on his arms: One is an American flag he had emblazoned on his arm after September 11, which was the day before Aucoin was diagnosed with the tumor that had been growing in his brain for 30 years; the other is a red heart split by the word KEVYN.

"I wanted to get this tattoo because I love him so much and I knew it would make him happy, and I'm glad I did it," says Antunes. "Except he was on the cell phone the whole time while I was getting it, and that made me kind of angry—he was always on the cell phone. I didn't get it expecting him to get one, too. He couldn't handle pain." He turns onto a tree-lined dirt road past a nervous family of deer. "This is my house—this used to be my house." Right now, he is staying in the guest cottage a little farther past the handsome stone home he shared with Aucoin and Samantha until May. He is locked out of both the farmhouse and Aucoin's Chelsea apartment, where Aucoin's mother has been staying while she settles the estate, cares for Samantha, looks through her son's things, and cries.

In the state of New York, if one member of a legally married (heterosexual) couple dies and there is no will, the surviving spouse automatically inherits the entirety of the estate. Aucoin did not leave a will, but although Antunes wears both the platinum wedding bands he and Aucoin exchanged at an unofficiated, videotaped ceremony in Hawaii, the two were not, of course, legally wed.



Jeremy Antunes has been forced out of the house he shared with Aucoin. "I'm not saying I have the most pain," he says. "I just don't understand why I'm homeless."

Antunes met Aucoin on January 7, 1999, when he was 24 years old, and his "journey set itself on a new course," as Antunes would later profess to Aucoin in front of the matrimonial video camera. "We met at a bar," Antunes says, smiling apologetically. "We met at G," a slick gay lounge in Chelsea. "It was like fireworks. He was looking at me and I was looking at him and I just walked over to him because he looked familiar. We started talking, and it was like there was no one else in the room. It was like a 'we-knew-each-other-before' kind of thing."

This is a common experience of falling in love, but it was also a common experience of meeting Aucoin. "You know when you meet somebody and it's like you'd known each other for a long time?" says Cher. "It was like that for me and Kevie." "I met him at an event years ago with Gwyneth Paltrow, and that's when I had my Kevyn *moment*," says TV producer Casey Patterson, who was with him at Westchester Medical Center when he died after his liver and then his kidneys failed because of Tylenol toxicity. (Tylenol is an ingredient in both Vicodin and Lorcet.) "If he loved you, he *loved* you, and there was no one else in the world."

But there *was* someone else the night Antunes met Aucoin. "Kevyn was at the bar with his ex-boyfriend Alex," says Antunes, "and I could tell Alex was kind of pissed that I was there. But we just started talking about Tori Amos and how I was a playwright, and Kevyn thought that was cool and he asked for my number." Antunes gives a shy laugh. "I waited for him to call me."

Aucoin phoned the following week from a shoot in Los Angeles, and the two arranged to meet for dinner. The morning before their date, Aucoin called again. "He said, 'Do you mind? I forgot I made plans with a friend of mine, Gina Gershon.' Later, he told me that he was really nervous, so he called Gina to go out with us."

"Halfway through the date, they were making out," says Gershon. "I think we were at Moomba. I felt like I was witnessing something great. Every time Jeremy would get up, we'd be like, 'What do you think?' 'I think he's great! Do you think he's great?' It was one of those times when you just didn't want the night to end."

"He was very touchy-feely, and I let him make all the moves," says Antunes. "I walked him back to his place, but, you know, Eric was still living there, so, you know, nothing happened."

Eric Sakas and Aucoin still lived together in Chelsea, though they had not been romantically involved for two years, and Aucoin had been dating other people.

The week of Aucoin's birthday—Valentine's Day—about a month after he met Antunes, the two went on a vacation with Aucoin's family in Florida, where they all stayed at the home of Tori Amos. "They were very warm to me," says Antunes.

IF YOU WERE GOING TO GET TO KNOW Aucoin, you were going to get to know his "moma." "My mom is my hero," he wrote in *Making Faces*. In every book Aucoin made, she would be photographed, made up as Coco Chanel, as Marlene Dietrich.

The day Aucoin was born in Shreveport, Louisiana, February 14, 1962, "was my best Valentine ever," says Thelma Aucoin, who adopted him one month later. He was the first of four children whom the Aucoins adopted because they could not have biological children. "Kim and Keith were rougher," says Mrs. Aucoin. "Kevyn and Carla were more sensitive, so they sort of paired off. I didn't think Kevyn was a sissy; I just

PHOTOGRAPHED BY NIGEL PARRY/CPI. OPPOSITE, TOP PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF JOANNE RUSSELL; OTHER PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF THE KEVYN AUCOIN ESTATE.

thought he was a gentle child." Aucoin often said he knew he was gay from age 6. In *The Art of Makeup,* Aucoin wrote that his mother "even let me buy a pair of lime-green, patent-leather penny loafers with gold buckles." He wore them to school every day—until his father found them and threw them away.

Aucoin's career began with Carla, whom he had started transforming with a tube of tangerine-colored lipstick when she was 6, moving on to haircuts, perms, homemade clothing, all meticulously documented with Aucoin's ubiquitous camera. The Polaroids he took then—the beginning of a lifelong habit—are evidence of his Mozart-like precociousness with style. "Kevyn always felt guilty about leaving Carla behind," says Antunes. "There was a lot of jealousy, because Kevyn was so successful and his sisters Kim and Carla are still in Louisiana, living across the street from each other in a trailer park."

"Trying to conceal the fact that I was a gay, effeminate, hyperactive, adopted child with a serious lisp in southern Louisiana would have been like trying to hide Dolly Parton in a string bikini!" he wrote in the introduction to *Making Faces.* He would shoplift film and makeup, but gave it up because "I realized it was wrong, and I realized I couldn't keep doing this because, God knows, in Louisiana you don't want to be a boy caught stealing lipstick . . . they'll kill you."

At 15, he left home and moved in with his first boyfriend, Glen Neely. "I'd always sleep over at his and Glen's house in downtown Lafayette," remembers Carla. In 1982, Aucoin met Jed Root, with whom he moved first to Baton Rouge and then on to New York City. "I was upset when he left," says Carla. "He always said, 'I'm gonna take you to New York, and you're gonna be my model.' I think that's why him and Samantha had such a close relationship, because he was trying to make it up to me."

Aucoin started out by doing pro bono makeup on models for test shoots (one of his early canvasses was Paulina Porizkova), hoping to get noticed. Eight months after his arrival in Manhattan, Aucoin dressed up Jed as an agent in a suit from the Salvation Army, and the two of them brought his book in to *Vogue.* "I was an editorial assistant in the beauty department at *Vogue,* and he would just plant himself in front of me," remembers Linda Wells, now the editor of *Allure.* "He was more passionate and more obsessed than any other person I've met in my life."

IN THE SPRING OF 1999, ANTUNES DELIVERED his first ultimatum to Aucoin. "I was like, 'I can't date you if you live with Eric.' " So Sakas moved out, to an apartment on the opposite side of 23rd Street.

Eric and Kevyn continued their business partnership. "You can't work with Kevyn without working with Eric," says Casey Patterson. "I think ultimately they were like an old married couple: They fought passionately, they loved passionately. Kevyn trusted no one with the things he trusted Eric with. Eric is the person who managed Kevyn's relationships with Janet or Cher or Gwyneth or Madonna."

HEY, MAKE ME OVER: Clockwise from top, from Aucoin's books, Aucoin making up sister Carla (from *Making Faces*), Jeremy Antunes as rocker, Thelma Aucoin as Marlene Dietrich (both from *Face Forward*). Opposite, Cher, Aucoin, Sakas, and Antunes.

By this time, Aucoin had made a habit of installing ex-boyfriends in business capacities in his life. Jed Root eventually became his *real* agent; his ex Donald Reuter was his creative director on all three books. "Eric was like, 'Which one do I do?' " says Carla. " 'Do I take care of the business, or do I take care of you?' If Jeremy had gone and gotten a job, it would have been over."

"Kevyn has a lot of abandonment issues because he was adopted," says Antunes, using the present tense, as he tends to when he speaks of Aucoin. "He has a lot of fear of being left alone."

"Eric was there for Kevyn no matter what," he goes on. "Eric would put up with anything—not too many people would accept their partner who they live with sleeping around and dating other people. I think Eric thought Kevyn would go back to him. Kevyn would always say, 'Don't confide in him—he's just waiting for us to break up.' And after Kevyn died, Eric started telling everyone that we'd broken up, that I left Kevyn when I went to Paris. But you *couldn't leave Kevyn!* He wouldn't have allowed it."

"I didn't feel that Eric was content with his role," says Joanne Russell. "Kevyn had said a bunch of times that he felt that Eric was waiting for something to go wrong between him and Jeremy, and he didn't like that. But Kevyn always wanted to keep people in his life, even if they weren't good for him."

PEOPLE WEREN'T THE PROBLEM for Aucoin, however. Pain was the problem. And drugs were the solution—for a while. Then they became an even bigger problem. "Kevyn could get a lot of prescriptions because he was *Kevyn,*" says Antunes. "He was getting them from more than one doctor, he made friends with the pharmacist. In 2000, while he was working on *Face Forward,* he was out of his mind on drugs: Every time he had to do something stressful, he had pain and he would take medicine, and then he would take other medicine to keep him awake, and then he'd take medicine to go to bed."

At that point, however, the drug use was a sporadic problem rather than a chronic crisis. They decided to get married that summer in Hawaii. "Our wedding was on July 7—our two-year anniversary would have been this Sunday."

Antunes gives a rueful smile. "Eric was pissed. Kevyn would say, 'This is my husband, Jeremy,' and Eric would be like, 'You can't say *husband*! He's not your husband!' "

Perhaps the more appropriate word would have been *wife.* The more involved Antunes became with Aucoin, the more domestic his role became.

"Kevyn was *more* than happy for me not to take another job," says Antunes. "He said we'd only lose money. What Kevyn was

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF THE KEVYN AUCOIN ESTATE.

telling me was that when he had his makeup line, then I could do my thing; it would be *my* turn."

"Kevyn wanted someone to take care of him, and Jeremy took care of him," says Russell. "He said he wouldn't be able to *have* a relationship with Jeremy if Jeremy worked, because Kevyn's life was just so much bigger. Jeremy did the cleaning, the shopping, took care of Samantha—there's no way Kevyn could have taken her to school every day."

Antunes's memories of his domestic life focus his anger. "I cleaned the house. I painted the house. I took care of it, I took care of everyone in it," he says. "They lock me out of my house, the house that I put together. They offer me $40,000 and a plant stand," he says, looking out the window of the cottage at the sun spilling on all 80 acres of Aucoin's land. "But I don't blame Kevyn's parents. I blame Eric." Antunes thinks Sakas has been telling them he'd broken up permanently with Aucoin. "They've known Eric a lot longer. It's like the ex-wife everyone's known forever, and they hate the new wife because she's younger and . . . you know." And more beautiful? "I wasn't going to say that, *but* . . . "

"I always say it was like Ursula Andress, Linda Evans, and Bo Derek. John Derek stayed close with all his ex-wives, and the four of them went shopping together."

ERIC SAKAS IS SITTING AT THE kitchen table in the duplex he lived in with Aucoin until Antunes came into the picture a few years ago. He is rubbing Thelma Aucoin's arm as she tells a story. "Miss Pool had a store in Lafayette," she says, "and when Kevyn was 18, before he went to New York, he had a little makeup counter he'd set up every day and he asked everyone to let him do their makeup. It was $30 for a makeup lesson, and these were women who paid $3,000 for a dress, but they'd never let him. He never gave up, and it would just break my heart and . . . " Her face withers with grief, and she puts her hands to block a sob. "I wanted to go up to these women and *shake them* and say, 'Let him do your makeup!' "

She cries for several minutes, until she thinks a happy thought and breaks into a grin. "One of these ladies recently called me and said, 'We're having a fund-raiser for such-and-such. Do you think Kevyn could help us?' And I said, 'Well, I'll sure ask him!' And he said, 'I think I could work that into my schedule, Mom, but tell 'em it's not $30 anymore—it's $3,000!' "—half his standard day rate—"I said, 'Kevyn! You can't do that!' He said, 'Oh, Mama, I'm just kiddin'.' "

Sakas nods knowingly. "Mmmm. Kevyn had this *effect* on people. When I met Kevyn, it was the first time in my life someone said 'I love you unconditionally.' That pure, raw love is such an indescribable thing. He was such a mentor to me: He taught me about beauty and film and actresses. I was willing to learn from him—and do anything for him! How could you not adore this person who's so much bigger than life? Who actually on some level was a savior to me? I don't know that I'll ever be able to find that in life again."

Why, I ask Sakas, would two people who remained so close and who were—once—so obviously in love ever break up?

"Mmm. Sexual incompatibility," he says. "I was more like a woman in that respect—I didn't need that component to complete my life—but Kevyn really felt that was important."

I ask Sakas if he was angry at Aucoin and Antunes when he was asked to move out of the house he is now sitting in.

"I always knew, because Kevyn taught me this, that love is not something that is in short supply. When Kevyn met someone else, I always knew that my place with him didn't change."

"But you went through pain, sure you did," says Thelma.

"I went through a grieving process. But I was happy for Kevyn that he found someone else who could meet those needs for him. I knew my place. He included me in everything as if I were his brother; we all went on vacations together! *Jeremy* was like a brother to me, too. I always say it was like Ursula Andress, Linda Evans, and Bo Derek—you know, John Derek stayed close with all his ex-wives, and the four of them would all go shopping together."

SOON AFTER JEREMY ANTUNES ARRIVED IN Paris, Aucoin made a call to his accountant, Richard Baccari. "Around April on the 26th or so, Kevyn had called our office, which he did a couple times a day," says Baccari. "He gets me on the phone, and he says, 'Rich, I want to stop paying Jeremy's therapy bills, and I want to stop payment of his salary.' He was giving Jeremy a salary in the neighborhood of $20,000 a year. But when he called me, he was very stern about it—I was shocked. I never got the impression things were headed in this way. I said, 'Okay, you're the client,' and I asked, 'Is everything okay?' He said *no.* Real final. I thought maybe when Jeremy comes back from France, I'll bring this back up with Kevyn, maybe it would pass. But that never happened."

Casey Patterson says she spoke with Aucoin while Antunes was in Paris: "They were going through a place where people felt like Jeremy was moving out and it was over, but this could have changed the next day. But Kevyn didn't have a next day."

But Antunes says the two missed each other desperately and talked several times a day. "As soon as I got to Paris, I wanted to come home because I missed him so much, but I felt like this was something I had to do to show him I meant business. And then I got roses, with this note." Antunes produces a photocopy of a card that reads: "Jeremy my love, hope you're having a wonderful time. Every day here without you is very lonely. I miss you, look forward to seeing you and having you back in my life. All of my love, Kevyn."

The next day, he heard from Eric. Aucoin was in the hospital, in serious condition. He came home on the next plane.

Carla Aucoin is furious with Antunes for going away. "The whole family has a problem with Jeremy, because Jeremy wasn't there when *(continued on page 73)*

YOU'VE GOT JAIL

It's the summer of white-collar crime. But if the latest miscreants think a spell in jail means catching up on the classics and refining their backhand, they should think again. Club Fed is dead, and hard time is harder than ever.

By Jennifer Senior

LAST DECEMBER, AFTER A FOUR-HOUR VAN RIDE OF UNRELENTING DISCOMFORT—his hands cuffed, his feet in manacles, his waist cinched by an iron chain—Dr. Niels Lauersen was led, his wrists still bound, to the Special Housing Unit of Allenwood prison. The Bureau of Prisons refers to this place by its acronym, the SHU, pronounced "shoe." The inmates, however, refer to it by a slightly more evocative term. They call it the hole. • Later, Lauersen would hear many stories, some apocryphal, about offenses that landed men in the hole—like screaming at your unruly kids on visiting day, for example, or mentioning to your wife over the phone that you'd just eaten a nice piece of cheesecake. (Cheesecake is not available at Allenwood, and therefore contraband.) But at this point, the Danish-born obstetrician knew none of them. All he knew was that a mere eighteen months earlier, he'd been practicing medicine in a lush Park Avenue office where pictures of him with celebrities and both Clintons lined the walls. In the evenings, he returned to the Fifth Avenue duplex of his then-girlfriend, Denise Rich.

Now, convicted of filing fraudulent insurance claims for fertility treatments, he was standing in a shrunken cell containing nothing but a bunk bed, a toilet, and a sink. He slipped his hands through the meal chute in the cell door. The guard undid his handcuffs.

"The hole is the worst," Lauersen says four months later, in an alcove off the Allenwood visiting room. His pale features, accentuated by blond eyelashes, give him a look of incongruous delicacy in this setting, and his hair, once an asterisk of cider-red curls, has turned gray. Like all prisoners in low-security federal facilities, he's wearing a khaki uniform with his ID number ironed onto his breast pocket. "You're kept in there 24 hours a day," he continues. "And there's a window looking into the cell, so the guards can see you going to the bathroom. That was the worst—the bathroom inside the cell. You share that cell with another man."

Prison officials explained to Lauersen that he'd been sent to the hole because the dormitories were teeming beyond capacity. He had to remain there for two weeks, waiting for one of the 1,000 beds in the regular facility—tucked in the Susquehanna Valley of central Pennsylvania—to open up. I ask how he managed. He gives a faint shrug. "I have always been a positive person," says Lauersen, 65. "I used to deliver babies for a living. I made my patients feel positive. I made them feel hope."

PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRANK W. OCKENFELS 3

He shifts slightly in his plastic chair. Lauersen still has 70 months of his seven-year sentence to go. "But I would have liked long sleeves," he says. "It was winter when I was in the hole. It was very, very cold."

JEFF SKILLING, ANDREW FASTOW, Dennis Kozlowski, Bernie Ebbers, Scott Sullivan. Enron, Tyco, Global Crossing, WorldCom, Merck. This summer, we've been bombarded with stories of spectacular corporate malfeasance, once again raising the possibility (indeed, the hope, on the part of bitter stockholders and employees) that the executives who used creative accounting to enrich themselves during the boom-boom nineties might soon be trading their cuff links for handcuffs.

As it happens, the business pages of the New York *Times* already read like a crime blotter. In the past month alone, Sam Waksal, CEO of ImClone, was arrested for insider trading; Fred Schultz, éminence grise of the art market, was sentenced to 33 months for conspiracy to sell stolen antiquities; and Alan Bond, former president of Albriond Capital Management, was found guilty of investment-advisory fraud. In May, Martin Frankel, wayward banker and unlikely overlord of his own sex colony, pleaded guilty to money laundering. This week, former Sotheby's chairman Alfred Taubman is scheduled to appeal his recent conviction (price-fixing, sentence: one year). And in three weeks, Steve Madden, the knockoff-shoe king, will be heading off to Eglin, a prison camp in the Florida panhandle (money laundering, sentence: three years).

Ever since Mike Milken was shipped off to Pleasanton—a facility whose very name is more reminiscent of a spa than of a prison—the conventional wisdom has been that white-collar criminals don't suffer very much when they go to jail. Most prominent offenders wind up in prison "camps," the least restrictive institutions within the federal prison system, where there are no barbed-wire fences. Hence the myths: The men live in bungalows! Bring their own golf clubs! And laze on the lawns, reading Stendhal!

But the amenities of federal prison camp have always been exaggerated. And today, not even a particle of folklore about the camp experience remains true. "I have a client who double-dipped," says David Novak, a white-collar-prison consultant. "He went to Eglin twice—once in 1988, and once in 2001. He was shocked, and I mean *shocked,* when he went back."

Fourteen years ago, furlough privileges at Eglin were somewhat liberal; now they've vanished. Family visits could be flexible, even off-site; now they're strictly monitored. Men could occasionally wear their own clothes; now they can't. Nor can they move as freely, or spend more than 300 minutes per month on the telephone.

But perhaps the most dramatic changes in federal prison camps have been in their demographics. True, camps have never been strictly white-collar havens; they have always been used as decompression chambers for more serious criminals who are about to be released. But ever since the United States federalized its narcotics laws, the national prison system has been overwhelmed with drug offenders. The result has been a radical transformation in the sociology of the inmate population—especially in camps.

In 1988, for example, Eglin was 62 percent white. Today, it is 33 percent white. Its Hispanic population, meanwhile, has jumped from 24 to 37 percent, and its black population has more than doubled, from 14 to 29 percent.

Camp, these days, is also increasingly rare for white-shoed inmates. Because the federal sentencing guidelines enacted in 1987 called for dramatically longer sentences, and because the length of an inmate's sentence is a key factor in prison placement, almost half of today's white-collar criminals aren't in camps at all. Like Lauersen, 28 percent serve in low-security facilities (or "lows"); 13 percent serve in mediums; and one percent serve in maximum-security institutions. (And if President Bush is serious about stiffening the penalties for white-collar criminals, as he said last week, these percentages will only climb in years to come.)

"You may have an individual who's a Caspar Milquetoast," says Jeffrey Hoffman, a Manhattan defense attorney. "He's an accountant, he'd never hurt a flea. Doesn't mean he's going to camp. If he embezzled millions of dollars, the new guidelines probably require that he gets a very long sentence, which means he's a greater flight risk. So he'll probably go to a low. Maybe even a medium."

Not that prison camps have ever been easy places to do time. "Inmates are not eating Häagen-Dazs and playing Frisbee," says Novak, who charges $125 an hour. "The notion of 'Club Fed' is a huge myth."

ROGUES' GALLERY: From left, Madden, Bond, Frankel, Taubman, Lauersen.

WHEN FREDDY, THE FORMER CEO OF A SIZable Manhattan company, self-surrendered to Fairton camp in southern New Jersey last January, it was on a snowy, twenty-degree day. His wife and two daughters dropped him off outside the administrative building at about 3 P.M. and watched him press the buzzer. A voice blared over the intercom, instructing him to wait by the door. So he did—for an hour, shivering in the cold—while his family sat in the car, staring, wondering what to do.

When the guards finally let him inside, they whisked him into a small cement cell and ordered him to take off his clothes and leave them outside the door. Then they locked him in. They didn't return for another three hours.

At seven o'clock that evening, a corrections officer led Freddy—that was his prison nickname, Freddy—to his home for the next eight months. It was a long, dusty room, formerly a warehouse for the medium-security prison up the road, crosshatched with 50 bunk beds. Though 59 years old, he was ordered into a top bunk. He was also told he couldn't expect any personal effects from the commissary for a full week. "I was supposed to go around in

PHOTOGRAPHS: FROM LEFT, AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS; LINDA ROSIER/NEW YORK DAILY NEWS; AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS (2); MARK ARBEIT/CORBIS OUTLINE.

the same clothes, the same underwear, without toiletries, for seven days," he says. "Like a disgusting animal."

Convicted a few months earlier for securities fraud, Freddy now lay in his bed, praying no one would see that he was about to cry. Most of the men around him were lying listlessly on their beds. A few had headphones on, listening to their prison-issued radios. One man was reading the same letter over and over again.

Then, the unexpected: An inmate silently approached the foot of Freddy's bed and left him a toothbrush. Another came by, bearing a comb. Then a third, with sweats, and a fourth, with toothpaste. The last brought shower shoes. "You can't walk around in there otherwise," said the guy. "There's too much urine on the floor." That night, Freddy also learned that the dorm had just five toilets for 100 men.

"My experience with white-collar criminals is that **the guards treat them much more harshly,"** says Herb Hoelter. "It's a power issue. They now have control over **someone who once made $15 million a year."**

Freddy would see more of these men than he ever could have imagined. Besides a small, unheated shed that serves as a gym, and a tiny trailer that serves as a combined chapel and barbershop, Fairton consists of just two adjoining rooms: the dorm and the dining hall.

A few days later, Freddy's wife received a small box in the mail. It contained Freddy's civilian clothes: his sneakers, sweat suit, and underwear.

WHEN CHARLES SURRENDERED FOUR YEARS ago, he had, remarkably, even less luck than Freddy. Convicted of defrauding the government, he was supposed to serve his sixteen-month sentence at Allenwood camp. But when he arrived, he was told, without explanation, that he'd been reassigned to Allenwood's low-security facility up the road. Only two weeks after his arrival, one of the guards found a hypodermic needle and steroids under the mattress of one of his two roommates. The three men were immediately strip-searched and inspected for needle marks. Then they were thrown in separate holes.

The lights were off when Charles arrived. Men in the neighboring cells were howling and pounding their fists against the walls, which they would continue to do all night. Thinking it was a light switch, Charles hit a small plastic button next to a mirror.

"Don't *touch* that!"

Charles whipped around.

"That's the *panic button*, you son of a bitch!"

Tyrone had been sitting in the hole for four months, because he refused to work. When Charles first saw him, he had all the thoughts that a soft, pasty white guy would be expected to have when confronted with a hulking black cellmate: "This is a cliché." It didn't take long, though, before he discovered that clichés were useless in prison life. "Tyrone," says Charles, "was one of the most interesting people at Allenwood."

To pass the time and calm his nerves, Charles asked lots of questions. Too many. Three days later, when the warden came by, Tyrone gave her a very different response when she asked if he was ready to work. "Yeah, I'm ready," he barked. "This fuckin' white guy won't stop talking."

A day later, Charles was released, too. He knew the warden was keeping him in the hole to see if he'd snitch about the mysterious provenance of the needles. But he also knew the consequences of talking. "If you refuse to talk," he says, "you've made it through the gauntlet."

THE FIRST RULE OF INMATE ETIquette is never to rat. But there are many others. Never join a conversation without an invitation. Never ask personal questions without proper cues. And never take liberties with the television or the telephone. "The inmates set the rules," says Charles. "The level of respect for each other is so high, because you don't want trouble. These guys made weapons out of rolled-up newspapers and socks stuffed with soap."

Adaptive inmates learn to lead disciplined, detached lives, creating routines for themselves to ease the tension and cut the boredom. "Men wake up at exactly the same time, go to the bathroom at the same time, walk the track at the same time," says Charles. "They become fanatics about neatness. They have an extraordinary sense of order. The absolute worst day is Sunday, when there are fewer prison-imposed rules. No one wants freedom."

No one wants freedom in prison?

"As guys dropped down in the system," he explains, "from highs to mediums to lows to camps, they hated it. *Hated* it. There was less and less order every time."

HERE'S THE GOOD NEWS: FOLLOW THE UNOFFICIAL rules of prison life, and you don't get hurt. Camps and low-security facilities are not *Oz*. They are filled mostly with nonviolent and first-time offenders, and even the men among them who've committed more serious crimes tend to be on good behavior, because they're approaching the end of their sentences.

Harassment from corrections officers, on the other hand, is a chronic, insidious problem. Inmates repeatedly tell stories about their mail being opened and gratuitously returned, about their visitors being needlessly delayed, about flashlights being shined in their faces at four in the morning, usually by guards who claim to be doing spot checks.

"My experience with white-collar criminals is that the guards treat them much more harshly," says Herb Hoelter, the director and co-founder of the National Center on Institutions and Alternatives, a 25-year-old program that tries to improve the lot of inmates, from camps to death row. "It's a power issue. They now have control over someone who once made $15 million a year."

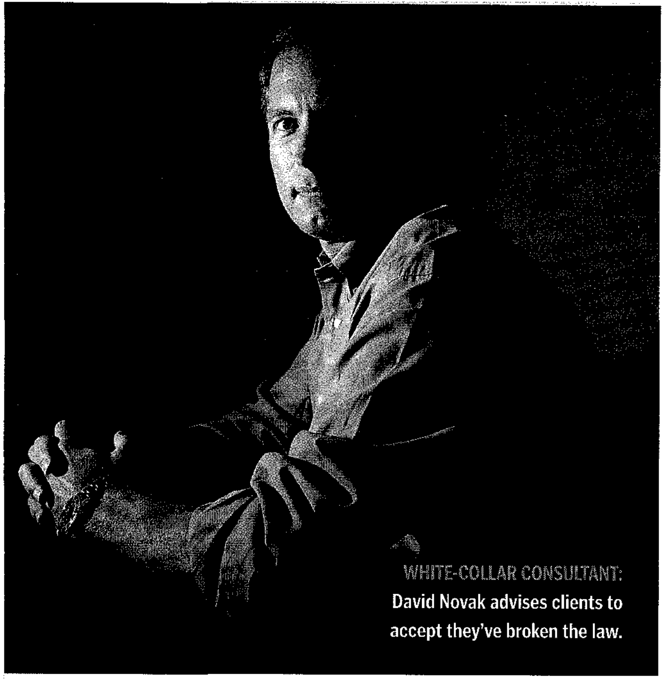
Once, says Hoelter, he had a high-profile client who spent his days tutoring other inmates for the GED. Everything was going tolerably until the day a senior official from the Bureau of Prisons came to visit. Then, that morning, someone decided it was time to pull the inmate out of the classroom, hand him a toothbrush, and make him scrub the hallways. "A lot of the guards," he explains, "really take delight in bringing big people down to size."

A DRAB WINTER DAY. LAUERSEN IS STANDING outside the dining room, waiting to eat. The guard has decided to randomly search the inmates again. Lauersen, thinking he is being helpful, reaches inside his breast pocket to show that his only potential weapon is a pair of spectacles. He is not being helpful. The officer starts to scream.

"After every visit, you're strip-searched," Lauersen now says, in the visitor's alcove. "It's traumatizing, totally humiliating. You have to show your hands, the soles of your feet. You have to lift up your organs."

He hesitates. Bill Smith, the executive assistant to the warden, is outside the door.

"Every moment of the day," Lauersen eventually says, "you have to worry about



WHITE-COLLAR CONSULTANT: David Novak advises clients to accept they've broken the law.

“There are men here who say that **they can do four years standing on their heads,”** he says. **“I can't do four minutes. So I certainly can't make nine years.** It's stifling. I have nobody to talk to about anything.”

doing something wrong. God forbid you don't get in through the door before a certain time, you know? Or when they count you, if you don't stand up. You have to be so worried about that all the time.”

He casts another look at the door.

A few minutes later, Smith does in fact wander in, to inform us of how much longer we have to talk. The doctor flinches, as if he'd been smacked. “I'm sorry, Mr. Smith,” he calls out as Smith resumes his perch. “I'm sorry. I'm sorry this is taking so long.”

THIS IS A VAC COLLECT CALL. THE COST OF THIS call is two dollars and 85 cents for the first minute and 40 cents for each additional minute. This call is from:

“Innocent man!”

Hang up to decline the call. Or, to accept the call, dial 5 now. To block future collect calls from this person, dial 77.

Whenever Irvin Davidson calls anyone from the low in Fort Dix, New Jersey, this is how he identifies himself. He also signs his correspondence IMWI—Innocent Man Wrongly Imprisoned—in small, tense capital letters, and he has a baseball cap that says IMWI, too, which he sometimes wears over his yarmulke.

Davidson is a bearded, 54-year-old, boisterously articulate Englishman. He went to the London School of Economics, where he was president of the law society, and started his own international commodities-trading company in his early twenties. In 1985, he settled in the United States. In 1999, he was convicted of fraud and money laundering. The judge gave him nine years, the maximum sentence. He has five children and a wife in the Orthodox community of Monsey, New York.

Before our face-to-face conversation, Davidson wrote me a couple of entertaining letters. So one of the first things I asked when we finally met was whether he's writing a memoir.

“No. No one cares.”

I tell him I'm not so sure.

“Fine. Somebody cares. When we find that person, we'll give him a Mars bar and a trip on the Staten Island Ferry.”

Fort Dix is a squat, sprawling Hades of red brick and asphalt. The first year of his incarceration, Davidson wouldn't allow his two youngest kids, ages 5 and 7, to visit, because neither he nor his wife thought they'd be able to handle seeing the razor wire and surrendering their tiny knapsacks. (No gifts, even food, are allowed in.)

Davidson's fellow inmates call him “English.” (There's also a Carolina, a Texas, and a China.) Every day, he rises at 6 and studies Talmud and Jewish ethical works until 10:30, usually in the prison chapel. Then he has lunch if it's kosher enough to meet his standards, which it usually isn't. From 12:30 to 3:30, he does his official prison job, tutoring other inmates for the GED. Then he goes back to his unit for “the count”—a tedious procedure in which each inmate is accounted for—opens his mail, and eats dinner. Then he struggles to fill the time until he goes to bed at 1 A.M. “There are half a dozen television rooms,” he explains. “But what you find is a movie on one, and MTV, BET, and basketball on the others. If you want to watch the news, you're a minority of one.”

Some nights, he goes to the gym. Others, he listens to the radio, which occasionally picks up the BBC. These days, he also works on his appeal, emboldened by recent government disclosures he believes are the exculpatory silver bullets he needs.

“There are men here who say that they can do four years standing on their heads,” he says. “I can't do four minutes. So I certainly can't make nine years. It's stifling.”

He pauses, struggling to elaborate. “The ability to be creative, to use my mind—I have no outlet for that,” he says. “I have nobody to talk to about anything. I would die in a place like this. I'm not going to jump off a roof or cut my wrists. But the batteries would just go *zzzzzzzz* . . . ” He slumps sideways in his chair.

The bright spots in Davidson's life are the visits from his children, but he sees them just once every two months, because the trip entails a four-hour round-trip and missing a day of school. Though he can speak to his kids on the phone, 300 minutes per month means just ten minutes a day, or two minutes for each child.

Last year, Davidson missed his first son's bar mitzvah. It filled him with unspeakable sadness. “There were moments of real black dog—Churchill, you know.”

So how does he pull himself up?

“I don't know if I do.”

I ask if prison would be easier if he believed he'd been guilty as charged.

“Yes,” he says. “It's exhausting to be fighting all the time. But that's the way I am. And when they bury me, they'll write on my tombstone: IMWI.”

BEFORE DEDE BROOKS WAS SENTENCED to six months of house arrest for her role in price-fixing at Sotheby's, she was reportedly comparison-shopping for jails. Novak says it's a pointless pursuit. “That's one of those myths—that Allenwood is better than Schuylkill, and Schuylkill is better than Morgantown,” he says. “I can put you in touch with inmates at each who'll say that theirs is the worst.”

That said, there are differences between institutions that even the most casual outsider could observe. The ones in more bucolic settings (Allenwood) or warmer climates (Eglin, Lompoc) tend to be more soothing for inmates and less traumatic for families. In the past decade, Otisville camp, just 80 miles north of Manhattan, has developed a reputation for ably serving the needs of observant Jews, providing a full-time Orthodox rabbi, a kitchen with separate sets of dishes, and an assortment

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRIAN SMALE.

of kosher vending machines.

With the exception of a few specialized facilities, Novak says, the quality of the health care in the federal prison system leaves much to be desired. For the past few months, Lauersen has been walking around with a broken dental bridge, because the Allenwood low offers only basic dentistry. At Fairton, Freddy broke his wrist playing basketball. If one of the inmates, a physician himself, hadn't set it, he doesn't know what his wrist would look like now—he had to wait 48 hours to see a doctor. (The inmate, he adds, was thrown in the hole for treating him.) "And the worst thing," says Freddy, "is that after my wrist was finally set, they *still* wouldn't give me a bottom bunk, those fucks."

Novak also says his clients spend a great deal of energy trying to avoid low- and medium-security facilities, convinced life in camps would be more pleasant. They're almost always wrong. "Without exception, my clients report that lows and mediums are better," he says, "and for two reasons: the pettiness of the staff, and privacy."

Charles spent time in the Allenwood low and the Allenwood camp. "There was *way* less nonsense at the low," he says. "The camp was like nursery school. The guards gave you a shot"—lingo for an incident report—"if your shirt wasn't tucked in."

And the living conditions at the camp were much worse. "I was in a 40-man dorm, as if in a kids' camp," he says. "The noise—*God*, it was relentless. The older guys would be trying to read, while the younger ones would be rapping, arguing, listening to music. You thought your head was going to explode."

Still, the psychological distance between camps and lows can be measured in light-years. Camps don't menace through architecture; most aren't even surrounded by as much as a picket fence. Low-security facilities, on the other hand, are surrounded by a double perimeter crowned with Slinkies of razor wire. To get to the visiting complex, families must pass through a series of heavy steel doors, which seal, every time, with a vengeful slam.

Charles remembers a spring day when his 9-year-old son came to visit at Allenwood camp. The child wandered away from his mother and uncle and pointed to an indeterminate point in the hills.

"Dad? What's that over there?"

Charles ambled over. "Over where?"

His son lowered his voice. "Nothing. I just wanted to talk to you."

"Yes . . . ?"

"Um, I was wondering if you ever cried while you were here."

The answer, until that very moment, had been no. Charles turned away, composed himself.

"No. Why do you ask?"

"Because I see there are no fences here. I figure I could sneak in and spend some time with you if you wanted."

WHEN LAUERSEN FIRST ARRIVED AT ALLENwood, he asked if his medical skills could be put to use. He was told, emphatically, that they could not. Today, he helps make scarves and hats for the inmates. He earns 10 cents an hour.

But the inmates still call him Doc, and they're continually soliciting his expertise. Not that long ago, a guy named Tony shyly pulled Lauersen aside and asked for advice on the best times of the month to impregnate his wife. "He was very happy," says Lauersen. "He was leaving, and he said the first day home was a fertile day."

In the evenings, Lauersen keeps his schedule flexible. On Wednesday nights, he joins a group of men who watch old movie musicals like *West Side Story* and *Bye Bye Birdie*. On the other nights, he writes (letters, notes for a memoir), works out (on the stationary bicycle), reads periodicals (he's sent *Newsweek*, *Time*, *The New Yorker*, and *New York*), responds to letters (he gets *lots* of letters, particularly from former patients), or peruses *JAMA* and various gynecological journals—which can make him a minor hit around the dorm, seeing that outright porn is prohibited. (*Stuff* and *Maxim*, however, are immensely popular.)

"The men look at any journal with women," he says. "Anything. Anything. They're so starved. They think of gynecologists as the luckiest men in the world. They think all they do is look at women.

"Besides medicine, what I miss most is being with a woman," he adds. "When you are surrounded by men, and only men, there is nothing you want more than the company of a woman."

I ask whether a person can have a good day in prison.

"A good day?"

Yes.

"No."

What about a better day?

He thinks about it. "If the weather's good," he finally answers. "And there's no harassment. Then yes. That's a better day."

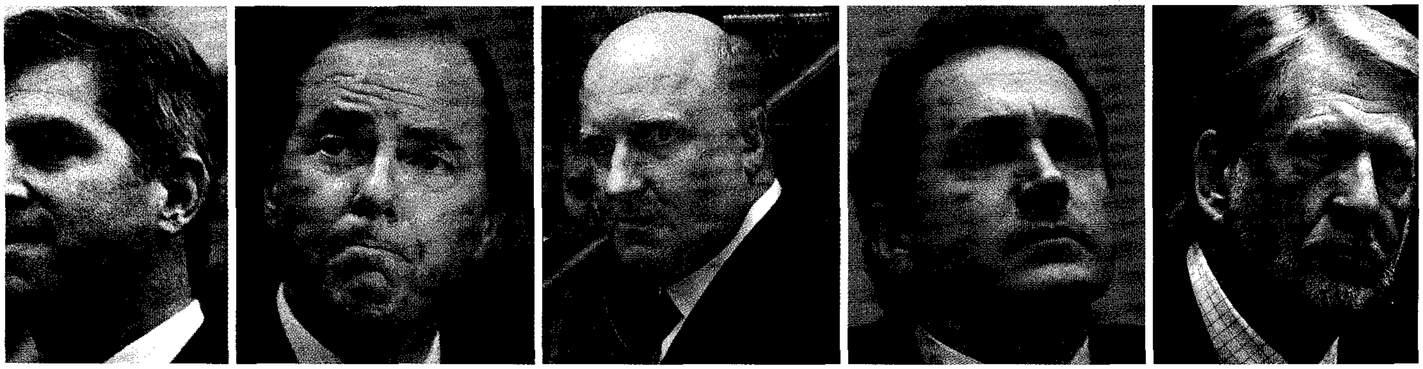
"I HAD A LOT OF GOOD DAYS IN PRISON!"

This is Charles speaking. Of course, he served only sixteen months, so it might have been easier to feel this way.

"I read three or four books a week!" he exclaims. He also took Italian lessons from a famous mobster and a course in Roman history co-taught by an investment banker and an accountant. "And there were lots of interesting people there," he continues. "People who had grown up in different households, different *worlds*. There was a group of Russians who were very amusing to be around, first-generation guys who were part of gangs. I never would have met people like that. I learned as much there as I did at the Ivy League college I attended—or the Ivy League grad school."

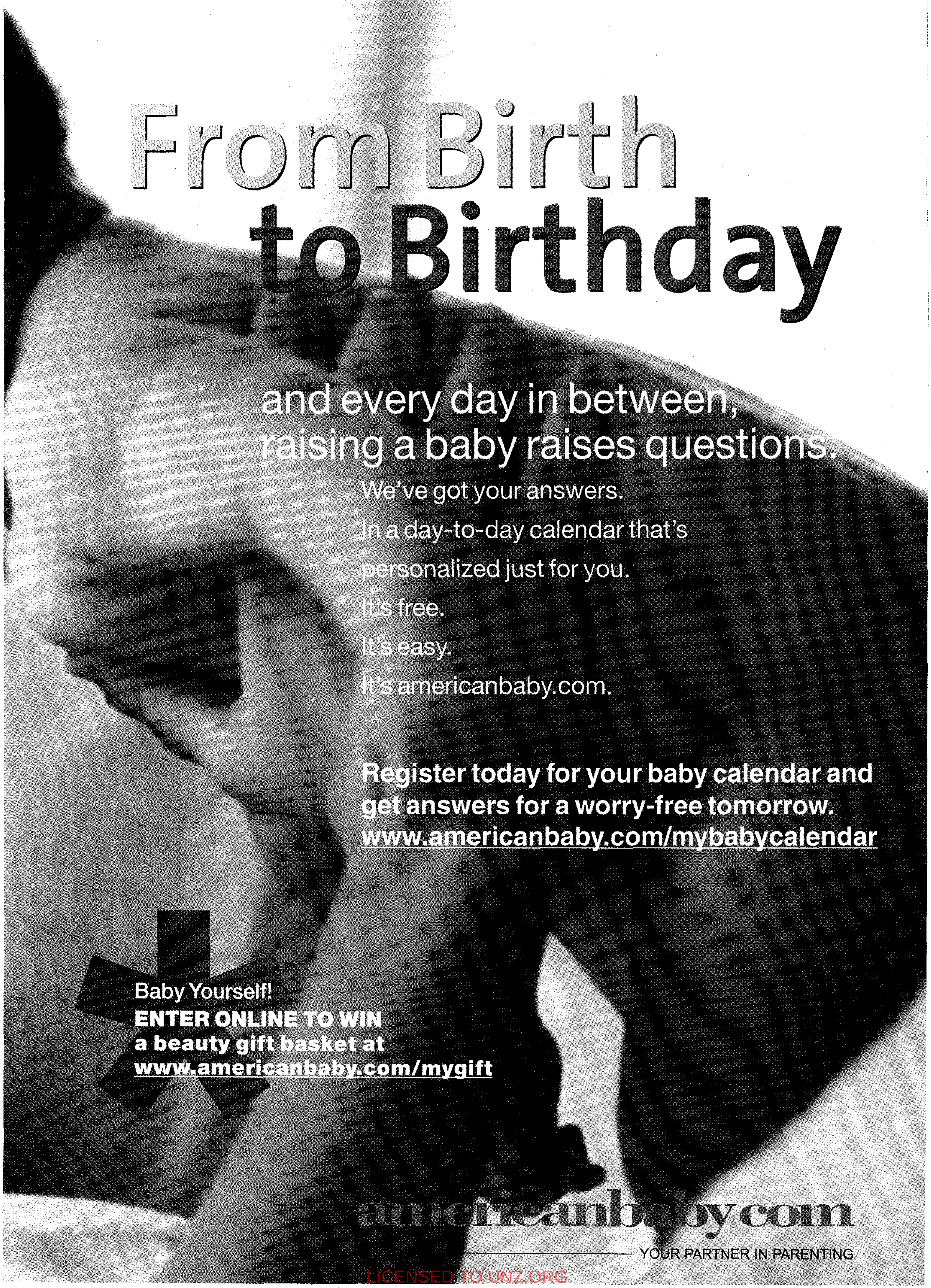
When Charles entered prison, he was also a 200-pound absentee husband and father. When he was sprung, he had dropped 35 pounds and gained untold vats of perspective. He stopped working in Manhattan. Instead, he set up a small business he could run, partly, from his suburban home.

"Really," he says, "the question is, what would my life have been like if this *hadn't* happened? I'll tell you: I'd have been a 260-pound professional who never saw my wife and kid. *(continued on page 80)*



UP NEXT? From left, Fastow, Skilling, Kozlowski, Sullivan, Ebbers.

PHOTOGRAPHS: FROM LEFT, GAMMA PRESS; STEPHEN BOITANO/GAMMA PRESS; ROBERT MECEA/GAMMA PRESS; AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS; BRYAN SNYDER/LIAISON.



From Birth
to Birthday

and every day in between,
raising a baby raises questions.

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Best Bets

RIMA SUQI

"Kampai"
RUSSIAN

Right On, Target Fashion designer Todd Oldham's home collection for Target (called Dorm Room) is colorful, kitschy, and extremely affordable. Choose from sheets, rugs, chairs, candles, school supplies, and lamps, like this vintage-inspired pole lamp ($19.99).

► **TARGET**
13505 Twentieth Avenue, Queens/718-661-4346
www.target.com

It's a Girl Thing Inspired by Girl Scout handbooks from the fifties, which featured toasts in different languages, Jane Timberlake of A-1 Product Co. designed a set of six sixteen-ounce glasses, each with text in a different language ($66 a set).

► **E.A.T. GIFTS**
1062 Madison Avenue, near 80th
Street/212-861-2544

► **THE CLAY POT**
162 Seventh Avenue, Brooklyn
718-788-6564

A Touch of Glass Tiffany's newest gems dazzle—but aren't diamonds. They're chic glass vases in summery colors that will complement almost any décor. Shown here, a small striped vase (in a choice of six colors; $175) and a round vase (also available in blue; $165).

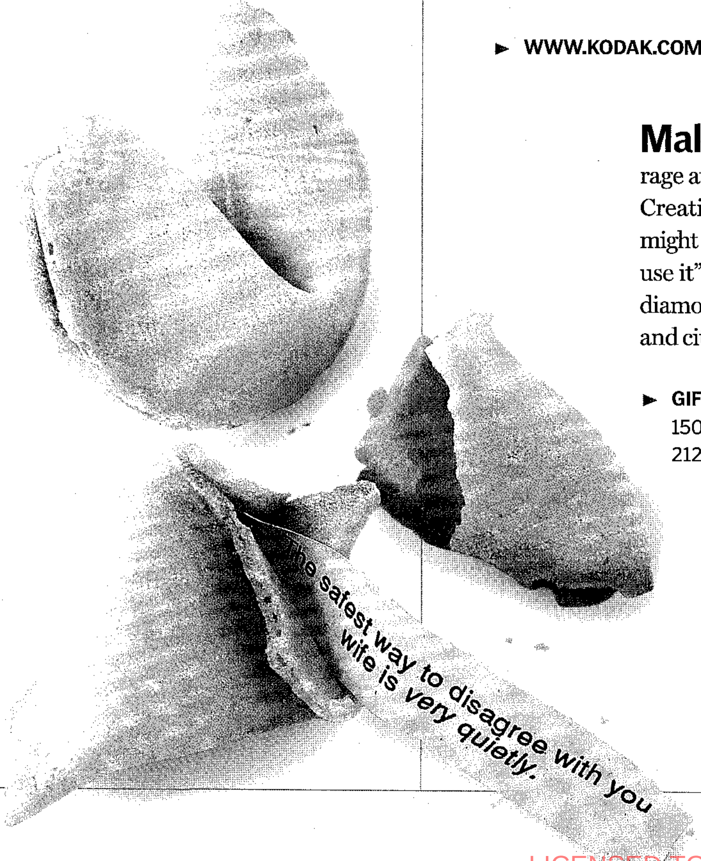
► **TIFFANY & CO.**
727 Fifth Avenue, at 57th Street
212-755-8000

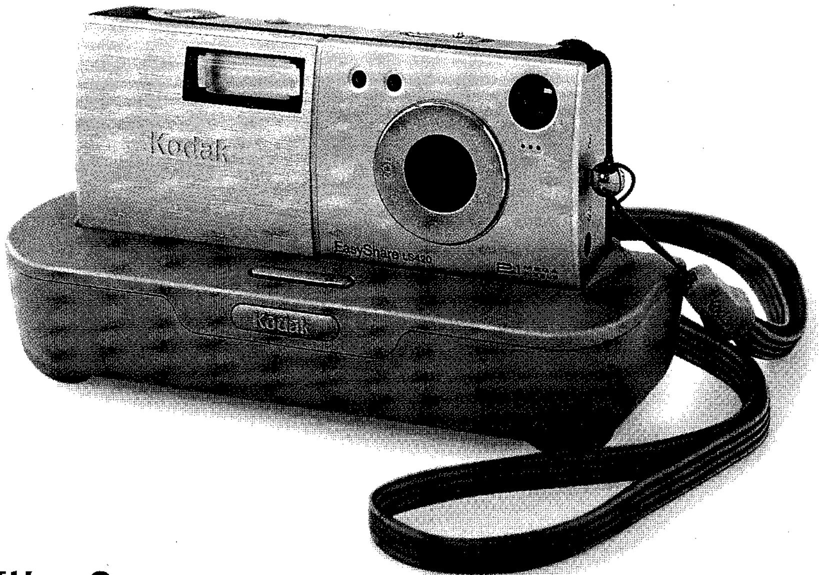
PHOTOGRAPHED BY AIMÉE HERRING

Fruit of the God

Chocoholics, take note: There's a new truffle on the block. It's light. It's tangy. And it's perfect for summer. Godiva's new mango truffle will enrich your world and, if you're not careful, your hips. Indulge in moderation. A five-piece box is $10.50 ($33 per pound).

- ► **GODIVA**
245 Columbus Avenue, near 71st Street/212-787-5804
793 Madison Avenue, at 67th Street/212-249-9444
560 Lexington Avenue, at 50th Street/212-980-9810





It's a Snap Kodak's newest EasyShare LS420 digital camera is the answer to digital-phobes' prayers. The pocket-size wonder is truly a no-brainer to use. Shoot what you want, put the camera on the docking station (included), hit a button, et voilà! Pictures are transferred and pop up in a slide-show window. Follow onscreen instructions to crop, add color, or fix red eyes. The camera comes with 8MB internal memory (takes about 49 low-res pictures), rechargeable battery, and carrying case. PC- and Mac-compatible ($299).

- ► **J&R MUSIC WORLD**
- ► **COMPUSA**
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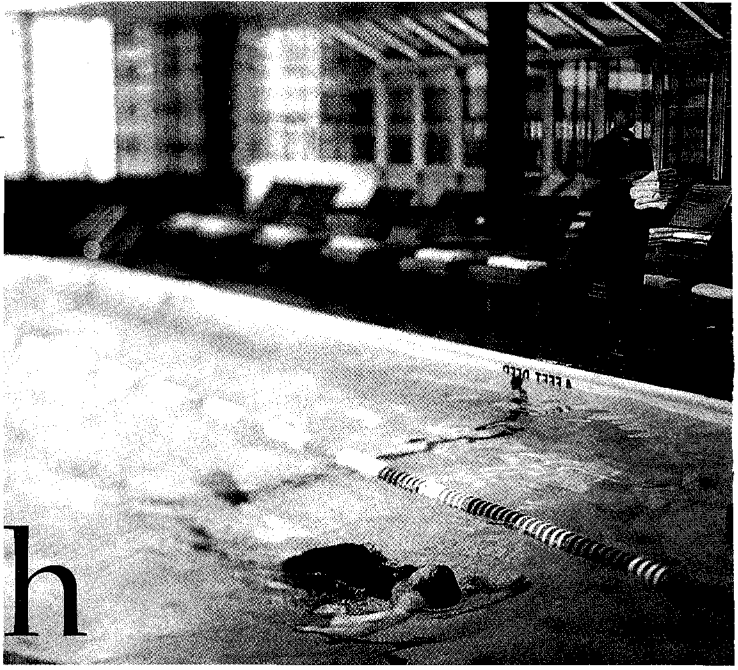
Make a Splash



If you didn't splurge on a summer share, you don't have to be left high and dry. Take a plunge at a cool outdoor pool right here in the city.

THERE'S NO REASON TO SWEAT through this long, hot season in the city: Liquid relief is just around the corner—literally. We found the best pools in and around Manhattan—bring the sunscreen, and dive right in.

Asser Levy Recreation Center: Hit the pool first thing in the morning for early-bird laps—or stop by after work (it's open until 8:30 P.M.). For a day of frolicking, pack some sandwiches and spend the day splashing around with neighborhood youngsters who congregate at this city-owned pool in the afternoon. (East 23rd Street and FDR Drive; call 212-447-2020 for hours.)

Chelsea Piers: The fee is a little stiff here—$50 a day—but it gets you access to all of the Piers' world-class facilities: For starters, there's a six-lane, 75-foot pool; an indoor sand volleyball court; a quarter-mile indoor track; and two sundecks overlooking the Hudson River. (West Side Highway at 22nd Street; 212-336-6000.)

Carmine Recreation Center: During July and August, this city-owned facility's 105-yard outdoor pool is open every day from 11 to 7. Leave your wallet at home (it's free), but don't forget a towel and a lock for your locker. (1 Clarkson Street; call 212-242-5228 for info.)

Sheraton Manhattan Hotel: The best way to play hooky when it's hot and humid? Take a lunchtime dip at this tranquil midtown oasis, on the fifth floor of the hotel. Stretch out on a chaise longue for a nap on the sundeck just outside the glass-enclosed pool. (Pool is at 790 Seventh Avenue; the $20 adult tickets and $10 kid tickets are purchased across the street at 811 Seventh Avenue; call 212-621-8591 for info.)

Riverbank State Park: Perched 69 feet above the Hudson River, this spot features panoramic views of the George Washington Bridge and the Jersey Palisades, as well as an Olympic-size pool. Bring the family, and make a day of it. (679 Riverside Drive, at 145th Street; call 212-694-3600 for info.)

Le Parker Meridien: A full day of relaxation at this luxury hotel's pool-spa complex will cost you $50, but you'll get your money's worth taking in the rays, and views of Central Park, from the sundeck above the glass-enclosed pool. Guests have full access to the 17,000-square-foot fitness center and poolside food-and-beverage service. (118 West 57th Street; call 212-708-7340 for info.) LAUREN DECARLO

Picks of the Week

Sales beginning Wednesday, July 17, through Tuesday, July 30.

Frédéric Fekkai's seriously chic hair accessories (usually $25 to $180) and handbags (usually $295 to $790) are a steal at 85 percent off. 15 E. 57th St., tenth fl. (212-583-3232); A.E., M.C., V.; 7/24 (8:30–4).

WATER BABY: Lapping it up at the Le Parker Meridien pool.

Leigh Bantivoglio's utterly divine lace lingerie—camisoles, boy shorts, chemises, etc.—sold at Saks and Bergdorf Goodman, is 50 to 75 percent off, from $15 to $75. 648 Broadway, Ste. 200; A.E., M.C., V.; 7/17–7/18 (10–7).

Sigerson Morrison is clearing its covetable shoes at a crazy $99 per pair (they're usually several times that). Buy two pairs for $189. Bags, too. 28 Prince St., for shoes (212-219-3893); 242 Mott St., for bags (212-941-5404); A.E., M.C., V.; 7/20–7/22 (11–6:30; Sun. noon–6).

Paul & Joe's sweet, Provençal-chic dresses, bohemian tops, etc. are usually $180 to $600; now they're half off. 2 Bond St. (212-505-0974); M.C., V.; 7/26–9/2 (Mon.–Sat. 11–7; Sun. noon–6).

Lederer de Paris's classic women's bags, usually sold for about $600, are now $80. 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (212-355-5515); A.E., M.C., V.; 7/29–8/3 (9:30–6).

Louis Féraud's spring clothes are 70 percent off ($125 to $600). Parsons School of Design, 560 Seventh Ave., at 40th St.; A.E., M.C., V., no cash; 7/22–7/25 (9–6). ■

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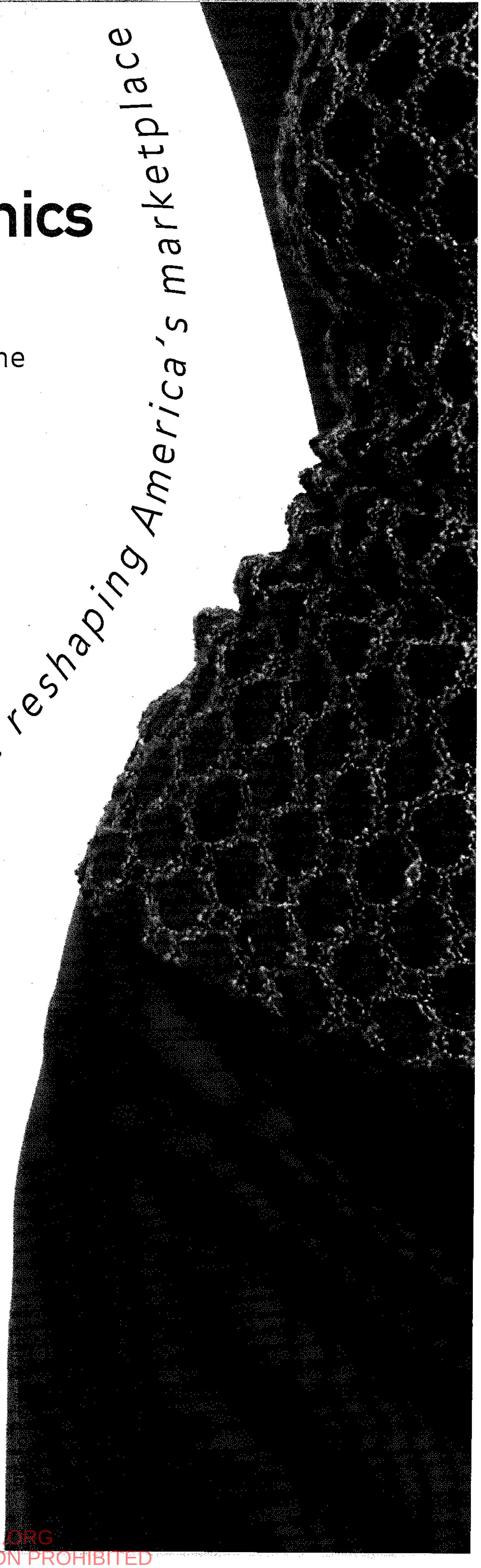
PHOTOGRAPH BY KENNETH CHEN.

American Demographics navigates the curves

American Demographics is the only magazine that reports on consumer trends for business leaders. For more information about *American Demographics*, please call Greta Libbey at 212-545-3600.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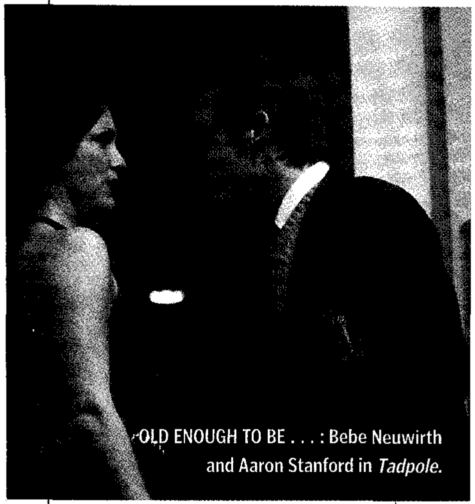

OLD ENOUGH TO BE . . . : Bebe Neuwirth and Aaron Stanford in *Tadpole.*

MOVIES

Tadpole

In Gary Winick's film—one of the first major releases to be shot on digital video—a sophisticated 15-year-old Manhattanite (Aaron Stanford) with a severe crush on Dad's new wife ends up seduced by her fortyish best friend (Bebe Neuwirth). Hey, why should *The Graduate*'s Kathleen Turner have all the fun? **(Opens July 19; see listing, page 50.)**

THEATER

Happiness

Laurie Anderson's latest multimedia piece, a series of stories and personal reflections shot through with post-9/11 unease, gets its New York premiere. **(July 23 and 24; see interview, page 58.)**

NIGHTLIFE

Solomon Burke

The smooth-voiced giant of sixties soul, from the same Atlantic Records stable as Ray Charles and Aretha Franklin—and, like them, a Rock and Roll Hall of Famer—comes to Joe's Pub. **(July 18; see listing, page 77.)**

CLASSICAL MUSIC

Offering

The Japanese dancer-choreographer team Eiko & Koma (certified MacArthur geniuses) join up with neo-klezmer star David Krakauer for the premiere of their new "living sculpture" piece—meaning that it's performed on the sidewalk in Battery Park City, as pedestrians wander through. **(July 16 and 17 with Krakauer, through July 30 without; see listing, page 76.)**

BOOKS

New York's Pennsylvania Stations

After you've seen the Museum of the City of New York's exhibit of photos, stop by the bookstore. Hilary Ballon's oversize volume is full of photographs: the original Penn Station in all its doomed magnificence, the dreary if functional present building, and the fabulous plans for its replacement—should Amtrak last long enough to send trains there. **(W.W. Norton; $55. In bookstores now.)**

RESTAURANTS

Blue Hill's Celebration of Corn

Make fun of New Jersey all you want, but its proximity means that every summer, we get some of the most mouthwatering sweet corn on earth. On July 23, Blue Hill's special tasting menu, from chef-owner (and *Food & Wine* cover boy) Dan Barber, takes it to a supreme level—as high as an elephant's eye. **(To reserve, call 212-539-1776.)**

ART

Great Masters of Mexican Folk Art

Hammered metalwork and bubbly green glass are only the beginning: At the National Museum of the American Indian, 560 objects from all 31 Mexican states show off the diverse traditions of Mexico's folk artists. **(Opens July 21; see listing, page 65.)**

ANIMAL ATTRACTION: Manuel Jiménez Ramírez's *Coyote, Nahual and Feline,* at the National Museum of the American Indian.

TOP five

Fields of Dreams

You and your office softball team don't want to fight the crowds in Central Park. But at these less well-known fields, games are cheap ($5 to $16) and some of the city's best vistas are free. (For info, call 800-201-PARK.)

1. Pelham Bay Park

As any aspiring Bronx Bomber knows, New York's largest park has freshly rebuilt fields and a great breeze off Long Island Sound. Only insiders (and Ken Podziba, New York City's sports commissioner) know, however, that conditions reign supreme on Fields 2 and 3. **(Bruckner Expressway at Middleton Road.)**

2. East River Park

A haven for lefties, and onetime practice field for Mayor Giuliani's City Hall team, Rudy's Raiders, these two East Village greens allow southpaw sluggers the singular sensation of dropping home-run balls into the East River murk. **(FDR Drive at 10th Street.)**

3. Flushing Meadows-Corona Park

Where better than the shadow of Shea to inspire would-be Mike Piazzas? The two grassy fields by Meadow Lake have real raised pitcher's mounds and clean dugouts. Heck, it's probably *nicer* than the Mets' seedy home. **(West Side of Meadow Lake.)**

4. Queensbridge Park

Not only is this Long Island City gem lit up at night, it has newly renovated bathrooms, and that's hard to argue with whether or not your league is co-ed. **(Vernon Boulevard and 21st Street.)**

5. Riverside Park

Conveniently located only a long fly ball from the Hudson Beach Cafe, the breezy Riverside park softball field is shaded by sycamore trees overlooking the Hudson River. Early weekday afternoons promise fewer crowds. **(Riverside Drive at 103rd Street.)**

BEN KAPLAN

Passionate Puccini

Opera rarely travels well to film. But with *Tosca,* Benoît Jacquot exploits the strengths of both mediums, capturing the intensity and ardor of the performers in the process.

LOVE, ITALIAN STYLE: Ruggero Raimondi and Angela Gheorghiu star in *Tosca.*

BENOÎT JACQUOT'S MOVIE OF Puccini's **Tosca** is a rare example of first-rate filmed opera. Most operas on film are either flat transcriptions of stage productions or overblown and underfelt extravaganzas, such as Zeffirelli's *Otello*, where he made the unconscionable decision to streamline Verdi by dropping Desdemona's "Willow Song." One would think that, as a medium, film would be ideal for capturing outsize passions, but too often we're merely plunked into the fray while the singers, strutting and gesticulating in ways not seen since the heyday of silent cinema, offer up gaping views of their tonsils.

Jacquot, who has never before directed an opera, varies his visual textures: We see not only the operatic performance itself but also snippets in black and white of the singers rehearsing in street clothes with conductor Antonio Pappano and the orchestra and chorus of the Royal Opera House at Covent Garden. Instead of detracting from the magic, this two-tiered effect adds to it: Real people are glimpsed in the throes of being possessed by their roles. Jacquot often moves his camera close in (which unfortunately reveals that the post-dubbing is occasionally imperfect), but he also perches his lenses very high up, as if he were anatomizing the action from a pitiless God-like perspective.

The virtues of *Tosca* have been debated since it was first staged in 1900. Is it tragedy or melodrama, art or kitsch? By pouring so much passion onto the screen, Jacquot makes such questions seem niggling. However you care to classify this *Tosca,* it's amazing. The famous arias are sung by Roberto Alagna, as the freedom-loving artist Cavaradossi; Ruggero Raimondi, as the villainous Roman police chief Scarpia; and Angela Gheorghiu, as Cavaradossi's lover, Tosca. They are so thrillingly felt that the screen seems to tremble, and Tosca's "Vissi d'arte" is, as it should be, the film's high point.

Tosca
Directed by Benoît Jacquot; starring Roberto Alagna, Ruggero Raimondi, and Angela Gheorghiu.
See Movies listings for details.

Most opera singers are less than wonderful actors, and some of them are not exactly well served by being so close to the camera. (Film is great for creating illusions and also, alas, for debunking them.) But the performers here are real actors. Raimondi has already graced three of the most acclaimed operas on film: Joseph Losey's *Don Giovanni,* Andrzej Zulawski's *Boris Godunov,* and Francesco Rosi's magnificent *Carmen,* which, along with Ingmar Bergman's *The Magic Flute,* is, I believe, the finest of all filmed operas. His Iago-like Scarpia, who has foul designs on Tosca and tortures Cavaradossi, never descends into hamminess. He gives us a man awed by his own depravity.

Gheorghiu, especially, flourishes on film; the camera illuminates her dark, slightly harsh beauty, and she sings as if transfixed by fate. Tosca, of course, is a famous singer and beauty, and so, in a sense, Gheorghiu is creating an enraptured self-reflection. She expresses not only Tosca's ardor but also her own fervor for performing. Gheorghiu is such an accomplished diva that her emotions never seem inflated or false. She has to be too much or she's nothing. With her crimson dress—its voluminous train like a vast pool of blood—this Tosca is aflame in her very own inferno. Her love for Cavaradossi is one of those grand opera follies that only makes sense, as it does here, in the highest reaches of feeling. Jacquot has said in interviews that he was interested in capturing not psychological states but rather "curves of intensity in a landscape of passion," and, scene-for-scene, that's exactly what he's accomplished. Alagna, as an actor, is not the mesmerist on film that Gheorghiu is (she's his real-life wife), but singing together, their voices achieve a frightening oneness. The real passion in this movie is the passion between artists at the height of their gifts.

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO WATCH *BLADE RUNNER* OR *Minority Report,* to take two examples out of 200, without thinking of Fritz Lang's great, loony 1927 futurist epic **Metropolis.** A new restoration just released by Kino, at Film Forum, is longer and better-looking than any of its previous incarnations. You've seen the rest; now see the best. ■

Peter Rainer's reviews can be read at nymetro.com/archive/rainer.

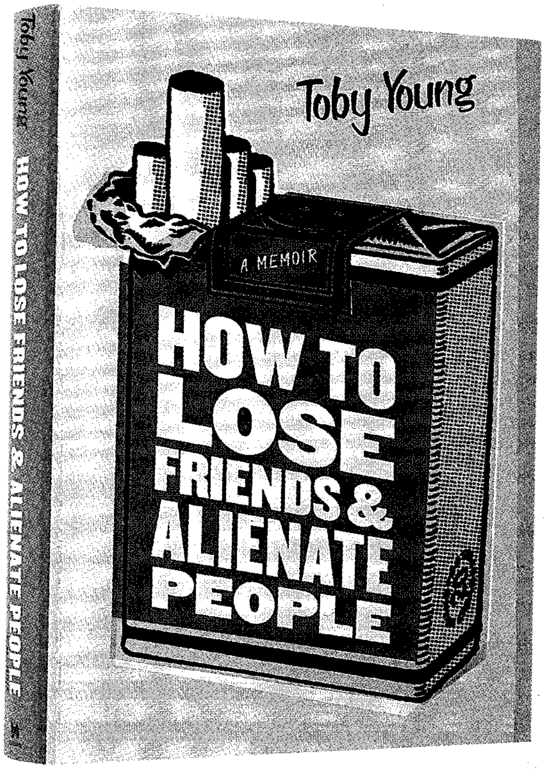
PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF AVATAR FILMS.

BOOKS JOHN HOMANS

Get Carter

In this self-indulgent tell-all about his brief sojourn in the New York publishing jungle, a former *Vanity Fair* editor doesn't just bite the hand that fed him but chews it up and swallows.

WHEN TOBY YOUNG ARrived in New York from London, on a ticket paid for by Graydon Carter of *Vanity Fair* for a trial stint at that magazine, he had every expectation of joining a world of journalism characterized by high status, little adult supervision, sexual opportunity, and free-flowing alcohol—the standard-issue Algonquin Round Table dream of the Manhattan writing life as imagined in many an Ivy League dining hall, and apparently at Oxford, too. The subject of Young's new book, **How to Lose Friends & Alienate People**, is the story of how he found his place not at the table but under it.


Toby Young
HOW TO LOSE FRIENDS & ALIENATE PEOPLE
Toby Young
A MEMOIR
HOW TO LOSE FRIENDS & ALIENATE PEOPLE

It's not as if no one had been there before. Jay McInerney's *Bright Lights, Big City,* for instance, tells essentially the same story in a very similar landscape. But while McInerney arrived reasonably early in Manhattan's publicist-hosted party, Young arrived in 1995, by which time it had become harder for anyone, much less a writer, to clear a space in the celebrity scrum. With a well-known father, a spectacular record at Oxford, a finishing year at Harvard, and a successful magazine, *The Modern Review,* already on his résumé in London, Young, who is now 39, thought of himself as the brightest of bright young things, a grinning deliverer of one-liners who could say anything to anyone, surf the social wave, and live to tell the tale.

One of his heroes is Clark Gable's newspaperman in *It Happened One Night.* "Here was a man," writes Young, only half hyperbolically, "who managed to combine the fierce independence of the British nobility with the openness and informality of a true democrat." It would be hard to discern these qualities at the kind of social events Toby Young favored even if he possessed them. Young's most salient personality trait is what he calls negative charisma, which is the compulsion to offend just about everyone of any significance he comes in contact with.

How to Lose Friends & Alienate People
By Toby Young.
Da Capo Press; 340 pages; $24.

He works hard at it. He has a long A-list of enemies (Martin Amis on Toby Young: "Go fuck yourself"). Large swaths of the book concern his cat-and-mouse games with doorpeople—clipboard Nazis. Once in, he inevitably makes a beeline for the most famous person in the room. He's a stalker—not Gable at all but *The King of Comedy*'s Rupert Pupkin.

Some of his celebrity encounters do actually reach the level of low comedy. At one party, he buttonholes Kenneth Branagh, only to fail to correctly identify any of Branagh's Shakespeare roles. At *Vanity Fair*'s Oscar Party, after having been aced out of a conversation with Jim Carrey by his schadenfreude doppelgänger Alex de Silva, who's making his way in L.A. as Young forges ahead in New York, he aims to start a verbal confrontation with Mel Gibson, but Gibson sees him coming and uses celebrity jujitsu—"Hi," Gibson says with a smile, "I'm Mel Gibson"—to take the fight out of him. And his frat-boy subversions at Condé Nast, like hiring a stripper to torment a colleague on Take Our Daughters to Work Day, are tailor-made for—and in that instance, did appear on—"Page Six." It's the equivalent of the *Bright Lights* hero's releasing the ferret.

Elsewhere, however, there are the stereotypical black dresses and haughty junior editors and models in the lobby, fauna that certainly exist but that have been observed many times before. There's a time-warp quality to certain of his observations. "One of the best kept secrets at Condé Nast is how large the gay readership of *GQ* is" is one such. And this: "I was particularly shocked by the extent to which glossy magazine writers have given up their right to free speech in return for access to celebrities." "Shocked"? The word *bored* might communicate a more current sensibility. Young seems inordinately proud of his incessant, Benny Hill–ish (well, actually, *Maxim-ish* might be a more current reference) talk about tits and ass and sex on a stick, as if by talking this way he's striking a blow against political correctness.

Young's tactic for winning readers over is his British gift for self-deprecation. But this often feels like a pose, beneath which there's an irreducible kernel of wounded ego. Everywhere in this book, there's that claustrophobic sense of thwarted entitlement and superiority and bitterness that's become so common in the past few years.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MELISSA PUNCH.

The son of an eminent British socialist who wrote a cautionary work of fiction called *The Rise of the Meritocracy* (he coined the term), Young is forever harping on the flaws and hypocrisies of his adopted culture. Turgid, near-academic chapters in the last third of the book hash out his self-justifying views on class. "I witnessed countless examples of just how unmeritocratic New York society is," he writes. "Britain's more accurate self-understanding strikes me as overwhelmingly preferable."

Part of the sport of reading this book is to identify Young's specific pathology. Alcoholism is definitely indicated. But Young accurately observes that drinking to excess can (the Christopher Hitchens model) enhance a career, though not (the Anthony Haden-Guest model) necessarily. In his great public self-immolation that was the closing of *The Modern Review*, co-editor Julie Burchill got closer to the truth when she called him a spoiled child. There are plenty of narcissism triggers in his background—the highly respected, distant father whose values Young gleefully desecrates even as he treats him with an almost somber respect. And when it's time to clean up his act, his mother, who died in 1993, appears to help him back on course (this, too, was a crucial plot point in McInerney's book).

Toward the end of Young's *Vanity Fair* tenure, Graydon Carter, whom he'd idolized for having his celebrity cake and eating it too, becomes to Young the ultimate list Nazi, presiding over the hollow—and besides, shockingly unmeritocratic—center of American culture. "Jesus Christ, Toby, I'm not going to tell you again," Carter says at one point. "Stop bothering the celebrities." But, like a spurned suitor, Young begins to love the abuse.

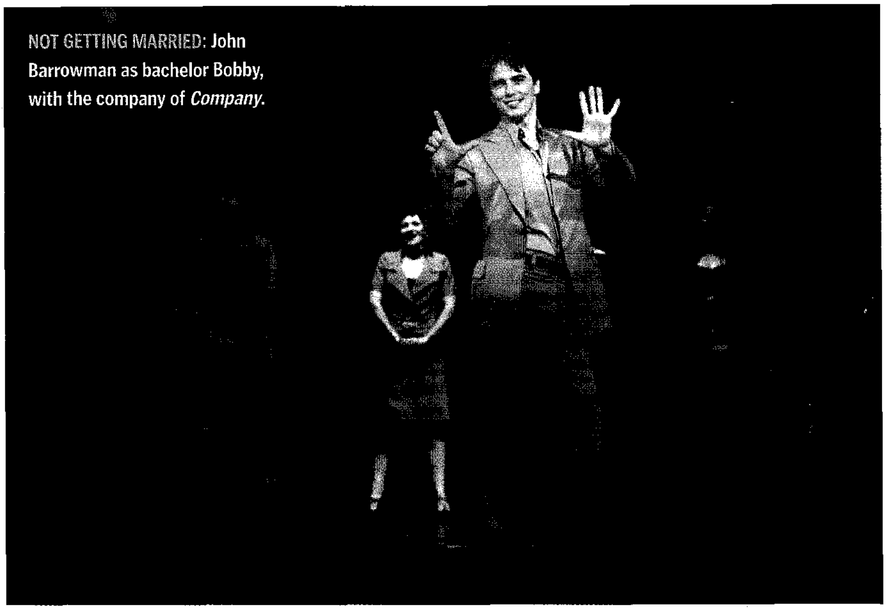
Young compiles a laundry list of what he sees as Carter's faults—thin-skinned, self-invented, hypocritical—and contemplates the oft-noted paradox of the A-list success of the former *Spy* editors. But Young hasn't fallen out of love with Carter. Carter's crime is that he doesn't love him back.

And finally, Young gives up, retreating to Britain with a nice, Sloane Rangerish girl who loves and understands him, and whose breasts he finds very praiseworthy indeed. Possibly, his departure was an example of the American meritocracy—such as it is—at work. ■

More book reviews can be read online at nymetro.com/archive/books.

Side by Side

In Washington, Sondheim rules. But seeing his works together reminds us how high a bar he set for his unlucky collaborators.



NOT GETTING MARRIED: John Barrowman as bachelor Bobby, with the company of *Company*.

I MAY HAVE ORIGINALLY UNDERRATED **Company** because of its book by George Furth, contrived from several one-acts about the state of love in the city of New York. To tie them together, a bachelor friend, Bobby, 35, was invented. He does and doesn't want to marry as he serially observes his friends' conjugal problems and dallies with three fetching bachelorettes.

Bobby has no real identity: A ligament and occasional catalyst makes a poor protagonist. The five couples, conversely, have too strident, albeit simplistic, personalities: monomaniacal, mismatched, internecine. The three girlfriends are chiefly excuses for Bobby's shilly-shallying, so we get glaring patches of clashing color revolving around a colorless blob.

Sondheim Festival
Company and *Sunday in the Park With George*, at the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, Washington, D.C.

Play Yourself
By Harry Kondoleon, staged by Craig Lucas, and starring Marian Seldes. See Theater listings for details.

But there is ample compensation in the striking songs, and the sneaky way they first underscore, then suddenly burst in on, the dialogue. These are coalescing fragments of nervous, nagging music that haunt the cynical lethargy or feverish despair of the story, teasing it into songs with angular, ironic, obsessive tunes and texts. And what sophisticated, ambushing rhymes! Take the bachelorettes' lament about Bobby: "When a person's personality is personable / He shouldn't oughta sit like a lump. / It's harder than a matador coercin' a bull / To try to get you off of your rump." The redundant "shouldn't oughta" and "off of" contribute mundaneness, while the yoking of three similar-sounding words and a piquantly far-fetched rhyme are uniquely Stephen Sondheim.

In the Kennedy Center production, I must commend, first, Derek McLane's set, an empty space bordered by rows of horizontal, not vertical, skyscrapers stacked on top of one another and stretching backward toward a screen on which images from abstract to representational alternated. It both alludes to and reinvents Boris Aronson's for the original production. In

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOAN MARCUS.

the recumbent buildings, Howell Binkley's varicolored lights, suggesting elevators or neon displays, moved back and forth. Sondheim reportedly had a hand in steadying Sean Mathias's direction, and it shows.

The cast of fourteen was uniformly able, with Alice Ripley's stressed-to-the-point-of-mental-fracture Amy exceptional, John Barrowman's Bobby a shade too flimsily flighty, and Lynn Redgrave's Joanne perhaps miscast—but who wouldn't look so after Elaine Stritch's nonpareil performance in the original? Jonathan Tunick, conducting his own orchestrations, added the capping touch.

JAMES LAPINE'S BOOK FOR **Sunday in the Park With George** is, like many librettos for Sondheim, a dazzling idea. Those who saw the original one-act version on a smaller stage were bowled over. A verbal-musical evocation of Georges Seurat painting his huge masterpiece, *Sunday Afternoon on the Island of La Grande Jatte*, offers not only a pointillistic painting in the making but also a similarly starting and halting relationship between George and his fictional model and mistress, too cleverly (and un-Frenchly) called Dot.

The conflict between art and life, relentless passion for painting and flagging feelings for a lover, is beautifully captured in the hectic, foreshortened mini-stories invented for the figures in the painting, and the flailings of an artist unable to fulfill his mistress's needs and hopes. But when, for Broadway, a second act had to be added, Lapine's satire on twentieth-century art-making was uneasily wedded to a story about Seurat and Dot's illegitimate daughter, Marie, and her grandson, George, a mixed-media artist; here the book huffs and puffs in the straitjacketing references to Act One, and finally thuds.

Yet the cleverness of words and music in Act One, and the great song "Children and Art" in Act Two, make up for much. In the two principal roles, Raul Esparza, as the two Georges, is delightful, although he has the unfair advantage of not being Mandy Patinkin; Melissa Errico, though rather unsubtly directed by Eric Schaeffer, is a charming Dot and Marie, even when obliged to dot her *i*'s. McLane's modest-budget set provides generous background, and Linda Stephens and Cris Groenendaal head a dependable supporting cast. At the matinee I attended, the show easily beat a hot afternoon in the park.

WHAT EMERGES FROM SEEING EVEN A PARTIAL retrospective of Sondheim musicals is that the scintillating composer-lyricist could never find a librettist up to his level. Whether by George Furth, James Goldman, James Lapine, John Weidman, or Hugh Wheeler, the books are never more than original notions competently executed. But competence goes only so far, especially when it is a vehicle greatly outclassed by what it is delivering.

The book may give us fast-talking sophisticates or winsome simpletons, but what they say and do is never as interesting as what they sing, which is so characterful and dynamic as to make the spoken stuff seem pale or redundant. It is as if a perfectly functional helicopter were loaded onto a truck able to accomplish only so much less. The exception is *Forum*, where Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart triumphed (albeit with a strong assist from Plautus).

It is unfortunate that first-class book writers, always a rare commodity, are scarcer than ever. Also that Sondheim, for all his gifts, is unwilling or unable to write his own books. Where it all works best is *Follies*, and the first act of *Sunday in the Park*, when the book does not even try to compete with the songs, is not even an ornamental frame, but only a plain mat for the picture. My heart goes out to all book writers: How can they soar when hemmed in by the composer-lyricist with orchestra and singers, the choreographer with dancers and dances? Perhaps Sondheim is doomed to remain the victim of his transcendence.

BACK IN NEW YORK, I CAUGHT THE UBIQUITOUS Marian Seldes bettering the famous fable by being both fleet-foot hare and funny turtle. Racing only against herself, she wins every time, and has become a gentler, somewhat less outré Tallulah for our time, complete with giggly camp followers. In Harry Kondoleon's posthumously produced **Play Yourself**, she does amusingly exactly that, and gets staunch aid from Elizabeth Marvel and two others. But not even Craig Lucas's ardent direction can bring to life this wan and strained comedy. It is the story of an aging, half-blind B-movie star and her neurotic daughter, rescued from their daily bickering by two social workers: An adoring old lady for the mother, a lusty young man for the daughter. Contrived? You bet. ■

John Simon's reviews can be read at nymetro.com/archive/simon.

IN BRIEF

Television | John Leonard

- **Breaking News** (July 17; 8 to 9 p.m.; Bravo) gives us thirteen weeks of Clancy Brown in charge of an all-news cable network, Tim Matheson as his angry anchor, Lisa Ann Walter as his executive producer, Rowena King as perhaps the best of his far-flung correspondents, and Scott Bairstow as the newly hired son of the owner of the conglomerate that owns the network. We begin with the vice-president of the United States buried under an avalanche, proceed to a hostage situation, a reporter who goes to jail rather than reveal sources, a plane crash, a factory dumping toxic waste, and a gay murder in a small town. Not bad, though viewers don't seem to want dramatic series about broadcast journalism. Can't imagine why.

- **Power and Beauty** (July 21; 8 to 9:30 p.m.; Showtime) stars Natasha Henstridge as Judith Campbell Exner, Kevin Anderson as John F. Kennedy, Peter Friedman as Sam Giancana, and John Ralston as Frank Sinatra. This is the docudrama from Exner's point of view, which more or less corresponds with the *American Tabloid* point of view of James Ellroy.

- **For the People** (July 21; 10 to 11 p.m.; Lifetime) stars Lea Thompson (*Caroline in the City*) as an assistant district attorney in Los Angeles, and Debbi Morgan (*Soul Food*) as her new boss, just elected and a lot more conservative. They will have to come to respect each other before the series can go anywhere, and so in this first hour they do, in sorting out a free speech–hate crime case.

- **Fenceline: A Company Town Divided** (July 23; 10 to 11 p.m.; Channel 13) looks at race, toxic pollution, and the economy in Norco, Louisiana, a company town in that portion of the Mississippi Delta known as Cancer Alley, where Shell petrochemicals, pouring out of smokestacks, make for lovely sunsets and asthmatic coughing fits.

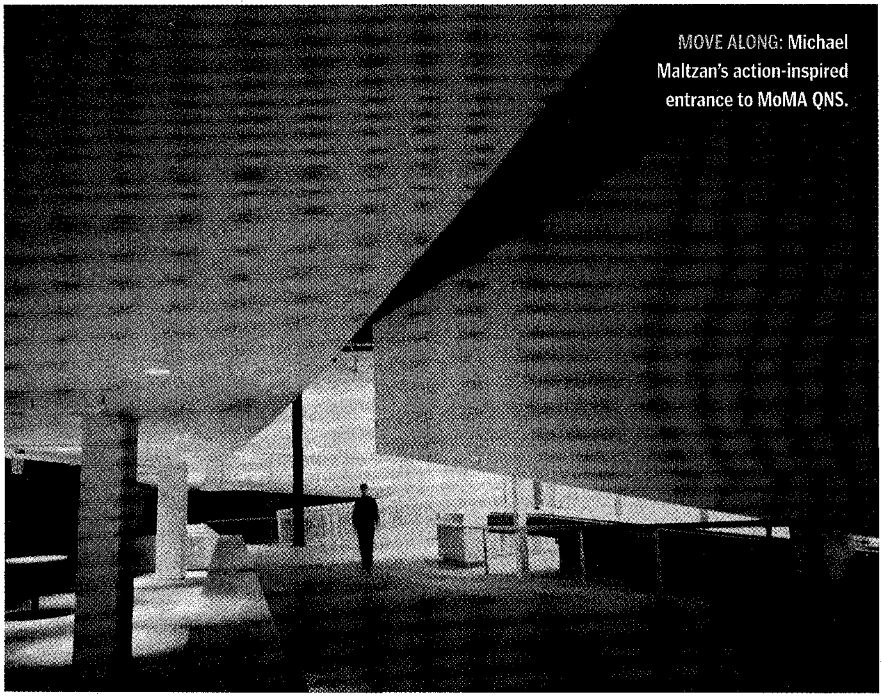
- **Our America** (July 28; 8 to 9:35 p.m.; Showtime) docudramatizes the true story of Lloyd Newman (Brandon Hammond) and LeAlan Jones (Roderick Pannell), savvy black teenagers who talked the Chicago affiliate of National Public Radio into subsidizing their 1993 "sound portrait" of life in the Ida B. Wells housing project, and their return visit a year later to find out why 5-year-old Eric Morse fell fourteen floors to his death. For that, Newman and Jones won a Peabody. ■

ARCHITECTURE **JOSEPH GIOVANNINI**

Ramping It Up

For its temporary Queens outpost in an old staple factory, MoMA turned to an architect who thinks in terms of movement—but his people-friendly vision never got past the lobby.

WITH ITS SELF-CONgratulatory ninth exhibition on Mies van der Rohe last year, and its retro-Modern design now going up on 53rd Street, the **Museum of Modern Art** has lapsed architecturally into a Miesian rut, a safe and semi-official aesthetic. Occasionally, however, MoMA produces an exhibition or installation that attempts to prove it isn't quite fossilized. This summer, visitors to the temporary MoMA in Queens are already delighting in a glimpse of what post-Miesian architecture can be.



MOVE ALONG: Michael Maltzan's action-inspired entrance to MoMA QNS.

Just beyond the front door, they step onto a multilevel topography to buy tickets, check bags, browse in the shop, eat lunch, and watch video projections. The entry Manhattanizes the Queens outpost, where art and food, people and ideas mix freely in a thick cultural gazpacho.

During the next several years of construction on 53rd Street, MoMA is occupying an ex–Swingline staple factory transformed by Los Angeles architect Michael Maltzan, in association with Scott Newman of Cooper, Robertson & Partners of New York. It would be facile to say that Maltzan has brought California-freeway-style on-ramps to MoMA QNS, to energize floors that usually stratify New York buildings like so many pancakes. But just beyond the door, Maltzan invites visitors up a half-level to a promenade that splits, leading up to the museum store and over on a path that jackknifes left, past a café, past an angled white projection wall. Ushered by the angling ramps and stairs, gently channeled and compressed in an environment of movement, people watch people watching art.

MoMA QNS
The temporary home of the Museum of Modern Art.

Unfortunately, these new highways dead-end at the galleries, designed in-house, and the delirium deflates as the same old white, Mies-inspired interiors take over. By contrast with the radical art on its own walls, MoMA architecturally has become a deeply conservative, even fundamentalist institution, and the plain, right-angled gallery walls—taken from Mies taking from Mondrian—could have been done in the forties. Mies and his spiritual descendants never explored spatial complexity in the third dimension. Maltzan's entry sequence effectively critiques Mies's limitation; here, people interact with the space; they are not just the passive *flaneurs* they are about to become in the galleries.

LIKE MANY OTHER MUSEUMS, MoMA has a Guggenheim complex: It fears a competitive face-off between art and architecture yet does not acknowledge that architecture can help the art by keeping the senses alert. MoMA curators might open their minds a bit by taking a short Roman holiday this summer to see a retrospective of the work of Zaha Hadid.

At the National Center for Contemporary Arts in Rome, the London architect extends the ideas behind Maltzan's entry into the galleries themselves, with gently curving, sometimes leaning walls that weave through a former barracks. Suspended half-walls stream overhead, multiplying viewing surfaces. Hadid has long been creating terrestrial and aerial topographies, and the installation anticipates her own design for the Roman museum itself (scheduled for completion in 2004). Hadid, of course, has never had a one-woman show at MoMA—she is not Miesian.

MoMA has become timid. True, the museum commissioned Maltzan, and every year MoMA co-sponsors a Young Architects competition for the courtyard of P.S.1. But these efforts ghettoize the avant-garde, keeping change at a sanitary distance from the MoMA Vatican. Art went on after the early Modernist greats, and so, too, did architecture. MoMA should finally take its head out of the sand. ■

Joseph Giovannini's reviews can be read at nymetro.com/archive/giovannini.

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART.

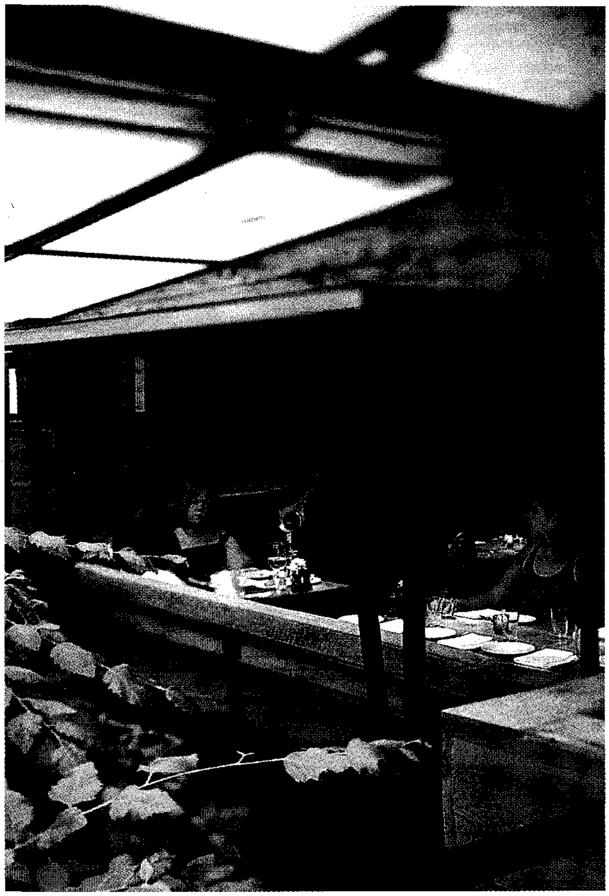
RESTAURANTS HAL RUBENSTEIN

Captain of Industry

Despite restaurateurs' best efforts, the East Village hasn't quite transmuted into an upscale culinary mecca. Industry (food) is working hard to remedy that.

SOHO AND THE EAST VILLAGE look as much alike as Lauren and the elder Barbara Bush. And yet, once upon a greedy eighties, developers—salivating over Soho's blossoming from a lackluster district of warehouses into the city's most vital destination for art, artisanry, food, fashion, and sex—determined that Soho's success was so simple and inevitable that they could quickly do the same for the East Village, turning it into a culinary Cinderella. Naturally, nobody bothered to note that Soho was our last urban territory to grow organically, its distinctive personality the result of the people who had moved to work as well as live there. Handpainted silks at Tamala Design were made upstairs in the designers' apartments. Platters at Contemporary Porcelain were fired in the kiln at the back. Restaurateurs practically rolled out of bed into their storefronts, and their loyal patrons came from down the hall, across the street, or the other side of their beds.

Today, Soho is a mall without a roof or Cheesecake Factory, while the East Village, having reacted to applied fabulousness the way a Deadhead might embrace a Hickey-Freeman wardrobe, still looks pretty much the same as it did when the most upscale dining experience around was a 2 A.M. dinner at Avenue A Sushi. But now, with rents climbing even a pierogi's throw from Leshko's, a different tenant is moving to Tompkins Square, more likely to walk through his new neighborhood on the way to work than to hang out in it. And handy as they are, Kiev, 7A, and Cucina di Pesce don't exactly qualify as fine dining.



NORWEGIAN WOOD: Diners at Industry (food).

Butter, Supper, Jewel Bako, and **Industry (food)** are recent attempts to satisfy the area's need for unjarring upscaling. The latter is the most amiable of the four, despite its queer parenthetical and misleading name. Rather than a Boffi-infused steel-and-concrete lair, Industry is how Tyler Brûlé might design a tree house in Killington, with wide horizontal planks of varnished pine, trees rising two stories out of the bar, plus a dangerous-if-you're-drunk multileveled and slanted floor. The ceiling is dormer-window low. The staff is as genial as a bunch of newfound skiboarding buddies. You have no idea where you are, but you do know you're not uptown.

Industry (food)
509 East 6th Street
(212-777-5920).

Thom
60 Thompson Street
(212-673-1333).

Chef Alex Freij's menu, however, has higher aspirations, and with appetizers like crispy duck dumplings in a tamarind glaze or a tart gazpacho in which floats a clever crab-and-Swiss-cheese sandwich, he saves the locals cab fare to fancier destinations uptown. An unusually formidable vegetable ragout of eggplant, corn, and zucchini bolsters large but sweet seared scallops. Fragrant spinach-and-mushroom ravioli is enhanced by a contrasting butter-and-lemon emulsion. Slightly charred carpaccio zipped by pesto oil is marred only by the flat softness of avocado. Freij likes lobster, which appears in a brisk pepper reduction on penne, as an arch bruschetta with pancetta and tomato, and, best of all, as the star attraction in a corn risotto special.

Proving no good deed goes unpunished, Industry's entrées display the occasional shortcomings of a reasonably priced menu. Better to charge more for a better cut of rib eye, or offer something cheaper, like hanger steak, or to apply Freij's zesty marinade to a sweeter rack of lamb. Chicken is just overcooked, and a seared duck breast is thrown by a disharmonious pairing with a tongue-lacquering citrus risotto. Fish are the more rewarding options: grilled salmon in a near-classic teriyaki glaze with very cool fava beans, striped bass with clams in a pesto broth, and a clean skate with leeks and a delicious fennel marmalade.

Desserts, like the décor, are too busy to be comfy. Extract the coconut out of the sugared and spiced rhubarb soup with tapioca, and can the whole notion of crème brûlée with Oreos—it's a waste of good

PHOTOGRAPH BY KENNETH CHEN.

Oreos. But let's have more hits like banana cake with hazelnut ice cream.

It's not a well-oiled machine yet, but Industry's locals can take heart in the one way in which the house name is notably applicable. Here's a shop working hard to find a rhythm and a plan to serve its community. As those developers discovered, seamlessness and grace don't happen overnight.

ALMOST OVERNIGHT AFTER SEPTEMBER 11, Soho became a ghost mall. Having now lost both its retail distinction and its staying-closer-to-home bridge-and-tunnel street traffic, the area has gotten an economic gut punch second only to Chinatown's. Streets these summer nights have been empty. But there are two terrific reasons why you should get down here: **Thom**'s view from its new roof bar atop the hotel 60 Thompson, and its installation of Michael Batt at the helm of the kitchen. A protégé of Town's Geoffrey Zakarian, Batt has ingeniously fashioned a menu that eschews all the Asian trappings Thom started out with when it opened late last summer. His wild-asparagus soup is heady with morels. Heirloom tomatoes are bejeweled by yellow watermelon and currants. Duck confit is fatty and juicy and sparkling with pea greens and spiced cashews. Foie gras terrine with peach compote is almost as noteworthy as the brandade galette with lobster, the mussels with fennel and saffron, the superb scampi risotto, and the leek-chanterelles-and-bacon tart.

Entrées elevate your delight: There's snapper crackling under glass noodles; spiced duck breast relishing a bath of huckleberry plum wine; rack of lamb in a barely minted, barely put-down-able lamb jus; and a succulent pair of veal tournedos, matched by porcini mashed potatoes. The orange-glazed lobster is citrus smartly used. And the chicken for two is worth fighting over. Okay, sharing.

Thom finally has the look, and it has the dishes. Now it craves more customers. Tag, you're it. Because Thom—and Soho—needs you in order for it to blossom again. ■

Industry (food), Sunday through Wednesday, 6 P.M. to 2 A.M.; Thursday through Saturday to 3 A.M. Appetizers, $10 to $15; entrées, $17 to $21. All major credit cards.

Thom, Monday through Thursday, 6 to 11 P.M.; Friday and Saturday to midnight; Sunday to 10 P.M. Appetizers, $8 to $18; entrées, $18 to $32. All major credit cards.

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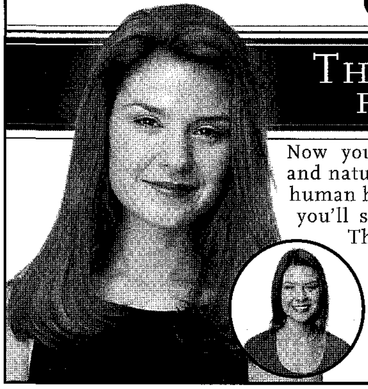

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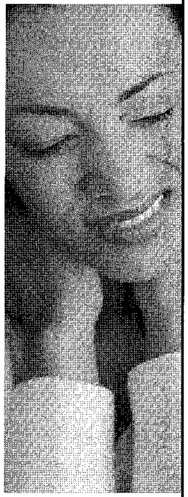

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Edited by Ben Kaplan

NEW THIS WEEK

Being Claudine
A romantic comedy about a young New York actress (Justine Litchman), her game-show-host boyfriend (James Bowman), and a shy Mr. Right (Musashi Alexander). Written and directed by I-fan Quirk. (1 hr. 25 mins.; NR) • Opens 7/19.

Eight Legged Freaks
Spiders become monsters after toxic waste seeps into the ground, in this drive-in-movie throwback starring David Arquette. Directorial debut of Ellory Elkayem. (1 hr. 29 mins.; PG-13) • Opens 7/17.

Green Dragon
A diffuse tale of life in an American Vietnamese refugee camp during the final days of the war, looking at the friendship between an American officer (a sensitive Patrick Swayze) and a camp manager (Don Duong), as well as a boy (Trung Hieu Nguyen) looking for his mother. It means well, but the results are extremely earnest and unfocused. (1 hr. 53 mins.; PG-13) • Opens 7/19.

K-19: The Widowmaker
Harrison Ford plays Captain Alexi Vostrikov in Kathryn Bigelow's film. Based on a true story about a Russian submarine that, in 1961, suffered a cooling-system failure that threatened to ignite a nuclear explosion off the coast of New York. (See box.) With Liam Neeson. (1 hr. 39 mins.; PG-13) • Opens 7/19.

Stuart Little 2
Stuart Little, the lovable mouse voiced by Michael J. Fox and based on E. B. White's children's-book hero, falls in love with a bird (voiced by Melanie Griffith), then comes to her rescue, in Rob Minkoff's sequel to his 1999 smash. (See box.) Also starring Nathan Lane. (1 hr. 25 mins.; PG) • Opens 7/19.

Tadpole
Fun, frivolous Sundance award winner about a precocious 15-year-old (Aaron Stanford) who is in love with his stepmother (Sigourney Weaver) and winds up having an affair with her best friend (Bebe Neuwirth). Technically rough, albeit by design, but packed with some of the year's best performances, including newcomer Stanford, veterans Weaver and Neuwirth, and—don't laugh—John Ritter. (1 hr. 58 mins.; PG-13) • Opens 7/19.

What to Do in Case of Fire
A group of former anarchists in occupied Berlin are reunited when an old homemade bomb explodes. This dark comedy is the directorial debut of Gregor Schnitzler. In German, with English subtitles. (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) • Opens 7/19.

REVIEWS BY BILGE EBIRI

SPIDER, MAN! Don Champlin in *Eight Legged Freaks.*

Now Playing

★ About a Boy
A surprisingly nuanced and sophisticated comedy starring Hugh Grant, in his best work to date, as an independently wealthy slacker who learns how to care for others when a fatherless 12-year-old boy enters his life. (Rainer; 5/20/02) (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG-13) • 17; 18; 43; 67.

★ All About Lily Chou-Chou
Ethereal, beautiful film about a Japanese teen obsessed with the titular fictional pop singer, whose music he uses to escape from the violence, betrayal, and general melancholy that surrounds him and his friends. (2 hrs. 26 mins.; NR) • 4.

Bad Company
Anthony Hopkins and Chris Rock are teamed in this action comedy about the CIA and nuclear terrorists. The odd-couple pairing doesn't work: Rock is buzzing in his own orbit while Hopkins is dutifully collecting his paycheck. (Rainer; 6/10/02) (1 hr. 57 mins.; PG-13) • 18.

The Bourne Identity
Doug Liman directed this okay thriller about a CIA spy-assassin, played by Matt Damon. Some of the thrills are intelligently presented, but much of it is still familiar. (Rainer; 6/24/02) (1 hr. 53 mins.; PG-13) • 1; 7; 15; 16; 17; 18; 30; 31; 40; 44; 45; 46; 51; 53; 54; 58; 61; 63; 64; 71; 72; 73; 74; 75; 77.

The Cat's Meow
Director Peter Bogdanovich vividly reimagines the fateful 1924 celebrity cruise aboard news tycoon William Randolph Hearst's yacht. With Eddie Izzard and Kirsten Dunst. (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) • 10.

★ Cinema Paradiso
Giuseppe Tornatore's 1990 Oscar winner about a boy's coming of age in a small-town movie house in Italy gets the director's-cut treatment. The narrative sprawl may leave audiences longing for the original's efficiency. (2 hrs. 56 mins.; R) • 20.

The Cockettes
Doting documentary about the San Francisco hippie-drag-queen musical troupe, who wowed audiences with their sexual charisma in the late sixties and seventies. The film is a fascinating look at the ravages of time. (1 hr. 40 mins.; NR) • 8.

The Crocodile Hunter: Collision Course
Wildlife personality Steve Irwin and wife Terri star as themselves in a fictional adventure about the two trying to save a crocodile. Fans of the Animal Planet TV show could conceivably find this amusing. Conceivably. (1 hr. 29 mins.; PG) • 1; 11; 16; 17; 18; 30; 33; 43; 44; 45; 46; 51; 53; 58; 61; 63; 68; 73; 74; 75; 77.

The Dangerous Lives of Altar Boys
Intriguing little growing-up story about Catholic-school pranksters discovering first love and contending with a vindictive nun (Jodie Foster). (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) • 6; 14.

Divine Secrets of the Ya-Ya Sisterhood
Callie Khouri's frantic slapstick weepie features a gaggle of spirited actresses—including Sandra Bullock, Ellen Burstyn, Maggie Smith, Shirley Knight, and Fionnula Flanagan—carrying on like superannuated Scarlett O'Haras. (1 hr. 52 mins.; PG-13) • 11; 26; 43; 60; 67; 74.

★ The Emperor's New Clothes
Winning romantic comedy has Napoleon (Ian Holm) returning to France disguised as a peasant. It sounds cloying, but Holm has the right blend of wide-eyed awkwardness and cocky assurance to pull it off. (1 hr. 47 mins.; PG) • 9.

Enigma
A dry, occasionally smart drama about British codebreakers during WWII. With Dougray Scott and Kate Winslet. Michael Apted directed. (Rainer; 2/29/02) (1 hr. 59 mins.; PG-13) • 9; 26.

★ The Fast Runner
A nearly three-hour Inuit movie, directed by Zacharias Kunuk and based on an ancient legend. Heavy going, but it has at least one sequence—a naked man fleeing his attackers over spring sea ice—that is terrifyingly beautiful. (Rainer; 6/5/02) (2 hrs. 52 mins.; NR) • 6; 39; 48; 65.

Halloween: Resurrection
Jamie Lee Curtis returns as Michael Myers's oft-endangered sister while Busta Rhymes, Tyra Banks, and Sean Patrick Thomas play contest winners whose prize is a night in Myers's (haunted) childhood home. Directed by Rick (*Halloween 2*) Rosenthal. (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) • 1; 11; 13; 16; 17; 21; 24; 25; 28; 41; 42; 43; 44; 45; 46; 49; 51; 52; 53; 54; 55; 56; 58; 60; 61; 62; 63; 70; 75; 76; 77.

Harvard Man
Writer-director James (*Black and White*) Toback takes his sex, drugs, and improvisational filmmaking to Harvard, where Adrian Grenier plays a basketball player making time with the daughter (Sarah Michelle Gellar) of a Mafia don. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) • 4.

Hey Arnold! The Movie
Nickelodeon children's show gets the big-screen treatment, as big-headed Arnold and pals try to save their tight-knit neighborhood. Choppy storytelling and lackluster animation make it strictly for the kids. (1 hr. 25 mins.; PG) • 7; 17; 18; 33; 41; 42; 43; 44; 45; 46; 50; 51; 52; 53; 54; 55; 56; 59; 60; 61; 63; 64; 66; 68; 73; 74; 75; 77.

The Importance of Being Earnest
The cast, which includes Judi Dench, Rupert Everett, and Reese Witherspoon, is excellent, but Oliver Parker's movie of Oscar Wilde's great comedy is too broadly directed, with misguided attempts to "open things up." (Rainer; 5/27/02) (1 hr. 34 mins.; PG) • 3; 13; 43.

Insomnia
An L.A. cop, played by Al Pacino, and his partner investigate a murder in a small Alaska town and become implicated in the corruption. The trick here is that the sun never sets, and the glare becomes a spotlight on all the nefarious activity. Pacino is fine, and the Alaska setting is novel, but most of the time it's a standard police procedural. (Rainer; 5/20/02) (1 hr. 37 mins.; NR) • 17; 24; 43; 50; 58; 65; 67; 75.

Juwanna Man
A banned NBA bad boy (Miguel Núñez) disguises himself to play for a women's basketball team. Directed by Jessie Vaughan; with Tommy Davidson and Vivica A. Fox. (1 hr. 28 mins.; PG-13) • 24; 41; 46; 53; 63; 64.

★ The Komediant
This touching Israeli documentary about the life of Jewish stage legend Pesach'ke Burstein benefits from

Ground Rules These synopses, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by Peter Rainer. Stars (★) denote releases that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element. **NOTE: Each review is followed by numbers indicating theaters where the film is playing; a key to theaters begins on page 54.**

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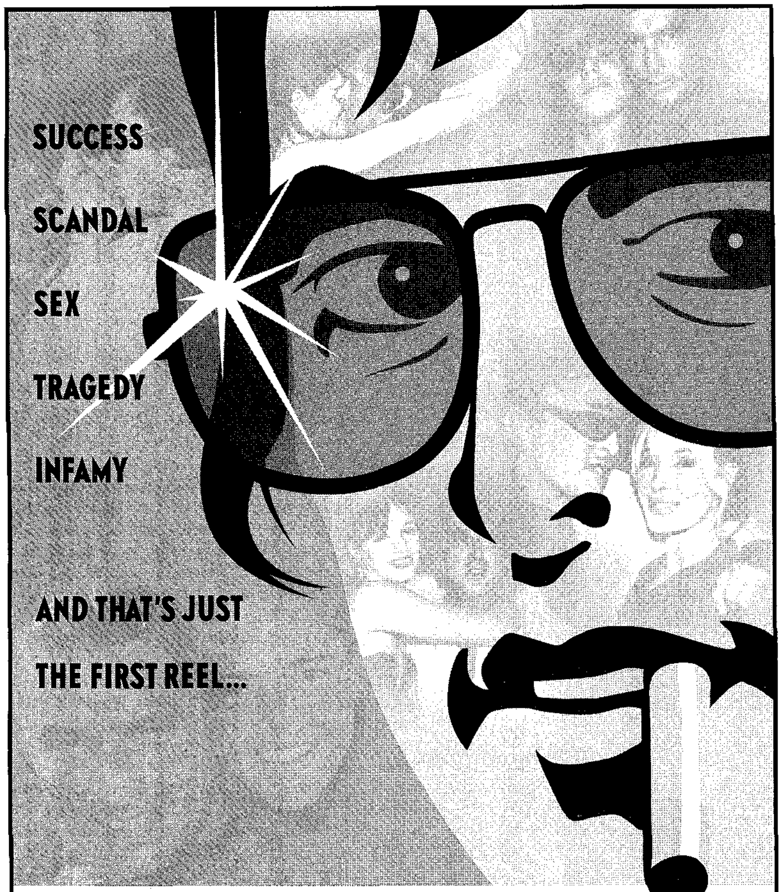
THE KID STAYS IN THE PICTURE

on Wednesday, July 24th at a Manhattan theater.



THE KID STAYS IN THE PICTURE

THE UNBELIEVABLE TRUE TALE OF ROBERT EVANS

USA FILMS PRESENTS A HIGHWAY FILMS AND MINISTRY OF PROPAGANDA FILMS PRODUCTION A FILM BY BRETT MORGEN AND NANETTE BURSTEIN "THE KID STAYS IN THE PICTURE" EDGEWORX CLAUDE LETESSIER JEFF DANNA JUN DIAZ JOHN BAILEY, A.S.C. CHRISTOPHER KEENE KATE DRIVER CHRIS GARRETT SARA MARKS ROBERT EVANS BRETT MORGEN GRAYDON CARTER BRETT MORGEN AND NANETTE BURSTEIN SOUNDTRACK AVAILABLE ON milan RECORDS USA FILMS

R RESTRICTED Language and Some Brief Violent and Sexual Images

www.thekidstaysinthepicture.com

EXCLUSIVE NEW YORK ENGAGEMENTS START JULY 26TH

The first 150 people to call 1-888-696-2498 on Wednesday, July 17th beginning at noon will receive a complimentary screening pass for two.

Screening attendees will have the chance to enter the Movie Mogul Sweepstakes.

Prizes include:
A weekend-for-two at the
FOUR SEASONS HOTEL
Los Angeles at Beverly Hills
and roundtrip airfare,
JFK–Long Beach, CA, courtesy of
jetBlue AIRWAYS
(Ground transportation not included.)

One of Five Dinner-And-A-DVD First Prizes:
"Chinatown" • Ruby Foo's
"The Godfather" • Osteria del Circo
"Goodbye, Columbus" • Katz's Delicatessen
"Love Story" • Guastavino's
"Paper Moon" • The Empire Diner

All DVDs courtesy of
Kim's Video Books Music

No passes will be distributed through the New York Magazine switchboard or through the 888 customer service number.
No purchase necessary. Seating is on a first-come, first-served basis.

NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. Attendance at "The Kid Stays In The Picture" screening is not necessary to enter or win sweepstakes. Sweepstakes open only to legal residents of New York City, NY, 18 or older, with Internet access and an existing e-mail address as of 6/30/02. Sweepstakes ends 11:59 PM (EDT) on 8/2/02. Odds of winning determined by number of entries. Winners will be notified via e-mail. Restrictions apply. Subject to official rules.

For complete sweepstakes rules, e-mail entry details, and a list of winners, send a SASE to: Movie Mogul Sweepstakes • 210 East 86th Street, Box 203 • New York, NY 10028 miles of archival footage. (1 hr. 25 mins.; NR) • 67; 85.

Last Dance
Documentary about Pilobolus, an argumentative dance troupe, and their attempt to stage *A Selection,* a recital based on the Holocaust. Directed by Mirra Bank. (1 hr. 24 mins.; NR) • 8.

★ Late Marriage
A marvelous Israeli film from writer-director Dover Kosashvili about a bachelor who has a forbidden affair with a slightly older Moroccan divorcée. (Rainer; 5/27/02) (1 hr. 40 mins.; NR) • 4; 39; 65; 67.

Like Mike
Youngsta rapper Lil' Bow Wow stars in this mindless fluff that could easily be an NBA commercial, but it has a sense of humor, which helps. (1 hr. 33 mins.; PG) • 1; 3; 12; 14; 18; 30; 34; 41; 44; 49; 51; 56; 58; 59; 62; 63; 64; 71; 72; 75; 77.

★ Lilo & Stitch
Disney's lovely, funny animated feature is rendered the old-fashioned way, without extensive use of computers. It's about a little Hawaiian girl and the rascally alien she adopts. (Rainer; 7/8/02) (1 hr. 29 mins.; PG) • 1; 11; 16; 17; 24; 28; 40; 41; 42; 44; 45; 46; 50; 51; 53; 54; 57; 58; 60; 61; 63; 64; 71; 73; 74; 75; 76; 77.

Lovely & Amazing
Three very different sisters have to deal with one another's problems when Mom (Brenda Blethyn) goes for a hospital stay. Episodic, uneven tale features good performances but little dramatic weight. (1 hr. 29 mins.; R) • 2; 18; 19; 47; 65.

★ Men in Black 2
A knockoff sequel to the original, and mostly as enjoyable. Will Smith and Tommy Lee Jones are the Ray-Banned team out to save the planet from a startling assortment of gloppy monsters. Lara Flynn Boyle and Rip Torn co-star. (Rainer; 7/8/02) (2 hrs. 7 mins.; PG-13) • 1; 7; 15; 16; 17; 18; 33; 35; 38; 40; 41; 43; 44; 45; 46; 49; 50; 51; 52; 53; 54; 55; 57; 58; 59; 61; 62; 63; 64; 66; 68; 70; 72; 73; 74; 75; 76; 77.

★ Me Without You
Two best friends (Michelle Williams and Anna Friel) living in England over three decades cope with the confusions of adolescence, followed by the frustrations of adulthood. Lovingly stylized, atmospheric, and hypnotic. (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) • 2.

★ Minority Report
Steven Spielberg's visionary sci-fi movie, starring Tom Cruise as a futuristic cop in a world where murders can be predicted in advance, has a bleached-out look that practically singes your eyeballs. Several sequences, including one involving mechanical spiders, are as vivid as anything Spielberg has ever done, but overall it's a chilly experience, a futuro film noir that takes itself too seriously. (Rainer; 7/8/02) (2 hrs. 10 mins.; PG-13) • 1; 11; 12; 13; 18; 28; 29; 36; 37; 44; 46; 51; 53; 54; 58; 59; 61; 63; 64; 66; 71; 72; 73; 74; 75; 76; 77.

★ Monsoon Wedding
Mira Nair's giddy movie about the preparations for an arranged marriage in New Delhi is an entertaining pastiche of Bombay movie-musical nuttiness and *Father of the Bride.* (Rainer; 3/4/02) (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) • 6; 9.

Mr. Deeds
Adam Sandler stars in this wan, loosely reworked updating of Frank Capra's *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town.* He plays a pizza-store owner who inherits billions and remains the same sweet guy while all the New York baddies plot to do him in. (Rainer; 6/17/02) (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG-13) • 1; 11; 13; 16; 17; 24; 30; 33; 37; 41; 43; 44; 45; 46; 50; 51; 53; 54; 57; 58; 59; 61; 63; 64; 66; 69; 71; 73; 74; 75; 76; 77.

★ Murderous Maids
In 1933, two French sisters, Christine and Lea Papin, hacked to death their employer and the employer's daughter in a case that inspired Jean Genet's play *The Maids,* among others. As Christine, Sylvie Testud gives a ferociously controlled performance. (Rainer; 5/13/02) (1 hr. 34 mins.; NR) • 10.

My Big Fat Greek Wedding
Sweet, innocuous comedy about the thirtysomething Toula, who is getting too old to marry, at least by her Greek family's standards. (1 hr. 59 mins.; PG) • 3; 12; 18; 30; 43; 50; 65; 77.

My Wife Is an Actress
Writer-director Yvan Attal also stars in his directorial debut, playing a sportswriter obsessed with his movie-star wife's fidelity. With Charlotte Gainsbourg; in French, with English subtitles. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) • 2; 39.

Never Again
A single, middle-aged pianist (Jeffrey Tambor) and a frustrated divorcée (Jill Clayburgh) meet by chance and proceed, carefully, to fall in love. But Eric Schaeffer's romantic comedy is too enamored of its own maturity to really make an impression. (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) • 2; 19.

★ Notorious C.H.O.
A mostly sidesplitting filmed record of a stand-up performance in Seattle by Margaret Cho, a great bawd. (Rainer; 7/8/02) (1 hr. 35 mins.; R) • 6.

★ The Piano Teacher
Michael Haneke's movie is not a likable film, but Haneke has a genuine gift for cauterizing experience onscreen. (Rainer; 4/8/02) (2 hrs. 10 mins.; NR) • 4.

The Powerpuff Girls Movie
By-the-numbers animated film brings little new to the table, but it will definitely appeal to the Cartoon Network's popular (but still somehow cultish) show's many fans. (1 hr. 21 mins.; PG) • 1; 3; 13; 17; 24; 33; 35; 43; 44; 45; 46; 50; 51; 52; 53; 54; 56; 58; 63; 64; 66; 71; 72; 74; 75; 77.

Pumpkin
Co-directors Adam Larson Broder and Anthony Abrams's satire of college life stars Christina Ricci as a self-obsessed sorority girl who has an unexpected relationship with a handicapped boy (Hank Harris). With Brenda Blethyn. (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) • 3.

★ Read My Lips
Writer-director Jacques Audiard's crime thriller is about an ex-con (Vincent Cassell) who teams with a lovelorn secretary (Emmanuelle Devos) who is near-deaf and is an expert at reading lips—an invaluable talent for the heist they pull off. Should be better than it is, but watchable, and Devos is compelling. In French, with English subtitles. (Rainer; 7/15/02) (1 hr. 55 mins.; NR) • 2; 27.

Reign of Fire
Rob (*The X-Files*) Bowman's film stars Matthew McConaughey as an American in post-apocalyptic England who fights fire-breathing dragons alongside Christian Bale. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) • 1; 3; 13; 16; 17; 18; 21; 28; 40; 41; 42; 44; 45; 46; 51; 53; 54; 56; 58; 59; 60; 61; 63; 66; 70; 74; 75; 77.

★ Road to Perdition
As Michael Sullivan, Tom Hanks gives a powerful, uncharacteristically reined-in performance as a Chicago hit man for the Irish mob during the Depression in this glum, portentous drama directed by Sam Mendes, his first film since *American Beauty.* Paul Newman plays (expertly) the mob boss who has been like a father to Michael. Inevitably they are fated to square off against each other. The film is about fathers and sons, and we are supposed to see in Michael Sullivan and his young son Michael Jr. the road not only to perdition but to redemption. The mythic and the sentimental here make for a strange and not always satisfying mix. Jude Law, with rotted teeth and thinned hair, has a supporting role as a crime-scene photographer–hit man. (Rainer; 7/15/02) (1 hr. 59 mins.; R) • 1; 7; 15; 16; 17; 23; 24; 30; 33; 38; 43; 44; 46; 47; 50; 51; 53; 54; 58; 61; 63; 71; 72; 73; 74; 75; 77.

Scooby-Doo
Everything you worried it might be: unflinchingly weird, hopelessly pandering, and unintentionally terrifying. (1 hr. 23 mins.; PG) • 11; 13; 18; 43; 44; 45; 46; 51; 53; 54; 57; 58; 61; 63; 64; 71; 75.

Opening

Sub Plot

Kathryn Bigelow is a stickler for details. The director of **K-19: The Widowmaker** went all-out to make her Cold War film, based on the true story of a Soviet submarine's nuclear-weapon close call off the New York coast in 1961, spot-on authentic. She traveled to Russia to interview the *K-19*'s surviving crew (the sub's two dueling captains are played by Harrison Ford and Liam Neeson, pictured), shot some scenes in Moscow aboard an old Soviet sub, and even hired the Kirov Orchestra to record the score. The naval thriller comes ashore on July 19.

Sex and Lucía
Spanish filmmaker Julio Medem's tale about a Madrid waitress (Paz Vega) retreating to a mysterious island to recall her love affair with a now-dead boyfriend (Tristan Ulloa) is a lush, feverish kaleidoscope of elemental imagery, explicit sex, heightened emotions, and narrative confusion. In Spanish, with English subtitles. (2 hrs. 8 mins.; NR) • 6.

★ Songs From the Second Floor
Unnervingly hilarious series of surreal vignettes occurring one evening in an unspecified city. None of it makes sense, but that doesn't matter in director Roy Andersson's oblique, unsettling worldview. In Swedish, with English subtitles. (1 hr. 38 mins.; NR) • 5.

Spider-Man
Sam Raimi's movie based on the Marvel superhero is fairly routine in its exploits and graphic design, but it has, in Tobey Maguire, a likable and sympathetic actor we at least can identify with. Kirsten Dunst and Willem Dafoe co-star. (Rainer; 5/4/02) (2 hrs. 1 min.; PG-13) • 1; 11; 16; 18; 35; 43; 57; 72.

★ Star Wars: Episode II—Attack of the Clones
Much better than the previous *Star Wars* installment, *The Phantom Menace,* though not up to the first two. This new George Lucas episode is too somber by half, but there are a few very good sequences. (Rainer; 5/20/02) (2 hrs. 12 mins.; PG) • 11; 18; 31.

The Sum of All Fears
Ben Affleck plays Jack Ryan in the latest Tom Clancy–derived thriller. It's an accomplished political melodrama, but its subject—a nuclear bomb gets into the wrong hands—is too raw for contemporary audiences. Morgan Freeman co-stars. (Rainer; 6/10/02) (2 hrs. 2 mins.; PG-13) • 1; 16; 17; 24; 32; 43; 44; 58; 75.

Sunshine State
A pokey intergenerational drama about two racially divided communities on Plantation Island in modern-day Florida. The usual John Sayles mix of torpor and talent prevails here. Best in the cast is Edie Falco, playing the itchy, dissatisfied owner of a motel and coffee shop. (Rainer; 6/24/02) (2 hrs. 21 mins.; PG-13) • 11; 18; 39; 47; 48; 65; 77.

★ 13 Conversations About One Thing
A series of interlinked, nonlinear stories. Three of the

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE KRAYCHYK.

PARAMOUNT CLASSICS AND NEW YORK MAGAZINE

INVITE YOU AND A GUEST TO AN ADVANCE SCREENING ON THURSDAY, JULY 25 AT A MANHATTAN THEATRE

Getting the alias was half the battle. Surviving it is the other.

"THE FUNNIEST, WITTIEST CRIME COMEDY SINCE 'GET SHORTY.'"

-Jeffrey Lyons, WNBC-TV

CHRISTIAN SLATER
RICHARD DREYFUSS
PORTIA de ROSSI
RuPAUL
and
TIM ALLEN

WHO IS CLETIS TOUT?

PARAMOUNT CLASSICS FIREWORKS PICTURES AND PETER HOFFMAN PRESENT A FIREWORKS ENTERTAINMENT/ITASCA PICTURES PRODUCTION IN ASSOCIATION WITH NICHOL MOON FILMS A FILM BY CHRIS VER WIEL CHRISTIAN SLATER RICHARD DREYFUSS PORTIA DE ROSSI AND TIM ALLEN "WHO IS CLETIS TOUT?" RUPAUL AND BILLY CONNOLLY MUSIC BY RANDY EDELMAN COSTUME DESIGNER BETSY COX EDITED BY ROGER BONDELLI A.C.E. PRODUCTION DESIGNER CHARLES ROSEN DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY JERZY ZIELINSKI CO-PRODUCERS DENNIS MURPHY MARY JO SLATER TONY THATCHER MICHAEL PHILIP ERIC SANDYS EXECUTIVE PRODUCER DANIEL DIAMOND PRODUCERS JAY FIRESTONE ADAM HAIGHT PRODUCED BY MATTHEW GRIMALDI ROBERT SNUKAL DAN GRODNIK WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY CHRIS VER WIEL

R RESTRICTED
UNDER 17 REQUIRES ACCOMPANYING PARENT OR ADULT GUARDIAN
FOR LANGUAGE, SOME VIOLENCE AND SEXUALITY. ®

ITASCA

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PARAMOUNT CLASSICS

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The first 125 readers to call 1-888-696-2498 on Thursday, July 18, beginning at noon, will receive a complimentary screening pass good for two.

No passes will be given out over the NEW YORK Magazine switchboard or the customer service 800 number. The theater may have security policies that are not controlled by NEW YORK Magazine. No purchase necessary, while supplies last. Seating is on a first-come, first-served basis.

OPENS FRIDAY, JULY 26

four vignettes, which star John Turturro, Matthew McConaughey, and Clea DuVall, are so-so, but the one starring Alan Arkin as a poor soul who is enraged by the happiness of one of his co-workers is marvelous. Arkin has never been better. Directed and co-written by Jil Sprecher. (Rainer; 6/3/02) (1 hr. 42 mins.; R) • 8; 39.

★ Tosca
See Rainer, page 41. (2 hrs.; NR) • 8.

★ Undercover Brother
Uproarious send-up of blaxploitation flicks and spy thrillers is a zany cross between *Austin Powers* and *Shaft*. Eddie Griffin and Chris Kattan star. (1 hr. 59 mins.; PG-13) • 26.

Unfaithful
Adrian Lyne's glossy, depthless adultery drama stars Richard Gere and Diane Lane as his roving wife. (Rainer; 5/13/02) (2 hrs. 17 mins.; R) • 18.

★ Y Tu Mamá También
Two teenage Mexican boys, played marvelously well by Gael García Bernal and Diego Luna, set out for the beach with the disaffected wife of a cousin of theirs, played by Maribel Verdú as a mixture of slut and angel of mercy. (Rainer; 3/18/02) (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) • 6; 39.

Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders From Mars
Reissue of D. A. Pennebaker's concert film capturing David Bowie's final performance (in 1973) as the androgynous rock hero Ziggy Stardust. Chaotic footage has an immediacy that feels more like a matter of circumstance than like artistic choice. (1 hr. 31 mins.; PG) • 5.

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

1. Battery Park City Cinema
102 North End Ave. (212-945-3418) • The Bourne Identity; The Crocodile Hunter: Collision Course; Halloween: Resurrection; Like Mike; Lilo & Stitch; Men in Black 2; Minority Report; Mr. Deeds; The Powerpuff Girls Movie; Reign of Fire; Road to Perdition; Spider-Man; The Sum of All Fears

2. CC Angelika Film Center
18 W. Houston St. (212-995-2000) • Lovely & Amazing; Me Without You; My Wife Is an Actress; Never Again; Read My Lips

3. CC Village East
189 Second Ave. (212-529-6799) • Dahmer; The Importance of Being Earnest; Like Mike; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; The Powerpuff Girls Movie; Pumpkin; Reign of Fire

4. Cinema Village
22 E. 12th St. (212-924-3363) • All About Lily Chou-Chou; Harvard Man; Late Marriage; The Piano Teacher

5. Film Forum
209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110) • Songs From the Second Floor; Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders From Mars (see also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

6. Landmark Sunshine Cinema
143 E. Houston St. (212-358-7709) • The Dangerous Lives of Altar Boys; The Fast Runner; Monsoon Wedding; Notorious C.H.O.; Sex and Lucía; Y Tu Mamá También

7. Loews Village
66 Third Ave. (212-50-LOEWS#952) • The Bourne Identity; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Men in Black 2; Road to Perdition

8. Quad Cinema
34 W. 13th St. (212-255-8800) • The Cockettes; Last Dance; 13 Conversations About One Thing; Tosca

9. The Screening Room
54 Varick St. (212-334-2100) • The Emperor's New Clothes; Enigma; Monsoon Wedding

10. Two Boots Pioneer Theater
155 E. 3rd St. (212-212-254-3300) • The Cat's Meow; Murderous Maids

11. UA Union Square
13th St. and Broadway (212-253-2225) • The Crocodile Hunter: Collision Course; Divine Secrets of the Ya-Ya Sisterhood; Halloween: Resurrection; Lilo & Stitch; Minority Report; Mr. Deeds; Scooby-Doo; Spider-Man; Star Wars: Episode II—Attack of the Clones; Sunshine State

14th–41st Streets

12. CC Murray Hill Cinemas
160 E. 34th St. (212-689-6548) • Like Mike; Minority Report; My Big Fat Greek Wedding

13. Clearview's Chelsea
260 W. 23rd St. (212-777-FILM#597) • Halloween: Resurrection; The Importance of Being Earnest; Minority Report; Mr. Deeds; The Powerpuff Girls Movie; Reign of Fire; Scooby-Doo

14. Clearview's Chelsea West
333 W. 23rd St. (212-777-FILM#614) • The Dangerous Lives of Altar Boys; Like Mike

15. Loews 19th St. East
890 Broadway, at 19th St. (212-50-LOEWS#858) • The Bourne Identity; Men in Black 2; Road to Perdition

16. Loews 34th St. Theatre
312 W. 34th St. (212-244-8850) • The Bourne Identity; The Crocodile Hunter: Collision Course; Halloween: Resurrection; Lilo & Stitch; Men in Black 2; Mr. Deeds; Reign of Fire; Road to Perdition; Spider-Man; The Sum of All Fears

17. Loews Kips Bay Theatre
550 Second Ave., at 32nd St. (212-50-LOEWS#558) • About a Boy; The Bourne Identity; The Crocodile Hunter: Collision Course; Halloween: Resurrection; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Insomnia; Lilo & Stitch; Men in Black 2; Mr. Deeds; The Powerpuff Girls Movie; Reign of Fire; Road to Perdition; The Sum of All Fears

42nd–60th Streets

18. AMC Empire 25 Theatres
234 W. 42nd St. (212-398-3939) • About a Boy; Bad Company; The Bourne Identity; The Crocodile Hunter: Collision Course; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Like Mike; Lovely & Amazing; Men in Black 2; Minority Report; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; Reign of Fire; Scooby-Doo; Spider-Man; Star Wars: Episode II—Attack of the Clones; Sunshine State; Unfaithful

19. CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3
1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (212-753-6022) • Lovely & Amazing; Never Again

20. CC Eastside Playhouse
919 Third Ave., nr. 55th St. (212-755-3020) • Cinema Paradiso

21. CC Sutton
205 E. 57th St. (212-759-1411) • Halloween: Resurrection; Reign of Fire

22. Clearview's 59th Street East
239 E. 59th St. (212-777-FILM#615) • Hey Arnold! The Movie; Monsoon Wedding

23. Clearview's Ziegfeld
141 W. 54th St. (212-777-FILM#602) • Road to Perdition

24. Loews 42nd Street E Walk
42nd St. at Eighth Ave. (212-50-LOEWS#572) • Halloween: Resurrection; Insomnia; Juwanna Man; Lilo & Stitch; Mr. Deeds; The Powerpuff Girls Movie; Road to Perdition; The Sum of All Fears

25. Loews Astor Plaza
44th St. at Eighth Ave. (212-50-LOEWS#699) • Halloween: Resurrection

26. Loews State
1540 Broadway, nr. 45th St. (212-50-LOEWS#901) • Divine Secrets of the Ya-Ya Sisterhood; Enigma; The Mystic Masseur; Undercover Brother

27. Paris Theatre
4 W. 58th St. (212-688-3800) • Read My Lips

61st Street and Above, East Side

28. CC 86th St. East
210 E. 86th St. (212-777-FILM#763) • Halloween: Resurrection; Lilo & Stitch; Minority Report; Reign of Fire

29. Clearview's Beekman
1254 Second Ave., nr. 65th St. (212-777-FILM#606) • Minority Report

30. Clearview's First & 62nd St.
400 E. 62nd St. (212-777-FILM#957) • The Bourne Identity; The Crocodile Hunter: Collision Course; Like Mike; Mr. Deeds; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; Road to Perdition

31. Clearview's Park and 86th St.
125 E. 86th St. (212-777-FILM#604) • The Bourne Identity; Star Wars: Episode II—Attack of the Clones

Spotlight

The Mouseketeer

"Our goal was to create a movie star," says **Rob Minkoff**, director of *Stuart Little* and this week's *Stuart Little 2*, the CGI-and-live-action blend of warm fuzzies about a sweet-hearted mouse (voiced by Michael J. Fox) with a penchant for trouble. "I guess we were able to achieve that." Now the challenge is building a bankable franchise: The first *Stuart Little* grossed $300 million worldwide. "Sure, I'm nervous, but I learned a lesson from my mentor, Chuck Jones," the 39-year-old Bay Area director says. "If you're making a movie to appeal to both adults and kids, first make a movie which pleases yourself. That's all I tried to do with the sequel." Minkoff also faced another challenge—his star's very public fight with Parkinson's disease. "I never once heard him complain," Minkoff says of Fox. "There aren't a lot of avenues now for Michael to perform, so it was tremendous for us, and for him, to have him involved. I'd love nothing more than to see him do it again." Opens July 19.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SONY PICTURES IMAGEWORKS.

32. Loews 72nd St. East
1230 Third Ave., nr. 72nd St. (212-50-LOEWS#704) • The Sum of All Fears

33. Loews Orpheum 7
1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (212-50-LOEWS#964) • The Crocodile Hunter: Collision Course; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Men in Black 2; Mr. Deeds; The Powerpuff Girls Movie; Road to Perdition

34. UA East
1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (212-249-5100) • Like Mike

35. UA Gemini
1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (212-832-1670) • Men in Black 2; The Powerpuff Girls Movie; Spider-Man

61st Street and Above, West Side

36. Clearview's 62nd and Broadway
1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (212-777-FILM#864) • Minority Report

37. Clearview's Metro Cinema
2626 Broadway, nr. 99th St. (212-777-FILM#609) • Minority Report; Mr. Deeds

38. Clearview's Olympia
2770 Broadway, nr. 106th St. (212-777-FILM#613) • Men in Black 2; Road to Perdition

39. Lincoln Plaza Cinemas
30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway nr. 62nd St. (212-757-2280) • The Fast Runner; Late Marriage; My Wife Is an Actress; Sunshine State; 13 Conversations About One Thing; Y Tu Mamá También

40. Loews 84th Street
2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (212-50-LOEWS#701) • The Bourne Identity; Lilo & Stitch; Men in Black 2; Reign of Fire

41. Magic Johnson Harlem USA
300 W. 125th St. (212-665-8733) • Halloween: Resurrection; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Juwanna Man; Like Mike; Lilo & Stitch; Men in Black 2; Mr. Deeds; Reign of Fire

42. Nova
3589 Broadway, nr. 147th St. (212-862-5728) • Halloween: Resurrection; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Lilo & Stitch; Reign of Fire

43. Sony Lincoln Square
1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (212-50-LOEWS#638) • About a Boy; The Crocodile Hunter: Collision Course; Divine Secrets of the Ya-Ya Sisterhood; Halloween: Resurrection; Hey Arnold! The Movie; The Importance of Being Earnest; Insomnia; Men in Black 2; Mr. Deeds; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; The Powerpuff Girls Movie; Road to Perdition; Scooby-Doo; Space Station; Spider-Man; The Sum of All Fears;

Bronx

44. Bay Plaza
2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (718-777-FILM#833) • The Bourne Identity; The Crocodile Hunter: Collision Course; Halloween: Resurrection; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Like Mike; Lilo & Stitch; Men in Black 2; Minority Report; Mr. Deeds; The Powerpuff Girls Movie; Reign of Fire; Road to Perdition; Scooby-Doo; The Sum of All Fears

45. Concourse Plaza
214 E. 161th St. (718-588-8800) • The Bourne Identity; The Crocodile Hunter: Collision Course; Halloween: Resurrection; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Lilo & Stitch; Men in Black 2; Mr. Deeds; The Powerpuff Girls Movie; Reign of Fire; Scooby-Doo

46. Whitestone
2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (718-409-9030) • The Bourne Identity; The Crocodile Hunter: Collision Course; Halloween: Resurrection; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Juwanna Man; Lilo & Stitch; Men in Black 2; Minority Report; Mr. Deeds; The Powerpuff Girls Movie; Reign of Fire; Road to Perdition; Scooby-Doo

Brooklyn

47. BAM Rose Cinemas
30 Lafayette Ave. (718-623-2770) • Lovely & Amazing; Road to Perdition; Sunshine State (see also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

48. Brooklyn Heights Pavilion
70 Henry St. (718-369-0838) • The Fast Runner; Sunshine State

49. Canarsie
9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (718-251-0700) • Halloween: Resurrection; Like Mike; Men in Black 2

50. Cobble Hill Cinema
265 Court St. (718-596-9113) • Hey Arnold! The Movie; Insomnia; Lilo & Stitch; Men in Black 2; Mr. Deeds; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; The Powerpuff Girls Movie; Road to Perdition

51. Court Street 12
106 Court St. (718-246-7469) • The Bourne Identity; The Crocodile Hunter: Collision Course; Halloween: Resurrection; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Like Mike; Lilo & Stitch; Men in Black 2; Minority Report; Mr. Deeds; The Powerpuff Girls Movie; Reign of Fire; Road to Perdition; Scooby-Doo

52. Kent Triplex
Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (718-338-3371) • Halloween: Resurrection; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Men in Black 2; The Powerpuff Girls Movie

53. Linden Boulevard Multiplex
Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (718-277-0303) • The Bourne Identity; The Crocodile Hunter: Collision Course; Halloween: Resurrection; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Juwanna Man; Lilo & Stitch; Men in Black 2; Minority Report; Mr. Deeds; The Powerpuff Girls Movie; Reign of Fire; Road to Perdition; Scooby-Doo

54. Pavilion
188 Prospect Park West (718-369-0838) • The Bourne Identity; Halloween: Resurrection; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Lilo & Stitch; Men in Black 2; Minority Report; Mr. Deeds; The Powerpuff Girls Movie; Reign of Fire; Road to Perdition; Scooby-Doo

55. Pavilion Flatbush
314 Flatbush Ave. (718-596-7070) • Halloween: Resurrection; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Men in Black 2

56. Ridgewood
55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (718-821-5993) • Halloween: Resurrection; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Like Mike; The Powerpuff Girls Movie; Reign of Fire

57. UA Marboro
6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (718-232-4000) • Lilo & Stitch; Men in Black 2; Mr. Deeds; Scooby-Doo; Spider-Man

58. UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay
3907 Shore Pkwy., off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (718-615-1700) • The Bourne Identity; The Crocodile Hunter: Collision Course; Halloween: Resurrection; Insomnia; Like Mike; Lilo & Stitch; Men in Black 2; Minority Report; Mr. Deeds; The Powerpuff Girls Movie; Reign of Fire; Road to Perdition; Scooby-Doo; The Sum of All Fears

Queens

59. Centre Sunnyside
42-17 Queens Blvd. (718-361-6869) • Hey Arnold! The Movie; Like Mike; Men in Black 2; Minority Report; Mr. Deeds; Reign of Fire

60. Cinemart
106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (718-261-2244) • Divine Secrets of the Ya-Ya Sisterhood; Halloween: Resurrection; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Lilo & Stitch; Reign of Fire

61. College Point Multiplex
28-55 Ulmer St., Whitestone (718-886-4900) • The Bourne Identity; The Crocodile Hunter: Collision Course; Halloween: Resurrection; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Lilo & Stitch; Men in Black 2; Minority Report; Mr. Deeds; Reign of Fire; Road to Perdition; Scooby-Doo

62. Jackson Triplex
82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (718-478-6777) • Halloween: Resurrection; Like Mike; Men in Black 2

63. Jamaica Multiplex Cinema
1 Jamaica Center, at Jamaica Ave. and Parsons Blvd. (718-291-9400) • The Bourne Identity; The Crocodile Hunter: Collision Course; Halloween: Resurrection; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Juwanna Man; Like Mike; Lilo & Stitch; Men in Black 2; Minority Report; Mr. Deeds; The Powerpuff Girls Movie; Reign of Fire; Road to Perdition; Scooby-Doo

64. Kaufman Astoria Cinema
38th St. at 35th Ave. (718-786-2020) • The Bourne Identity; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Juwanna Man; Like Mike; Lilo & Stitch; Men in Black 2; Minority Report; Mr. Deeds; The Powerpuff Girls Movie; Scooby-Doo

It's 10 P.M. on a rainy Friday night, and Water Street, a normally dismal industrial block in Dumbo, is uncharacteristically alive with activity. About 75 crewmembers on **Spike Lee**'s new film, **The 25th Hour**, are scurrying around in rain gear, adjusting cranes, cameras, and blue tarps under the eastern end of the Manhattan Bridge. For tonight's scene, in which **Edward Norton, Philip Seymour Hoffman, Rosario Dawson,** and **Barry Pepper** go to a trendy club, 300 decked-out extras in micro-minis, Adidas stripes, glitter, and mile-high heels play eager clublanders waiting to get in. About three hours of preparation go into setting up the shot, which translates into a brief scene in which Norton and friends pull up to the curb, skip the massive line, greet the beefy bouncer, then enter the club. It's a short sequence, but it takes two more hours before Lee is satisfied. Producer **Jon Kilik**—who first worked with Lee on *Do the Right Thing*—is pleased with the way the scene turns out. "Spike just really knows what he wants; he's so well prepared," he effuses, keeping his eyes glued to the playback monitor. "That's one of the things about him—he really does his homework." The film is about a convicted drug dealer (Norton) enjoying his last day of freedom before reporting to prison. "This is a film about people having to live with the consequences of their life choices," Lee says, taking a break from filming. "It was an interesting premise to begin with, but what we added is that we set this in a post-9/11 New York City. That's something that we really wanted to explore as a subtext." Lee has shot thirteen movies in New York, and this is his first since September 11. "It would be really dishonest to shoot a film in New York City, especially such a short time after 9/11, and not have it reflected in people's faces and the locales and the whole milieu. I just find it preposterous that for the films that were released after 9/11, they were digitally removing the World Trade Center—you know, removing all reference to what happened. That's insane." SARA CARDACE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBIN PLATZER/TWIN IMAGES.

65. Kew Gardens Cinemas
81-05 Lefferts Blvd. (718-441-9835) • The Fast Runner; Insomnia; Late Marriage; Lovely & Amazing; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; Sunshine State

66. Main Street Cinemas
72-66 Main St. (718-263-4828) • Hey Arnold! The Movie; Men in Black 2; Minority Report; Mr. Deeds; The Powerpuff Girls Movie; Reign of Fire

67. North Shore Towers
27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (718-229-7702) • About a Boy; Divine Secrets of the Ya-Ya Sisterhood; Insomnia; The Komediant; Late Marriage

68. Plaza
103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (718-639-0012) • The Crocodile Hunter: Collision Course; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Men in Black 2

69. UA Brandon Cinema
70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (718-544-1020) • Mr. Deeds

70. UA Crossbay
94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (718-848-1738) • Halloween: Resurrection; Men in Black 2; Reign of Fire

71. UA Crossbay II
92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (718-641-5330) • The Bourne Identity; Like Mike; Lilo & Stitch; Minority Report; Mr. Deeds; The Powerpuff Girls Movie; Road to Perdition; Scooby-Doo

72. UA Midway
108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (718-544-5545) • The Bourne Identity; Like Mike; Men in Black 2; Minority Report; The Powerpuff Girls Movie; Road to Perdition; Spider-Man

73. UA Movieworld
242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (718-423-7200) • The Bourne Identity; The Crocodile Hunter: Collision Course; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Lilo & Stitch; Men in Black 2; Minority Report; Mr. Deeds; Road to Perdition

Staten Island

74. Atrium
680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (718-317-8300) • The Bourne Identity; The Crocodile Hunter: Collision Course; Divine Secrets of the Ya-Ya Sisterhood; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Lilo & Stitch; Men in Black 2; Minority Report; Mr. Deeds; The Powerpuff Girls Movie; Reign of Fire; Road to Perdition

75. Staten Island Stadium 16
2474 Forest Ave. (718-273-4200) • The Bourne Identity; The Crocodile Hunter: Collision Course; Halloween: Resurrection; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Insomnia; Like Mike; Lilo & Stitch; Men in Black 2; Minority Report; Mr. Deeds; The Powerpuff Girls Movie; Reign of Fire; Road to Perdition; Scooby-Doo; The Sum of All Fears

76. UA Hylan Plaza
107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (718-351-0805) • Halloween: Resurrection; Lilo & Stitch; Men in Black 2; Minority Report; Mr. Deeds

77. UA Movies at Staten Island
141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (718-983-9600) • The Bourne Identity; The Crocodile Hunter: Collision Course; Halloween: Resurrection; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Like Mike; Lilo & Stitch; Men in Black 2; Minority Report; Mr. Deeds; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; The Powerpuff Girls Movie; Reign of Fire; Road to Perdition; Sunshine State

Museums, Societies, Etc.

78. 2002 Stony Brook Film Festival
Stony Brook University (631-632-ARTS); $10. • 7/17: *The Grey Zone* (2002). 7/18: *The Weight of Water* (2002); *The Secret* (2002). 7/19: *Mergers and Acquisitions* (2002); *Don't Let Go* (2002). 7/20: *The Bread, My Sweet* (2002); *Almost Salinas* (2002); *Daughter From Danang* (2001); *The Rising Place* (2002). 7/21: *Dischord* (2002); *Italian for Beginners* (2001). 7/22: *Returning Mickey Stern* (2002). 7/23: *Bark* (2002); *Dinner and a Movie* (2002). 7/24: *Son of the Bride* (2002); *American Saint* (2002). 7/25: *Looking for Leonard* (2002); *Ordinary Sinner* (2002). 7/26: *Karmen Gei* (2001); *The Jimmy Show* (2002); *The Blue Lizard* (2002); *Monsoon Wedding* (2001); *Pursuit of Happiness* (2002).

79. American Museum of the Moving Image
36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077); $8.50. • "The Nonconformist: Jack Nicholson on Film, 1970–1980." 7/20: *The Passenger* (1975); *Goin' South* (1978). 7/21: *The Missouri Breaks* (1976); *The Shining* (1980).

80. Anthology Film Archives
32 Second Ave. (212-505-5110); $8. • "Under My Skin: The Films of David Cronenberg." 7/17: *The Brood* (1979); *Peep Show: The Lie Chair* (1975); *Scanners* (1981). 7/18: *Videodrome* (1982); *Peep Show: The Victim* (1975); *The Dead Zone* (1983). 7/19: *The Fly* (1986); *The Brood* (1979); *Peep Show: The Lie Chair* (1975). 7/21: *The Brood* (1979); *Scanners* (1981); *Videodrome* (1982). 7/24: *Dead Ringers* (1988); *Camera* (2001). 7/25–7/28: *Naked Lunch* (1991); *M. Butterfly* (1993). 7/26: *Crash* (1996); *eXistenZ* (1999); *Dead Ringers* (1988).

81. Asia Society
725 Park Ave. (212-517-ASIA); $10. • "25th Asian American International Film Festival." 7/19: *New Moon* (2001); *Full-Time Killer* (2001). 7/20: *The Cheat* (1915); *Quitting* (2001); *Once Upon a Night* (2001); *Waterboys* (2001); *The Sky Is Falling* (2002); *Musa the Warrior* (2001). 7/21: *A Song of Ceylon* (1985); *July Rhapsody* (2002); *Bollywood Bound* (2001). 7/23: *Some Divine Wind* (1991); *Crimson Kimono* (1959). 7/24: *Batang West Side* (2001). 7/25: *Flower Drum Song* (1961); *Larger Than Life* (2000); *Blue Fire* (2002). 7/26: *The Art of Woo* (2001); *Failan* (2001); *Not a Day Goes By* (2002). 7/27: *Bagong Buwan* (2001); *Soul's Protest* (2000); *Face* (2002); *Who Killed Vincent Chin?* (2002); *Maya (2001).*

82. BAM Rose Cinemas
30 Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn (718-636-4100); $9. • "The Films of Jean Grémillon." 7/17–7/18: *Lady Killer* (1937). 7/22–7/23: *The Woman Who Dared* (1944). 7/24–7/25: *The Light of Summer* (1943). 7/26: *White Paws* (1949). 7/27–7/28: *The Strange Mr. Victor* (1938). 7/29–7/30: *A Woman's Love* (1953). 7/31: *Maldone* (1928).

83. Film Forum
209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110); $9.75. • 7/17–7/25: *Metropolis* (1927/2002).

84. Film Society of Lincoln Center
65 W. 65th St., plaza level (212-875-5600); $9. • "The New York Video Festival." 7/19: *Culture* (2002); *Pink* (2002); *Drift* (2001); *Amsterdam Camera Vacation* (2001); *Dracula: Pages From a Virgin's Diary* (2002). 7/20: *Language Lessons* (2002); *A System for Writing Thank You Notes* (2001); *Ken Burns Give You Something* (2001); *Bad Ideas for Paradise* (2002); *Getting Stronger Every Day* (2001); *Skin Job* (2002); *The Long Island Do It Yourself Punk Scene* (2002); *Stoked* (2002); *Meet Mike Mills* (2002). 7/21: *Great Balls of Fire* (2001); *One Mile Per Minute* (2002); *The City of Memory* (2000); *No Damage* (2002); *Apple Grown in Wind Tunnel* (2001); *Magnetic Jerusalem* (2002). 7/22: *Culture* (2002); *Pink* (2002); *Drift* (2001); *Amsterdam Camera Vacation* (2001); *Dracula: Pages From a Virgin's Diary* (2002). 7/20: *Language Lessons* (2002). 7/23: *Skin Job* (2002); *Just Another Day Without You* (2002). 7/24: *Far, Along* (2001); *No Damage* (2002). 7/25: *Window* (2001); *Down From the Mountains* (2002).

85. Makor
35 W. 67th St. (212-601-1000); $9. • 7/17–7/18: *The Komediant* (2000).

86. Metropolitan Museum of Art
1000 Fifth Ave. (212-570-3949); free. • "Hollywood Glamour." 7/20: *Camille* (1936). 7/27: *The Women* (1939).

87. New York Historical Society
2 W. 77th St. (212-969-0968); $7. • "Summer Film Series." 7/23: *Mean Streets* (1973). 7/30: *The Brother From Another Planet* (1984).

88. Symphony Space/The Leonard Nimoy Thalia
2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (212-864-5400); $9. • "Classic French Cinema." 7/20–7/21: *The Passion of Joan Arc* (1928); *Diary of a Country Priest* (1950).

Festival

Big East Conference

Asian CineVision may have begun humbly, in a walk-up on East Broadway in 1976, but today the nonprofit arts center is responsible for **The Asian American International Film Festival**, the most significant (and longest-running) Asian-American film festival in the world. Directors Ang Lee, Mira Nair, Wayne Wang, and Tsui Hark all premiered their first movies here, and organizers tout this twenty-fifth-anniversary fest as their biggest yet. "It's the largest in terms of the number of movies, number of days, and number of special events," says co-director Risa Morimoto. Events include a visual-effects workshop, a screenplay competition, and Martin Scorsese introducing Cecil B. DeMille's *The Cheat*. Blockbusters from all over Asia mix with experimental and independent films; many are making their New York premieres, including *Soul's Protest*, a North Korean film about the *Ukishima-maru*, otherwise known as the North Korean *Titanic*; *Waterboys*, a Japanese film about a male-high-school synchronized-swimming team; and *Not a Day Goes By*, Joe Chan's prickly and perceptive film about an angst-ridden young man (Larry F. Chin, pictured) in Chinatown whose mother has recently passed away. "It was Wayne Wang, who I met at last year's festival, who helped me finish my film," says Chan, a Catherine Street resident. "I hope audiences respond to this festival, because for an Asian-American filmmaker, there's no overstating how important this is." Begins July 19 at the Asia Society & Museum. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for listings.)

B.K.

WELCOME
DIRTY FILTHY

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF AAIFF.

DOMINUS *Continued from page 21*

perfectly lucid, and somehow funny. Tracy opens her eyes wide on the beat. "Oh, oh, oh," she sings with a touch of Brenda Lee brightness, her eyes round in wonder and curiosity, her little hands peeking out and holding the sheets up. "Woke up today, feeling the way I always do . . . " Rockwell, Lion, Shaiman, and Wittman, scattered throughout the theater, scrutinize the audience. There are a few stony-faced men. But a lot of people are already showing that sweetly childlike, spaced-out smile that suggests they've quickly gone to musical-theater land, where beds stand at 90 degrees, people burst into song instead of dragging themselves toward the shower, and a fat girl like Tracy can win the world with the height of her hair.

When "I Know Where I've Been" rolls around, Lion puts her head in her hands for most of the song, looking up apprehensively at the last note. Thunderous applause and encores ensue. She shakes her head in resignation: "I can see I'm going to lose on this one." By the end of the show, any lingering angst has been swept away, and she's beaming. As Lion applauds wildly, waiting for the standing ovation to start—which it does—she's leaning all the way back in her chair, as if propelled backward by the G-force of energy onstage.

Opening night, David Rockwell watchs in horror as his precious sets fall prey to tech hitches: "At intermission, I helped myself to a drink." Adds composer Marc Shaiman: "I felt my internal organs shift."

THE CAST STILL HAS TWO WEEKS UNTIL REviews, but if the audiences are any indication, the show is a hit. The night the Seattle Gay Men's Chorus shows up, every person in the theater stands up and applauds until Fierstein comes out a few minutes later to take another bow. "As I came onstage, everything went sort of strange," he says. "I looked at the aisles and there was no one there. *Oh,* I thought. *Everyone's gone.* But I'm hearing this roar. No one had left their seats. They were all standing and screaming." Fans start greeting Winokur—always a sidekick, never before a star—outside the stage door (her sister cries at the sight of it); people in Seattle restaurants approach actors they recognize for autographs. One night, Waters's old pal Roseanne turns up. As soon as Tracy appears onstage, she calls out in glee, "That's me!"

By the night the critics arrive, the show has been running smoothly for days. So it is an unexpected shock when, right after Winokur finishes "Good Morning, Baltimore" and a team of dancing, sixties-style teenyboppers has stormed the stage, a disembodied male voice interrupts the performance. " . . . technical difficulties . . . we'll begin again in five minutes." Only half the appropriate set has arrived onstage. Dejected, the cast streams off as the audience shifts in its seats, unsure what to make of this surprise. Shaiman jumps up: "It's just like rehearsal!" he cries out to the audience.

"I was actually happy when it happened," he says. "That kind of thing can win an audience over to your side—they feel like they're part of something. And in my Jewish way, I was like, 'Everything's gone so well . . . finally!' "

Backstage, the dance captain is giving Winokur, who is baffled and upset, a serious pep talk about her responsibility as the star to keep the energy up. Ten minutes later, she shows up onstage, gives the audience an exasperated shrug, then throws her arms back and widens her eyes and smiles, resuming the stance of her character as she was in the last moment of the song before the interruption. With the audience laughing along with her, the show segues into the next scene.

They are back on track, until a few scenes later, when Harvey Fierstein watches a mechanical device that sticks out of the floor—it's called a dog—roll right out onstage without the set he needs on it. He freezes backstage, paralyzed as he tries to picture the scene without the ironing board and phone. Finally, a tech person rips, with great effort, the phone off the base of the board and puts it in Fierstein's hands, and the stage manager orders him onstage. He stumbles on, clearly off his game. At the sight of Fierstein performing with nothing more than a backdrop, says Shaiman, "I felt my internal organs shift." Adds Fierstein, "It was really amateur night in Dixie."

Rockwell watches in horror as his precious creations fall prey to computer glitches and tech hitches. "It was just this feeling of utter helplessness," he says, admitting: "At intermission, I helped myself to a drink." He needed it, too: In a climactic scene in Act Two, the numbers on a scoreboard are all wrong, throwing off the plot. Winokur, as planned, starts running down the aisle; but when she sees the numbers aren't right, she panics and runs right back where she'd come from. Because of the possibility of precisely these kinds of glitches, O'Brien is nowhere near the theater. Lion, sitting with her friend Laura Ziskin (producer of *Spider-Man*), is watching with some degree of resignation. "It was one of those shows that goes on for 24 hours," she says dryly.

The actors know they won't be held responsible for the set glitches; but it is hard to predict how the reviewers will respond to their performances, all thrown off by the need for sudden improvisations, and the anxiety about what would go wrong next.

Monday at 5 A.M., Lion and Shaiman sit down at their respective computers in their respective hotel rooms and log on. The writers have "a shiny new hit on their hands," *Variety* reports. The Seattle *Times* says the score "really makes you want to go dance in the streets." Both Lion and Shaiman practically do.

By the end of the Seattle run, the tickets are sold out in town; the audiences keep getting better-and-better-dressed as it becomes more of an event. On the strength of the reviews, the New York advance sales numbers are creeping up to $5 million—not the $14 million advance of *The Producers,* but a strong showing nonetheless.

A FEW NIGHTS BEFORE THE TEAM LEAVES TO start rehearsals in New York, Lion sits down to join the sold-out audience for a performance, as she has most nights of the run. She revels in the small details that have continued to improve the production: something as insignificant as Fierstein using the word *wiener* instead of *hot dog* in one lyric, to great effect; an overture before the opening scene that builds excitement and gives the audience a chance to laugh out loud at Rockwell's set rather than just smile; shiny brooches stuck in the daffy, dizzying wigs in the final number, a touch of luxury that finishes the look. Everyone's layering onto their characters, giving the audience more to notice, more bits of candy in unexpected places. The audience, primed to love it, responds eagerly, only too happy to complete the rhythm of the jokes with the finishing punctuation of their laughs.

"Are all white people like that?" asks the young black girl after she's insulted by Mrs. Von Tussle. "No," replies Tracy's father, "just most."

Everybody laughs, and no one louder than Lion. ■

Theater

Edited by Logan Hill

Broadway

Previews and Openings

I'm Not Rappaport
This revival of Herb Gardner's 1986 Tony award-winning comedy reunites original director Daniel Sullivan and original star Judd Hirsch (reprising his Tony-winning performance as Nat), joined by Ben Vereen in the role of Midge. Set in Central Park, the play tells the story of two testy octogenarians determined to hold on to their independence. $60–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 7/25 opening. (See box.) • Booth Theatre, 222 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

Now Playing

Aida
Disney's epic musical about the love affair between a Nubian slave and a cute Egyptian prince, with music by Elton John and lyrics by Tim Rice. More important, the eye-popping sets and chichi costumes are designed by Bob Crowley. $25–$90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Palace Theatre, 1554 Broadway, at 47th St. (212-307-4747).

Beauty and the Beast
The family-friendly musical adaptation of Disney's film is no *Lion King,* but it's still entertaining kids by the busload. $25–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (212-307-4747).

★ Cabaret
This gritty revival of the Kander and Ebb musical won four Tonys in 1998 for its portrayal of the decadent world of Weimar-era Berlin cabaret. Now starring Polly Bergen, Rick Holmes, Jane Leeves, Hal Linden, John Stamos. $45–$95. Mon., Tues., Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 3/19/98. • Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (212-239-6200).

★ Chicago
This delightfully raunchy musical won six Tonys in 1996. In this stylish production, choreographed by Ann Reinking and directed by Walter Bobbie, female inmates in a Jazz Age Chicago prison vie for the attention of a flashy lawyer and the tabloid press. $20–$90. Mon., Tues., Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 11/14/96. • Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

★ Contact
This sensational, Tony-blessed dance-theater work by John Weidman and Broadway's reigning director-choreographer, Susan Stroman, presents a triptych of inventive pieces, ranging from a naughty flirtation to a suicidal adman's frantic fantasy. Charlotte d'Amboise, Alan Campbell, and Colleen Dunn now star. $90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 9/1. • Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).

Fortune's Fool
Alan Bates and Frank Langella star in Mike Poulton's new adaptation of the Turgenev comedy about a gentleman who, goaded by his ribald neighbor, shocks his community with an unexpected announcement. Arthur Penn (*Bonnie and Clyde*) directs. $55–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 7/21. • Music Box Theater, 239 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

★ 42nd Street
This revival of the Al Dubin and Harry Warren musical about the proverbial chorus girl who gets her big break is snappily directed by Mark Bramble, with exuberant choreography by Randy Skinner, and features a top-notch cast: Michael Cumpsty, David Elder, Jonathan Freeman, and Mary Testa. $25–$95. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4100).

★ The Full Monty
A rambunctious yet heartfelt musical adaptation of the 1997 film about desperate, destitute men who have nothing to lose but their underwear. Music and lyrics by David Yazbek; book by Terrence McNally; directed by Jack O'Brien. $31–$86. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. • Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (212-239-6200).

★ The Goat, or Who Is Sylvia?
Edward Albee's Tony-winning new drama follows a successful architect (Bill Pullman) who, at the pinnacle of his career, must confess to his wife (Mercedes Ruehl) and son the awful secret of his affair with, yes, a goat. $65–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • John Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

The Graduate
Kathleen Turner plays Mrs. Robinson in Terry Johnson's new stage adaptation of the 1967 film, opposite Josh Radnor and Alicia Silverstone. $21–$81. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

★ Into the Woods
Vanessa Williams stars in Stephen Sondheim's mythic musical, a shadowy journey through the fairy-tale forests of Cinderella, Little Red Riding Hood, and others. Music and lyrics by Sondheim; book and direction by James Lapine. $40–$95. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Broadhurst Theater, 235 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

Les Misérables
Producer Cameron Mackintosh's megahit, based on the Victor Hugo novel, still stands as the best of the big British commercial imports. $20–$90. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/12/87. • Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

★ The Lion King
Based on the popular Disney movie, this sublimely inventive production showcases some of the best experimental theater techniques of a generation, wrought with joyful mastery by experimental director extraordinaire Julie Taymor, and rewarded with a bouquet of Tonys in 1998. $30–$95. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 11/13/97. • New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4747).

Mamma Mia!
An unabashedly silly feel-good musical about a young bride-to-be and her single mom, scored with 22 shimmery disco tunes by Abba's Benny Andersson and Björn Ulvaeus. $55–$98.75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. • Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (212-563-5544).

★ Metamorphoses
Writer-director Mary Zimmerman's striking meditation on mutability puts a 27-foot-long pool of water to perfect use, stressing the elemental nature of Ovid's classic tales of Midas, Narcissus, and more. Myths are rendered with dramatic flair, unpretentious humor, and a heartbreaking final tableau. $30–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Circle in the Square Theatre, 1633 Broadway (212-239-6200).

Morning's at Seven
A strong veteran ensemble, including Elizabeth Franz, Buck Henry, Christopher Lloyd, Estelle Parsons, and Frances Sternhagen, plays a midwestern family coping with maturity in Paul Osborn's 1939 drama, directed

Opening

Happiness Is . . .

For the first part of last year, **Laurie Anderson** recalls, "I wanted to put myself off my usual beat" by looking for "situations where I didn't know what to do, how to act." She found them while working stints in unexpected locales (a Canal Street McDonald's, an Amish farm). Then the towers fell near her Tribeca apartment, and she didn't have to try so hard anymore to be unsettled. Her new solo show, *Happiness,* playing July 23 and 24 as part of the Lincoln Center Festival, is a relatively spare reflection on this past year, an evening of storytelling and personal reflection that seems the polar opposite of her last multimedia extravaganza, *Songs and Stories From Moby Dick.* "So much information and art comes in the same size—these tiny little stupid screens on your computer or your TV," says Anderson. After September 11, the scope of *Happiness* contracted as "the music just became simpler and simpler," she says. "The music now is just more of a glue than anything else." Anderson has already performed the show around the country—to uniformly excellent reviews—with just a few samplers, her electric violin, and a collection of stories ranging from childhood memories to notes on life in post-9/11 New York. "I've tried hard to see things as they are, and then to say that very clearly," she says. "Of course, that means a lot more wondering about whether that's really the way things were." (See listing for Lincoln Center Festival in "Off Broadway.") L.H.

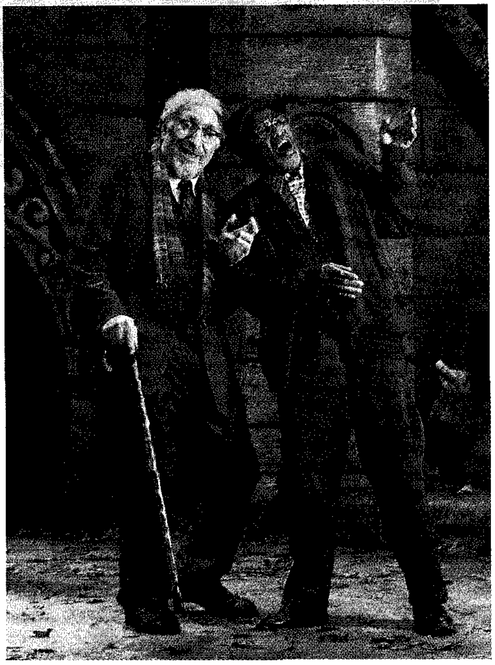
NEWYORKMETRO.COM
Find a review. For John Simon's theater reviews, go to nymetro.com/archive/simon.

PHOTOGRAPH BY NOAH GREENBERG.

Previews

Same Old, Same Old

Judd Hirsch is sixteen years older than he was in the original Broadway production of **I'm Not Rappaport**, but he still requires a bit of stage makeup to play Nat, the testy octogenarian fighting for his independence. Last time around, the role won him a Tony, and the play's producers seem intent on sticking with a winning formula: They've rounded up several other key players from the 1986 run, including director Daniel Sullivan (*Proof, Morning's at Seven*) and lighting designer Pat Collins. Fresh blood will be provided by Broadway veteran Ben Vereen (pictured, with Hirsch) as his best friend and comic foil, Midge. In previews for a July 25 opening. (See "Broadway.")



by Daniel Sullivan. $40–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 7/28. • Lyceum Theatre, 149 W. 45 St. (212-239-6200).

Mostly Sondheim
Barbara Cook returns with her musical revue, which features the songs of Sondheim, Arlen & Harburg, Berlin, and others. Musical direction and arrangements by Wally Harper. $40–$60. Sun. and Mon. at 7:30. Through 8/26. • Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).

★ Noises Off
Jane Curtin leads a new cast in this lively revival of Michael Frayn's slapstick farce about a touring theatrical troupe. $40–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Brooks Atkinson Theatre, 256 W. 47th St. (212-307-4100).

★ Oklahoma!
Super-choreographer Susan Stroman (*The Producers, The Music Man*) and director Trevor Nunn (*Les Miz*) bring their acclaimed revival of the Rodgers and Hammerstein classic Stateside. An award-winning smash in London with many of the best-known show tunes ever, the production stars Patrick Wilson (*The Full Monty*) as Curly, Josefina Gabrielle as Laurey, and the terrific Shuler Hensley. $20–$90. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. • Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. (212-307-4100).

The Phantom of the Opera
Andrew Lloyd Webber's campy version of the macabre tale, given an opulent spin by director Hal Prince. $20–$90. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. • Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

★ Private Lives
This terrific, crisp revival of Noel Coward's crisp and cruel comedy, starring Lindsay Duncan and Alan Rickman, arrives Broadway after winning rave reviews and scads of awards on the West End. Alan Rickman and Lindsay Duncan star. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (212-307-4100).

★ The Producers
Max Bialystock and Leo Bloom produce the ultimate "surefire flop," *Springtime for Hitler*, in Mel Brooks's triumphant musical and Tony Award recordsetter. Based on his Oscar-winning 1968 film, directed and choreographed with aplomb by Susan Stroman, this giddy romp remains the hottest ticket in town, even though Brad Oscar and Steven Weber have replaced stars Lane and Broderick. $30–$100. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

★ Proof
Anne Heche plays a chronically depressed young woman who is jolted into the confusing world around her when a graduate student (Neil Patrick Harris) finds a groundbreaking proof among her deceased father's papers. Justly rewarded with a Pulitzer and several Tonys, David Auburn's *Proof* is a virtuoso piece of writing. $24–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (212-239-6200).

★ Rent
The late Jonathan Larson's hauntingly scored, Pulitzer-winning reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as lived by a gaggle of East Village hipsters at the peak of grunge and the AIDS epidemic. $35–$80. Mon., Tues., Thurs. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 4/29/96. • Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (212-307-4100).

The Tale of the Allergist's Wife
In this shticky Manhattan comedy by downtown "gender illusionist" and camp playwright Charles Busch, Richard Kind and Rhea Perlman play a hyper allergist and his frazzled self-improving wife. $30–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 9/1. • Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (212-239-6200).

★ Thoroughly Modern Millie
Based on the 1967 film about a Jazz Age flapper, this new musical, with book by Richard Morris and Dick Scanlan, music by Jeanne Tesori, and lyrics by Dick Scanlan, tracks Millie Dillmount (Sutton Foster) through the streets of New York. $55–$95. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Marquis Theatre, 1535 Broadway at 45th St., (212-307-4100).

★ Topdog/Underdog
Reprising the titanic performance he delivered last

Ground Rules Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Stars (★) indicate our editors' recommendations. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and in temporary quarters at Bowling Green Park Plaza; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PATRICK FARRELL.

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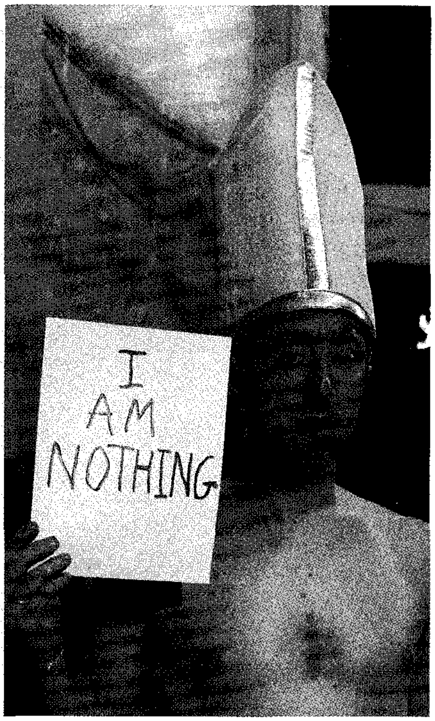
Opening

Divine Comedy

Best known for making the creepy seem sexy in *Cabaret, Eyes Wide Shut,* and *Titus,* actor, director, author, and man-about-town Alan Cumming doesn't really seem like papal material. But he will indeed don the miter for the two-week run of his adaptation of Jean Genet's **Elle.** It's the first production by the Art Party, a new theater company Cumming (pictured) has co-founded with Nick Philippou (who directs) and Audrey Rosenberg; costumes for this production are by Vivienne Westwood. The play—never performed in Genet's lifetime—tells the story of a photographer who travels to the Vatican to take the pope's picture and is stymied when said pontiff denies his own existence. July 17 through July 31. (See "Off Broadway.")



PHOTOGRAPH BY BRUCE GLIKAS/STQ PRODUCTIONS.

summer, Jeffrey Wright stars with Mos Def in the Broadway transfer of the Pulitzer-winning Suzan-Lori Parks drama. As Lincoln and Booth, the actors play two rival brothers stuck in a ramshackle apartment, fighting over the past and the arcane art of three-card monte. $15–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. • Ambassador Theatre, 215 W. 49th St. (212-239-6200).

Urinetown
A downtown hit, this weird musical, with book and lyrics by Greg Kotis and music and lyrics by Mark Hollman, is now a Broadway smash. The plot? In a corrupt city beset by a disaster of apocalyptic proportions, water is worth its weight in gold, and pedestrians are forced to comply with a pay-per-pee system. $75–$85. Mon., Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. • Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Elle
Alan Cumming adapted Jean Genet's drama for this Art Party production, which he also stars in with Stephen Spinella and Anson Mount. The play, which was never performed in Genet's lifetime, is about a photographer who travels to the Vatican to photograph the pope, but is stymied when the pope denies his own existence. Costumes are by Vivienne Westwood; Nick Philippou directs. (See box.) $25–$45. Call for schedule. 7/17–7/31. • Zipper, 336 W. 37th St. (212-239-6200).

Spanish Girl
The last production in the Second Stage Theatre's "New Plays Uptown Series," written by Hunt Holman and directed by Erica Schmidt, tells the story of a college student who receives an unexpected visit from the 15-year-old girl he had an affair with during his summer vacation. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7:30, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 7/28 opening. Through 8/4. • McGinn/Cazale Theater, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (212-246-4422).

Now Playing

All Over
Edward Albee's stellar year continues with this revival of his 1971 drama about a dying man who is confronted by his wife and mistress. The cast features Rosemary Harris, Michael Learned, John Carter, Myra Carter, Patrick Garner, and Pamela Nyberg. Emily Mann directs. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Through 9/1. • Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (212-777-4900).

As You Like It
The Worth Street Theater Company's production of the Shakespeare comedy features original music by Rick Flores and stars Sally Wheeler and Dwight Ewell. Jeff Cohen directs. (See box.) $15. Thurs.–Sat. and Mon. at 8, Sun. at 5. Through 8/12. • Tribeca Playhouse, 111 Reade St. (212-206-0303).

★ Blue Man Group: Tubes
Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, tourists, haters and lovers of performance art. $55–$65. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 7 and 10, Sat. at 4, 7, and 10, Sun. at 2, 5, and 8. • Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (212-254-4370).

Capitol Steps: When Bush Comes to Shove
Beltway puns and shtick, delivered by the Capitol Steps troupe. $50. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Through 8/31. • John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).

Comedy of Errors
The Aquila Theatre Company, always rambunctious, returns with a madcap *Errors* set in a "twenties Turkish cartoon dream." Peter Meineck directs. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. • East 13th St. Theater, 136 E. 13th St. (212-239-6200).

★ De La Guarda
A raucous show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. $20–$50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Fri. at 10:30, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. • Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (212-239-6200).

The Donkey Show
A wild, loose disco-musical adaptation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* with even looser morals. Cable sex icon Robin Byrd hosts on Wednesdays. $39. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 10:30. • El Flamingo, 547 W. 21st St. (212-307-4100).

Endpapers
A new comedy about the office politics of an independent publishing house, by Thomas McCormack, the former CEO of St. Martin's Press. $45–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave. (212-239-6200).

Fool for Love
Sam Shepard's drama about two former lovers who reunite at a run-down hotel at the edge of the Mojave Desert. $35. Mon.–Sat. at 8. Through 7/27. • 29th Street Rep Theatre, 212 W. 29th St. (212-206-1515).

Forbidden Broadway 20th Anniversary Celebration
Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof of musicals past and present, which takes swipes at productions like *The Producers* and *The Full Monty.* $49.50–$55. Mon., Tues., Fri., and Sat. at 8:15, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. • Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).

★ The Guys
Amy Irving and Tom Wopat star in first-time playwright Anne Nelson's surprisingly powerful two-person drama about a fire captain who asks a journalist to help him write eulogies for his fallen men. $55. Tues.–Fri. at 7. Through 8/9. • The Flea, 41 White St. (212-206-1515).

Harlem Song
George C. Wolfe's new musical at the Apollo Theatre traces the music and culture of Harlem from the twenties to the present, re-creating moments like Ella Fitzgerald's winning performance at Amateur Night at the Apollo. The revue features both classic songs and dances and entirely new ones. $20–$55. Sat. at 8, Sun. and Mon. at 7, Sat. at 2 and 5, Sun. at 3. • Apollo Theatre, 253 W. 125th St. (212-307-7171).

★ House and Garden
Alan Ayckbourn's latest plays have a wonderful gimmick—and London critics swear it works: Two plays, one in the house, one in the garden, unfold simultaneously, as actors shuttle between the two stages. The plot concerns a garden party gone awry and a French actress who loves her liquor. John Tillinger directs. $60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. Through 7/28. • MTC Stages 1 and 2 at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212).

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change
They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. A musical revue about heterosexual love. $49.50–$60. Mon., Tues., Fri., and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. • Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).

Lincoln Center Festival 2002
The summer festival presents more than 75 performances of music, theater, dance, puppetry, and film from around the world. Highlights include *Gonge Khab Dideh,* a silent play written and directed by Iranian actor and director Attila Pessyani, *Logic of the Birds,* a multimedia performance of a twelfth-century Persian fable, and *Happiness,* by NYC performance artist Laurie Anderson. (See box.) Call for ticket prices, schedule, and locations. 7/8–7/28. • Lincoln Center (212-875-5928).

Love, Janis
An enjoyable new bio-musical based on *Love, Janis* by Joplin's sister Laura and performed by a trio of actresses. $45–$100. Mon, Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. • Village Theater, 158 Bleecker St. (212-307-4100).

Menopause the Musical
A parody set in Bloomingdale's. $48.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 3. Through 8/11. • Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (212-239-6200).

Naked Boys Singing
Just like a regular musical revue, but without pants. $35–$50. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, and Sun. at 3 and 7. • Actor's Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. So. (212-239-6200).

Play Yourself
Eight years after his death, Harry Kondoleon's story of an aging former movie star attempting to rewrite the script of her daughter's life is on the New York stage for the first time. The New York Theatre Workshop production, starring Elizabeth Marvel and Marian Seldes, is directed by Craig Lucas, an accomplished playwright himself. $45–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Through 8/4. • Century Center for the Performing Arts, 111 E. 15 St. (212-239-6200).

The Playboy of the Western World
An all-Irish production of J. M. Synge's 1907 comedy about a man whose wild tale of his father's murder earns him the adoration of his neighbors, until his father appears, in the flesh, to expose him. Charlotte Moore directs. $35–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 8/18. • Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (212-727-2737).

The Prince and the Pauper
A new musical based on the Twain novel, with music and lyrics by Neil Berg, additional lyrics by Bernie Garzia, and book by Garzia and Ray Roderick.

$40–$55. Mon., Wed., Fri., and Sat. at 8, Tues. at 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. Through 9/1. • Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

Puppetry of the Penis
An oddly innocent lesson in "the ancient Australian art of genital origami." $29.90–$39.90. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 9:30, Sun. at 7. Through 9/1. • John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).

Reno: Rebel Without a Pause
Reno's successful solo show was originally intended to be a vehicle for her rants but quickly became one of the first theatrical performances to incorporate a response to September 11. $45. Mon., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. • Lion Theatre at Theatre Row, 410 W. 42nd St. (212-279-4200)

★ Ricky Jay: On the Stem
Sleight-of-hand master, author, self-publisher, and actor, Ricky Jay is something of a phenomenon. His 1994 show, *Ricky Jay and His 52 Assistants,* sold out almost instantly, and his new one threatens to do the same. As usual, admirer David Mamet directs. $65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Through 8/4. • Second Stage Theatre, 307 W. 43rd St. (212-246-4422).

Shoppers Carried by Escalators Into the Flames
A dark comedy by the fierce writer Denis Johnson (*Jesus' Son, The Name of the World*) about a California family, a yammering television set, and a hyper chihuahua. The cast features Off Broadway standouts like Betty Miller, Will Patton, and James Urbaniak. David Levine directs. $45–$49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Sat. at 3. • Dimson Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (212-239-6200).

Stomp
A boisterous riot of found-object percussion. $35–$60. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. • Orpheum, 126 Second Ave. (212-477-2477).

Thunder Knocking on the Door
A new blues musical, with book by Keith Glover and music and lyrics by blues star Keb' Mo', Anderson Edwards, and Glover, tracks an Alabama family as the fateful stranger Marvell Thunder rolls into town. Tony winners Leslie Uggams (*Hallelujah, Baby!*) and Chuck Cooper (*The Life*) star. $45–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Minetta Lane Theater, 18 Minetta Lane (212-307-4100).

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding
A wedding and reception, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and, with more than 4,000 performances, it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $75–$80. Thurs.–Sun. at 7, Sun. at 2. • St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St., and Vinnie Black's Coliseum, Hotel Edison, 221 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).

Twelfth Night
No, Meryl Streep's not back, but the the Joseph Papp Public Theater/New York Shakespeare Festival has rounded up another crowd of stars. Zach Braff, Kristen Johnson, Christopher Lloyd, Kathryn Meisle, Oliver Platt, Jimmy Smits, and Julia Stiles star in the Bard's dark comedy. Brian Kulick directs. Free. Tues.–Sun. at 8, 7/22 and 7/29 at 8. No performances 7/24 and 8/1. Through 8/11. • Delacorte Theater, Central Park (212-539-8750).

21 Dog Years: Doing Time @ Amazon.com
Mike Daisey's Fringe hit—a comic look back at the dot-com era—returns. $45. Mon., Wed., and Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 7 and 9, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 3. Through 9/1. • Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (212-239-6200).

Underneath the Lintel
In Glen Berger's well-paced drama, a librarian begins a peculiar investigation after discovering a returned book that is 123 years overdue. $40. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9. • SoHo Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (212-239-6200).

★ The Vagina Monologues
Eve Ensler's oral history of a body part stitches together testimony from women from all over the world. Originally a one-woman show, it's now performed by a rotating trio of actresses. Through 8/18: Sherri Parker Lee, Peggy Lipton, and Sonia Manzano. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 5, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. • Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).

Vienna: Lusthaus (Revisited)
Conceived and directed by Martha Clarke, with text by Charles L. Mee and music by Richard Peaslee, this multimedia performance, originally staged in 1986, evokes the artistic spirit ofVienna a the turn of the century. $50–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 8/11. • New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (212-239-6200).

Off-Off Broadway

Alexandra's Web
Pulse Ensemble stages H. Richard Silver's drama about a woman who confronts the man who may have raped her as a teenager. $18. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 5. • Pulse, 432 W. 42nd St. (212-695-1596).

American Dreams: Plays About NY and the Immigrant Experience
An annual summer reading series, presented by the Immigrants' Theatre Project and the Lower East Side Tenement Museum. $6. Call for schedule. Through 8/1. • Tenement Theatre, 97 Orchard St. (212-431-0233).

The American Living Room
The Here Arts Center transforms its regular performance space into a typical suburban den for its annual summer festival, produced in association with Lincoln Center. In its thirteenth season, the festival features more than 100 works in five summer-long series, including a "Directing Cabaret" highlighting the work of young directors, a "Performance Series" of solo performance artists, and a "Puppet Parlor," co-curated by Basil Twist. $10–$15. Call for schedule. 7/13–9/1. • Here, 145 Sixth Ave. (212-647-0202).

As You Like It
The Gorilla Repertory Theatre, now in its tenth summer of free performances in public spaces, presents the Shakespeare comedy in Central Park and Battery Park. Lauren Edgar directs. Free. Fri. and Sat. at 8, Sun. at 5. 7/5–7/28. Call for schedule and locations. • (212-330-8086).

Criss Angel Mindfreak
A futuristic illusion and escape-art show. $15–$55. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Fri. at 10:30, Sun. at 7, Sat. at 2 and 5, Sun. at 3. • The World Underground Theatre, Broadway, at 43rd. St. (212-307-4100).

Distribution of Empathy
Karen Finley's latest solo show tackles the fallout of 9/11. $15. Tues. at 9. Through 7/30. • Cutting Room, 19 West 24th St. (212-691-1900).

Grandmotherfucker
A solo show by Pat Candaras, an Irish-Catholic Brookynite with little grandkids and a big chip on her shoulder. $10. Two-drink minimum. Call for schedule. Through 8/14. • Don't Tell Mama, 343 W. 46th St. (212-757-0788).

The Here and Now
A new play by Gregor Drozdek about New Yorkers facing their personal demons. $10. Every Mon. at 7:30. • The Pink Pony, 175 Ludlow St. (212-375-0859).

Ice Factory '02
The Soho Think Tank presents its ninth annual summer festival of cutting-edge new work by independent companies. This week, Works Productions presents *Moby Dick*, a new adaptation of the Melville classic. $10–$15. Wed.–Sat. at 7. 7/4–8/17. • Ohio Theater, 66 Wooster St. (212-966-4844).

Leonce & Lena
German playwright Georg Buchner was 19 years old in 1836, when he wrote this obsessive love story, here directed by Lenard Petit and performed with a score by Aussie band Dead Can Dance. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. • Connelly Theatre, 220 E. 4th St. (212-625-9848).

Lynn Harris on Ice
In this two-woman show, writer-comedian Lynn Harris (Breakup Girl Live) and sidekick Betsy Fast tell the story of a Minnesota dogsledding trip gone awry. Call for schedule. $35. 7/11–7/21. • Sanford Meisner Theatre, 164 Eleventh Ave., at 22nd St. (212-206-1515).

Midtown International Theatre Festival
Now in its third year, this summer festival dedicated to Off-Off Broadway talent presents 25 plays, ranging from "a gay-friendly musical farce based on *As You Like It*" to a "psychological thriller set in a post-colonial central African country," all in 28 days. $12–$15. Call for schedule. 7/8–8/4. • Raw Space, 529 W. 42nd St. (212-279-4200).

★ Monday Night Magic
Internationally known magicians munch on glass, puncture flailing assistants with swords, steal your watch, yank rabbits from hats, etc., all in an intimate setting. $29.50–$32.50. Mon. at 8. • McGinn/Cazale Theater, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (212-615-6432).

Mono
An inventive, interactive play set in a barlike environment, with a sock puppet. $10–$15. Thurs.–Sat. at 8. • Surf Reality, 172 Allen St. (212-358-3447).

Red Death
Clubbed Thumb kicks off its summer series with an odd contemporary take on Poe's *The Masque of the Red Death*. $15. Fri.–Sun. at 8. • Ohio Theater, 66 Wooster St. (212-802-8007).

Red Hot Mama
Sharon McNight stars in this musical tribute to vaudeville legend Sophie Tucker. $45. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Through 8/4. • York Theatre at St. Peter's in the Citigroup Center, 619 Lexington Ave. (212-239-6200).

Opening

Like It Like That

No doubt Sally Wheeler, starring in **As You Like It,** Shakespeare's lightest take on the perils of sibling rivalry, is relieved to have moved on from the last set of siblings she worked with—Mary-Kate and Ashley Olsen, in the ill-fated sitcom *Two of a Kind*. This adaptation by the Worth Street Theater Company, which won kudos—and, ultimately, a Drama Desk Award—for the U.S.O.-style revue it put on for ground-zero workers last fall, sets the comedy in contemporary urban America. Directed by Jeff Cohen, the production also stars Dwight Ewell, an indie-film favorite (*Dogma, Flirt*) you may remember as the hilarious pseudo-black-militant comic-book artist in Kevin Smith's *Chasing Amy* (pictured, Virginia Williams with Ewell and Wheeler). Opens July 18. (See "Off Broadway.")

PHOTOGRAPH BY KATE RAUDENBUSH.

Art

Edited by Edith Newhall

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

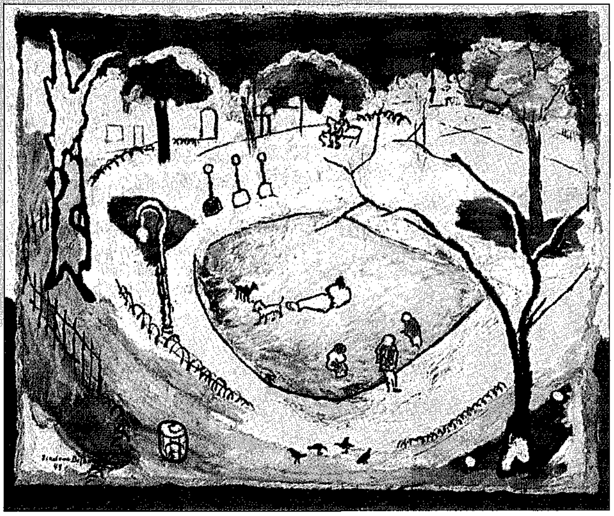
★ John Graham
Paintings and drawings dating from the forties to the fifties, by the Russian-born American artist; through 7/31. • York, 21 E. 65th St. (212-772-9155).

Squire Vickers
Colorful paintings that suggest studies for tilework, by an artist who was the chief architect of the Public Transit Commission between 1906 and 1942; through 9/14. • Shepherd & Derom, 58 E. 79th St. (212-861-4050).

On View

Mellow-Yellow Fellow

Yellow wasn't just another eye-catching hue to the African-American painter Beauford Delaney (1901–1979). It represented light, healing, and redemption, and he used it lavishly in both his expressionistic street scenes of the thirties, forties, and early fifties, when the Tennessee-born artist lived in Greenwich Village (pictured, *Washington Square*, 1949), and the abstractions and portraits he painted after moving to Paris in 1953. Now 29 of the artist's most predominantly golden works can be seen at the Studio Museum in Harlem, in **Beauford Delaney: The Color Yellow**, a traveling survey organized by Atlanta's High Museum of Art that brings to mind James Baldwin's poignant and thoroughly accurate observation of his friend's work: "When we are before a Delaney painting, we are in the light." (Through September 22; see "Museums.") E.N.



PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF MICHAEL ROSENFELD GALLERY, NEW YORK.

57th Street Area

★ Roy de Forest/William T. Wiley
Paintings, drawings, and constructions by these two prominent Bay Area artists who have explored similar narrative and personal mythologies over the past 40 years; through 8/23. • Adams, 41 W. 57th St. (212-644-5666).

★ Carlos Mérida
A survey of paintings and works on paper by the Guatemalan-born modernist (1891–1984) best known for his geometric abstractions; through 8/2. • Barquet, 41 E. 57th St. (212-644-9090).

Alfonso Ossorio/Clifford Odets
Brilliantly colored paintings and mixed-media assemblages on shaped panels—works the Philippino-born artist labeled "congregations"—dating from 1936 to 1990/Humorous and occasionally disturbing "naive" paintings created during the forties and fifties by the American playwright. Through 8/2. • Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St. (212-247-0082).

Soho and Tribeca

Yoshitaka Amano
Large-scale paintings of *anime* characters by the Japanese creator of such favorites as "Speed Racer," "G-Force," and "Final Fantasy"; through 8/3. • Koenig, 249 Centre St. (212-334-9255).

Olaf Bruening
An installation of video, sculpture, light, and sound that borrows its imagery from advertising and the entertainment industry; through 8/17. • Swiss Institute, 495 Broadway (212-925-2035).

★ Joan Mitchell
An exhibition focusing on the small-scale paintings of the Abstract Expressionist whose work is currently the subject of a Whitney retrospective (see "Museums"); through 8/16. • Lennon, Weinberg, 560 Broadway (212-941-0012).

Chelsea

Amy Gartrell
An installation of paintings, drawings, and sculpture with a gothic, rock-and-roll sensibility; through 7/31. • Greene Naftali, 526 W. 26th St. (212-463-7770).

Andrew Grassie
Meticulously rendered egg-tempera paintings of American sculptures from the seventies; through 8/20. • Morris, 465 W. 23rd St. (212-727-2752).

★ Tony Gray
An installation, paintings, and collages that offer a synthesized critique of American history; through 7/28. • Debs, 525 W. 26th St. (212-643-2070).

Yoko Inoue/Charles Clough
An installation that fills the gallery with hand-cast porcelain replicas of new or discarded domestic objects that the artist finds most prevalent in the cross-cultural mergings of the urban street market/Recent watercolor paintings. Through 7/30. • Von Lintel, 555 W. 25th St. (212-242-0599).

Siobhan Liddell
Thread drawings and large works on paper; through 8/9. • CRG, 535 W. 22nd St. (212-229-2766).

Doug Martin/Wilhelm Moser
Paintings of an ochre quarry in Roussillon, France, that were painted with pigments gathered at the quarry/Photographs taken around the world that document the mysterious and massive carved stones known as megaliths. Through 8/16. • Cowles, 537 W. 24th St. (212-925-3500).

★ Joan Mitchell
Ten major paintings by the Abstract Expressionist whose work is currently the subject of Whitney retrospective (see "Museums"); through 8/16. • Cheim & Read, 547 W. 25th St. (212-242-7727).

★ Lara Schnitger
Sculpture installations of fabric, foam, wood, and plastic that suggest artificial forests; through 8/2. • Kern, 532 W. 20th St. (212-367-9663).

Banks Violette
Paintings and sculptures that explore a 1995 murder of a young woman; through 8/16. • Team, 527 W. 26th St. (212-279-9219).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Graham
"Summer in the Garden," garden sculpture from America's golden age of garden statuary and paintings of garden-related subjects by nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists, among them MacMonnies, Burchfield, Pene du Bois, Hassam, Thaxter; through 8/31. • 1014 Madison Ave. (212-535-5767).

★ Knoedler
"Coming to Light," paintings by Avery, Gottlieb, and Rothko that were made during their summers in Provincetown between 1957 and 1961; through 8/15. • 19 E. 70th St. (212-794-0550).

57th Street Area

Ameringer Howard Yohe
"Summer in the City: High in the 60s," paintings by Caro, Frankenthaler, Louis, Noland, Olitski, others; through 9/14. • 20 W. 57th St. (212-445-0051).

Clark
"Blue + White = Radical," contemporary artists interpret the blue-and-white ceramic tradition; through 8/9. • 24 W. 57th St. (212-246-2205).

Cohan
Works by Celmins, Essenhigh, Long, Paine, Smithson, Tomaselli, others; through 8/16. • 41 W. 57th St. (212-755-7171).

Findlay
"Manhattan and Monhegan: A Tale of Two Islands," works by Bellows, Haas, Henri, Poskas, and others that take inspiration from the two islands; through 8/30. • 41 E. 57th St. (212-486-7660).

★ Goodman
Black-and-white photographs from the 1978–1980 work *Makunaima*, by Baumgarten; Polaroid portaits by Hamilton; new etchings by Schütte; painted photographs from the series "Firenze," by Richter; through 8/30. • 24 W. 57th St. (212-977-7160).

St. Etienne
Works by Coe, Darger, Klimt, Moses, Pechstein, Schiele, others; through 9/20. • 24 W. 57th St. (212-245-6734).

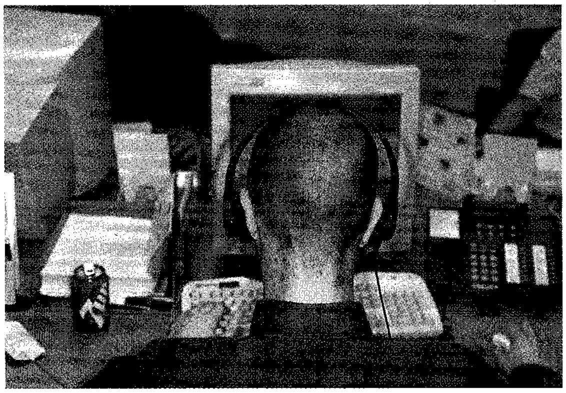
UBS Paine Webber
"Six Continents of Quilts: The American Craft Mu-

Ground Rules Galleries are generally open Tuesday through Saturday, from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6. Stars (★) indicate our editors' recommendations.

Photography

The Drudge Report

At the opposite pole from the usual lighthearted summer gallery fare, the aptly titled **Office Space**, at Janet Borden, offers a varied (but mostly humorous) look at the place many of us would least like to be right now—in color and black-and-white photographs by Lee Friedlander, Lewis Baltz, Cindy Sherman, Tina Barney, Larry Sultan, Martin Parr (pictured, *Untitled*, 1996), Neil Winokur, Sandy Skoglund, Tim Maul, and others. And no, the prints are not thumbtacked to gray-carpet cubicle walls. (Through July 26; see "Photography.")



PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF JANET BORDEN.

seum Collection," an exhibition of quilts from around the world that attempts to redefine the centuries-old tradition of quiltmaking; through 9/13. • 1285 Sixth Ave. (212-713-2885).

Soho and Tribeca

Egizio's Project
"Me and My Friends," new works by Bradley, Cuomo, Mulholland, and Salehi; through 8/2. • 596 Broadway (212-226-8537).

★ Exit Art
"Show People: Downtown Directors and the Play of Time," an exhibition exploring the directorial work of Abdoh, Bogart, Foreman, Monk, Schumann, and Wilson through individual installations; through 8/17. • 548 Broadway (212-966-7745).

Hoffman
Works by Averbuch, Brady, Eddy, Gregory, Halili, Plagens, others; through 8/30. • 429 W. Broadway (212-966-6676).

Pelavin
"Residuum," works that define the absence of people, places, or objects, by Biggs and Cmar, Cox, Griffin, Herzog, Levy, others; through 8/16. • 13 Jay St. (212-925-9424).

Tilton/Kustera
Works by Abaroa, Caesar, Cruzvillegas; through 8/2. • 49 Greene St. (212-941-1775).

Chelsea

Eller
"I Just Can't Pretend," works by Bornstein, Forman, Kelly, Landers, Putnam, Villareal, others; through 8/2. • 526–30 W. 25th St. (212-206-6411).

Fischbach
"Season Ticket," works by Arzt, Drewa, Ferrandini, Keiser, Kraft, Loftus, Saunders, others; through 8/23. • 210 Eleventh Ave. (212-759-2345).

Gagosian
"Monitor, Volume 2," works by Abaroa and Ortiz, Gispert, Jankowski, Ruilova, Staehle, Tandberg, others; through 8/9. • 555 W. 24th St. (212-741-1111).

Gering
Works by Armleder, Deacon, Kauffman, Koons, Opie, others; through 8/30. • 534 W. 22nd St. (646-336-7183).

★ Gladstone
"American Standard: (Para) Normality and Everyday Life," a show organized by Gregory Crewdson of works by artists who combine realism and theatricality, among them Bechtle, Celmins, Currin, Fischl, Gallace, Sherman, Shore, Sugimoto; through 8/16. • Gladstone, 515 W. 24th St. (212-206-9300).

Lehmann Maupin
Works by Ataman, Emin, LaVerdiere, others; through 9/7 (gallery will be open by appointment only in August). • 540 W. 26th St. (212-965-0753)

Lombard-Freid
"Friends and Family," works in a variety of media by friends and family of the gallery's artists and staff; through 7/31. • 531 W. 26th St. (212-967-8040).

★ Marks
"Something, Anything," curated by Nayland Blake and featuring works by European and American artists from several generations, among them Fritsch, Kelley, Marclay, Nadelman, Parsons, Samaras, Westermann; through 8/16. • 522 W. 22nd St. (212-243-0200).

Metro Pictures
Installations by Lawler and Miller, video projection by Simmons; through 9/14. • 519 W. 24th St. (212-206-7100).

Miller
"Free Lemonade," works by Cox, Eberle, Graham, Held, Juarez, Krasner, Mitchell, Snyder, Wilmarth, others; through 8/30. • 524 W. 26th St. (212-366-4774).

Ricco/Maresca
"A Bird Show," birds rendered in a variety of mediums, by Dial, Finster, Hinds Bidaut, Levitt, Martone, Witkin, others; through 8/16. • 529 W. 20th St. (212-627-4819).

★ Rodgers
Sculpture by Dominick, Hegge, Knowlton, Ziegler; through 8/30. • 529 W. 20th St. (212-414-9810).

Senior & Shopmaker
Works by Armajani, Bartos, Lobe, Phelan; through 8/23 • 21 E. 26th St. (212-213-6767).

Snyder
"500 Works on Paper 1922–2002," works by Avery, Bluhm, Fendrich, Putnam, Strzelec, Wheeler, others; through 8/23. • 601 W. 29th St. (212-871-1077).

Other

★ conTEMPorary
"Artchitecture," works by artists, architects, and fashion designers, among them Acconci, Dubbeldam, Kiesler, United Bamboo; through 8/10. • 14 Charles St. (212-807-6669).

Photography

Rufen Afanador
Black-and-white photographs of young matadors from Colombia, Mexico, Peru, and Spain; through 9/14. • Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. (212-223-1059).

★ Borden
"Office Space," photographs of work spaces by Barney, Baltz, Friedlander, Maul, Parr, Skogland, Sherman, Sultan, others; through 7/26. (See box.) • 560 Broadway (212-431-0166).

★ De Lellis
Twentieth-century Italian photographs depicting the bicycle, by Placido Barbieri, Luigi Cavagna, Nino Migliori, Mario Righetti, others; through 8/16. • 47 E. 68th St. (212-327-1482).

★ Ron Galella
Black-and-white photographs of celebrities taken between 1960 and 1965; through 8/2. • Kasmin, 293 Tenth Ave. (212-563-4474).

Greenberg
"Where Is Elvis? (The Man and His Reflection)," photographs of and about Elvis Presley by Eggleston, Lyons, LaChapelle, Withers, others; through 8/3. • 120 Wooster St. (212-224-0010).

★ International Center of Photography
"Manual: Two Worlds, the Collaboration of Ed Hill and Suzanne Bloom." The first survey of the team's 27-year career, including photographs, digital animations, interactive CD-ROM works, and video displays; through 9/1. • "George Tice: Urban Landscapes." A retrospective of the photographer's images of urban and suburban New Jersey landscapes; through 9/1. • "Dust to DNA: Kevin Clarke and Mikey Flowers 9/11." Collaborative photographs documenting the collapse of the World Trade Towers; through 9/1. • 1133 Sixth Ave. (212-857-0045), Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8, Sat. and Sun. 10–6; $9, $6 students and seniors.

Kathleen Johnson
Images captured from below the surface of backyard swimming pools, made with a disposable camera; through 8/9. • Schoormans, 508 W. 26th St. (212-243-3159).

★ Morthland
An exhibition celebrating the publication of Lyle Rexer's new book, *Photography's Antiquarian Avant-Garde—The New Wave in Old Processes* (Abrams), featuring works by Carey, Close, Estrabrook, Hinds Bidaut, Mann, Spagnoli, others; through 8/10. • Morthland, 511 W. 25th St. (212-242-7767).

Jason Oddy
Large-scale color images documenting the American cryonics industry, by a London-based photographer and critic; through 8/9. • Taylor, 535 W. 22nd St. (646-230-0992).

Sebastião Salgado
Photographs documenting the ravages of polio on children and the efforts of organizations to deliver polio vaccine to some of the most conflict-ridden places in the world; through 8/16. • Aperture's Burden Gallery, 20 E. 23rd St. (212-505-5555).

★ Saul
"Into the Woods," photographs on the theme of fairy tales, myths, and fantasy, by Coyne, Cutler, Morrell, O'Reilly, Semmes, Shotz, Wright, others; through 8/16. • 535 W. 22nd St. (212-627-2410).

Stevenson
"Bugs, Weeds, and Zoobabies," images of flora and fauna by Broadfoot, DeCosse, O'Neill; through 8/10. • 338 W. 23rd St. (212-352-0070).

★ George Tice
Black-and-white photographs of scenes in Paterson, New Jersey, some of which were shown in his retrospective at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in 1972, and recent images of Paterson; through 8/2. • Meyerowitz, 580 Broadway (212-625-3434), Wed.–Sat. 11–6.

★ Jerry Uelsmann/Maggie Taylor
Lyrical, often humorous photographs that explore the subconscious by two photographers who use completely different techniques and are also husband and wife; through 8/16. • 20 W. 57th St. (212-397-3930).

Museums

American Craft Museum
★ "Changing Hands: Art Without Reservation." Works in a variety of mediums by 100 established and emerging Native American artists from the Southwest; through 9/20. • "Zero Karats: Jewelry From the Donna Schneier Collection." A collection of jewelry fashioned from nonprecious stones and metals that was donated to the museum by Donna Schneier; through 9/8. • 40 W. 53rd St. (212-956-3535), daily 10–6, Thurs. 10–8 (pay what you wish 6–8); $7.50, $4 students and seniors.

American Folk Art Museum
★ "American Anthem Part II: Masterworks From the American Folk Art Museum." More than 250 objects from the museum's permanent collection, including paintings, sculpture, quilts, furniture, and pottery; through 5/03. • 45 W. 53rd St. (212-977-7170), Tues.-Sun. 10–6 (Fri. to 8); $9, $5 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History
"Baseball As America." A study of how the sport reflects our culture, with more than hundreds of artifacts borrowed from the Hall of Fame; through 8/18. • Central Park West at 79th St. (212-769-5100); daily 10–5:45 (on Fri., Rose Center is open to 8:45 for weekly jazz concerts); $10 suggested contribution, $7.50 students and seniors, $6 children.

Asia Society and Museum
"Banaras: The Luminous City." Nineteenth-century and contemporary photographs of the Indian city; through 8/18. • "Through Afghan Eyes: A Culture in Conflict, 1987–1992." Images by Afghan photographers and cameramen documenting the closing years of Soviet rule and the gradual collapse of civil society in Afghanistan, drawn from the archives of the Afghan Media Resource Center in Peshawar, Pakistan; through 8/11. • 725 Park Ave. (212-288-6400), Tues.-Sun. 11–6 (Fri. 11–9, free admission 6–9); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts
★ "Hungarian Ceramics From the Zsolnay Manufactory, 1853–2001." More than 200 objects and designs created by the well-known factory since its founding; 7/17–10/13. • 18 W. 86th St. (212-501-3000), Tues.-Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. to 8); $3, $2 students and seniors.

Bronx Museum of the Arts
★ "AIM 22." Works by 36 emerging artists who participated in the museum's "Artist in the Marketplace" program; through 10/13. • "The Studio Portrait: A Collaborative Project by Carol Sun." An installation of nineteenth- and twentieth-century photographs of African-Americans from the museum's permanent collection; through 10/13. • "María Elena González: Mnemonic Architecture." A floor installation of white beads arranged to re-create the floor plan of the artist's childhood home in Havana; through 10/13. • 1040 Grand Concourse, the Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. noon–9, Thurs.-Sun. noon–6; $5, $3 students and seniors, Wed. free.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, Smithsonian Institution
★ "Skin: Surface, Substance + Design." A survey of developments in skin technology as seen through examples of recently designed furniture, decorative objects, fashion, and other products; through 9/15. • ★ "Russel Wright: Creating American Lifestyle." A retrospective of the American designer's work, including examples of his dinnerware, furniture, appliances, textiles, and interiors; through 9/15. • 2 E. 91st St. (212-849-8300), Wed.-Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5, Tues. 10–9 (5–9, free admission); $8, $3 students and seniors.

Dahesh Museum of Art
★ "Fire & Ice: Treasures From the Photographic Collection of Frederic Church at Olana." Works by such renowned nineteenth-century photographers as Désiré Charnay, John Moran, Eadweard Muybridge, and Carleton Watkins that were collected by the American landscape painter (1826–1900) and are on loan from Olana, his estate near Hudson, New York, now a historic site; through 8/26. • 601 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. (212-759-0606), Tues.-Sat. 11–6; free.

Drawing Center
★ "Ellsworth Kelly, *Tablet 1948–1973*." One hundred eighty-eight panels that were created by the artist from hundreds of smaller works, such as collages, sketches, and drawings, and served as preliminary concepts for large-scale paintings and sculptures; through 7/24. • "Clarina Bezzola: Fluid." An installation that uses ceramic, metal, and fabric to literally and figuratively forge connections between drawings on the floor and walls; through 7/27. • 35 Wooster St. (212-219-2166), Tues.-Fri. 10–6, Sat. 11–6; donation suggested.

Frick Collection
★ "Greuze the Draftsman." The first exhibition devoted exclusively to the drawings of the eighteenth-century French painter and draftsman (1725–1805), featuring works on loan from numerous American and European museums; through 8/4. • 1 E. 70th St. (212-288-0700); Tues.-Sat. 10–6 (Fri. to 8:45), Sun. 1–6; $10, $5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum
★ "Moving Pictures." Photographs and video works from the seventies to the present, drawn primarily from the museum's collection, by Marina Abramovic, Vito Acconci, Stan Douglas, Andreas Gursky, Bruce Nauman, and others; through 1/12/03. • 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (212-423-3500), Sun.-Wed. 9–6, Fri. and Sat. 9–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $8 students and seniors.

Jewish Museum
★ "New York: Capital of Photography." Color and black-and-white photographs of the city taken over the past century by 60 photographers, among them Abbott, Bourke-White, DeCarava, Evans, Klein, Levitt, Marks, Parks, Plachy, Winogrand; through 9/2. • 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (212-423-3200), Mon., Tues., Wed. 11–5:45; Thurs. 11–8 (Thurs. after 5, pay what you wish), Fri. 11–3, Sun. 10–5:45; $8, $5.50 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art
★ "Thomas Eakins." The first major exhibition of work by the Philadelphia artist (1844–1916) since 1982, including paintings, watercolors, photographs, and sculptures on loan from museums and private collections; through 9/15. • ★ "Gauguin in New York Collections: The Lure of the Exotic." Paintings, sculptures, drawings, ceramics, and prints from all periods of the artist's career, drawn from public and private collections in New York State and including more than 50 works from the museum's own holdings; through 10/20. • "The Age of Impressionism: European Painting From the Ordrupgaard Collection, Copenhagen." Eighty paintings that Danish insurance magnate Wilhelm Hansen (1868–1936) bequeathed to the Danish government, by Edgar Degas, Paul Gauguin, Claude Monet, Camille Pissaro, and others; through 9/8. • ★ "Adrian: American Glamour." Examples of fashion work and costume designs for MGM by the American designer (1903–1959) who dressed Greta Garbo, Katharine Hepburn, Norma Shearer, and others; through 8/18. • ★ "Splendid Isolation: Art of Easter Island." The first American exhibition devoted to the Polynesian art of Easter Island, featuring objects dating from the thirteenth to the nineteenth centuries; through 8/4. • "Klee's Best." A selection of the artist's paintings from the Berggruen Klee Collection, including watercolors he created in Tunisia in 1914 that were instrumental in his path toward abstraction; through 9/8. • 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (212-879-5500); Tues.-Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:30, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $10 contribution, $5 students and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (212-923-3700); Tues.-Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $10, $5 students and seniors.

MoMA QNS
★ "Tempo." Works by 45 artists from Africa, the Americas, Asia, and Europe who address distinct experiences of time, among them Matthew Barney, Martin Creed, Douglas Gordon, Roni Horn, Cildo Meireles, Steven Pippin, and Kim Sooja; through 9/9. • "AUTObodies: speed, sport, transport." A selection of automobiles from the museum's collection, among them Pininfarina's *Cisitalia 202 GT* (1946) and the Jaguar *E-Type Roadster* (1963); through 9/16. • "A Walk Through Astoria and Other Places in Queens: Photograph by Rudy Burckhardt." Two unpublished albums of photographs taken in Queens by the Swiss-born photographer, filmmaker, and painter; through 11/4. • "Projects 76: Francis Alÿs"; through 10/30. • 33rd St. at Queens Blvd., Long Island City (212-708-9400), Thurs.-Mon. 10–5 (Fri. to 7:45); $12, $8.50 students and seniors.

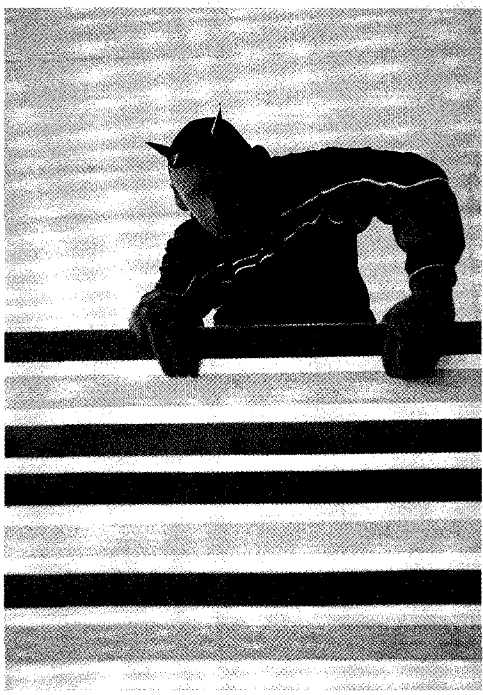
Morgan Library
★ "David to Cézanne: Nineteenth-Century French Drawings." Over 100 drawings by David, Delacroix, Ingres, Prud'hon, Seurat, and other nineteenth-century French artists, from the Morgan's holdings and private collections; through 9/8. • "A Love Affair; Drawings by Al Hirschfeld"; through 9/8. • 29 E. 36th St. (212-685-0008), Tues.-Thurs. 10:30–5, Fri. 10:30–8, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. 12–6; $8, $6 students and seniors.

El Museo del Barrio
★ "Frida Kahlo, Diego Rivera, and Twentieth-Century Mexican Art: The Jacques and Natasha Gelman Collection." A nationally touring exhibition of Mexican modernist art from the collection of the

On View

Under the Volcano

No one ever accused Mexico City of lacking interesting art. Still, viewers may be surprised by the intensity of P.S.1's **Mexico City: An Exhibition About the Exchange Rates of Bodies and Values**, a show of works that reflect the extremes of wealth and poverty and violence and civility that the seventeen participating artists have experienced while living there. Expect, among other offerings, Teresa Margolles's *Vaporization*, an installation of people walking through the mists of disinfected water used to wash corpses in city morgues; Pedro Reyes's domelike sculptures, *Capulas*, constructed from the plastic material used by prisoners to produce shopping bags; and Carlos Amorales's DVD of his dance in a red devil suit to music by Julián Lede (pictured, *We in Flames*, 2000–2001, performance at the Berlin Biennale 2001). (Through September 2; see "Museums.")



PHOTOGRAPH BY JENS LIEBCHEN/COURTESY OF GALERIE MICHELINE SZWAJCER, ANTWERP.

late cinematic mogul and his wife, including works by Carrington, Kahlo, Orozco, Rivera, Siqueiros, others; through 9/8. • 1230 Fifth Ave. (212-831-7272), Wed.-Sun. 11-5; $7, $3 students and seniors (free admission Thurs. from 5-9).

Museum of the City of New York
★ "Richard Rodgers' Broadway." A centennial celebration of the legendary composer's birth, featuring photographs, sheet music, personal items, and ephemera from the museum's Theater Collection; through 1/5/03. • ★ "The Last Days of Penn Station: Photographs by Aaron Rose." The first exhibition of a group of photographs chronicling the destruction of Penn Station that were shot between 1963 and 1966 and only recently printed; through 10/6. ★ "Highlights of Manhattan: The Drawings of E. H. Suydam." Graphite drawings of New York City in the twenties by the American illustrator (1885–1940), all of which were made to illustrate the 1927 travel book *Highlights of Manhattan*; through 9/15. • 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672), Wed.-Sat. 10-5, Sun. 1-5; $5 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors.

Museum of the Fashion Institute of Technology
★ "Herman Landshoff: Photographs." The first full-scale retrospective of work by the German photographer (1905–1986), featuring fashion photography, portraits of famous photographers, and still lifes dating from the forties and fifties; through 7/27. • Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (212-217-7642), Tues.-Fri. noon–8, Sat. 10-5; free.

National Academy of Design
★ "The Artist's Eye: Jane Freilicher as Curator." Works that the painter Jane Freilicher selected from the Academy's permanent collection, by Isabel Bishop, Thomas Eakins, Paul Georges, R. B. Kitaj, and others; through 9/22. • "Transformations: American Paintings From Frederic E. Church to Wayne Thiebaud." Forty-nine well-known paintings from the Academy's collection, including works by Winslow Homer, Reginald Marsh, Philip Pearlstein, George Tooker, and others; through 12/29. • 1083 Fifth Ave. (212-369-4880), Wed. and Thurs. 10-5, Fri., Sat., and Sun. 11-6; $4.50-$8; students and seniors.

National Museum of the American Indian
★ "Great Masters of Mexican Folk Art From the Collection of Fomento Cultural Banamex." Works by contemporary master craft artists from all 31 states of the Mexican Republic; 7/21–3/15. • "Booming Out: Mohawk Ironworkers Build New York." Photographs taken over the past 100 years showing Mohawk ironworkers involved in the construction of the Empire State Building, the George Washington Bridge, Rockefeller Center, and other New York landmarks; through 10/15. • ★ "Spirit Capture: Native Americans and the Photographic Image." Approximately 200 photographs of and by Native Americans, from Frank A. Rinehart's historic images of Geronimo to images of the massacre at Wounded Knee in 1890; through 9/1. • 1 Bowling Green (212-514-3700), 10-5 daily, Thurs. 10-8; free.

Neue Galerie
"New Worlds: German and Austrian Art, 1890–1940." Paintings and drawings by Austrian artists, among them Gustav Klimt, Oskar Kokoschka, and Egon Schiele, and by artists associated with the German movements Brücke, Blaue Reiter, Neue Sachlichkeit, and Bauhaus; through 9/1. • 1048 Fifth Ave. (212-628-6200), Fri. 11-9, Sat., Sun., Mon. 11-6; $10, $7 students and seniors.

New Museum of Contemporary Art
★ "Out of Site." Fictional architectural spaces in a variety of media by sixteen emerging artists, among them Cannon Hudson, Patrick Meagher, Julie Mehretu, and Adam Ross; through 10/13. • "Leah Gilliam: Agenda for a Landscape." An installation transforming the gallery into an abandoned NASA command center; through 9/22. • 583 Broadway (212-219-1222), Tue.-Sun. noon-6, Thurs. noon-8 ($3 admission Thurs. 6-8); $6, $3 artists, students, and seniors.

New-York Historical Society
★ "The Tumultuous Fifties: A View From the New York *Times* Photo Archives." An exhibition of photographs dating from 1896 through the eighties culled from the New York *Times* pictures archives; through 8/14. • ★ "Building on the Flatiron: The Centenary of a New York Icon (1902–2002)." Photographs, drawings, paintings, prints, souvenirs, and ephemera from the society's collection relating to one of New York's oldest and most unusual skyscrapers; through 9/1. • ★ "The Games We Played: American Board and Table Games From the Liman Collection." More than 150 examples of board games dating from the end of the Civil War through the first decade of the twentieth century; through 1/5/03. • 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); Tues.-Sun. 11-6; $5, $3 seniors and children.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center
★ "Mexico City: An Exhibition About the Exchange Rates of Bodies and Values." A survey of work by contemporary artists working in Mexico City, among them Eduardo Abaroa, Carlos Amorales, Miguel Calderón, Gabriel Orozco, and Daniela Rossell; through 9/2. (See box.) • ★ "Al Held." Recent abstract paintings; through 9/8. • ★ "Heart of Gold." Projects on the theme of capitalism by Eleanor Antin, Katrin Asbury, Hope Ginsburg, Anissa Mack, Noah Sheldon, and Peter Walsh; through 9/29. • "Magnus von Plessen: Recent Paintings." Small paintings based on found photographs and the artist's own snapshots; through 9/29. • 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084), Wed.-Sun. noon-6; $5 suggested donation.

Studio Museum in Harlem
★ "The Color Yellow: Beauford Delaney." A survey of paintings by the African-American artist who worked in New York and Paris and was known for his use of the color yellow, which he felt possessed the properties of light, healing, and redemption; through 9/22. (See box.) • "Ironic/Iconic: 2001–2002 Artists-in-Residence." Works by three artists—Kira Lynn Harris, Adia Millet, and Kehinde Wiley—who were invited to participate in the museum's 2001–2002 Artists-in-Residence program; through 9/22. • "Drawings of Removal." An ongoing installation by the Los Angeles-based artist Edgar Arceneaux that deals with personal and social memory and will transform the gallery three times over the summer; through 9/22. 144 W. 125th St. (212-864-4500), Wed., Thurs., Sat., and Sun. noon-6, Fri. noon-8; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art
★ "The Paintings of Joan Mitchell." The first retrospective of the Abstract Expressionist's paintings since her death in 1992; through 9/29 • ★ "Visions From America: Photographs From the Collection of the Whitney Museum of American Art, 1940–2001." More than 150 works dating from 1940 to the present, by Vito Acconci, Diane Arbus, Nancy Burson, Roy DeCarava, William Eggleston, Robert Mapplethorpe, Catherine Opie, Lucas Samaras, and others; through 9/22. • ★ "Oldenburg–Van Bruggen Drawings in the Whitney Museum of American Art." Works on paper by Claes Oldenburg from the past 40 years, including drawings made with his wife and partner, Coosje van Bruggen; through 9/15. • ★ "Jack Goldstein: Films and Performance"; through 9/22. • ★ "Michal Rovner: The Space Between." A mid-career survey of the artist's photographs, works on canvas and paper, and video installations; through 10/20. • 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (212-570-3676); Tues.-Thurs., Sat., Sun. 11-6, Fri. 1-9 (pay what you wish every Fri. 6-9); $12, $9.50 students, seniors, and groups of fifteen or more.

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris
★ "Paul Henry Ramirez: Space Addiction." Large-scale canvas and site-specific paintings, a commissioned sound piece, and specifically designed seating units that turn the gallery into a sensory experience; 7/18–10/11. • ★ "Outer City, Inner Space: Teresita Fernandez, Stephen Hendee, and Esther Partegas." New site-specific sculptural works by three artists who explore architectural and conceptual space; 7/18–1/3/03. • 120 Park Ave. (917-663-2550), Mon.-Fri. 11-6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's
7/17 at 10 and 2: "Fine American Paintings, Drawings, and Sculpture." On view from 7/13. • 20 Rockefeller Plaza (212-636-2000).

Swann Galleries
7/17 at 2: "Shelf Sale." On view from 7/13. • 104 E. 25th St. (212-254-4710).

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Restaurants

Edited by Robin Raisfeld
& Rob Patronite

New and Noteworthy

Alma
A stylish Mexican restaurant on a gritty Carroll Gardens stretch that's fast becoming another Brooklyn restaurant row. Chef Gary Jacobson's (Zarela) menu spans all the requisite spicy stuff—from mashed-to-order guacamole to mole poblano—but emphasizes seafood like striped bass wrapped in hoja santa leaf. Come summer, when the outdoor upper deck is completed, you can dine alfresco with a lovely view of Brooklyn piers and the Manhattan skyline. • 187 Columbia St. (718-643-5400). (M)

★ Atelier
An intriguing diver-scallop-and-bluefin tartare and sensational roasted lobster with artichoke and rhubarb (on the sane $68 prix fixe) show that Gabriel Kreuther (Jean Georges's former chef de cuisine) aspires to the elite of our town's season-driven chefs. His morel soup with favas, peas, and mint oil is spring in a bowl. And tapioca balls in pineapple cream—the daring dessert-before-dessert—almost upstage the grapefruit tart and the rhubarb-strawberry soup with goat-milk sorbet that follow. • 50 Central Park So. (212-521-6125). (E)

The Basil
From the owners of Holy Basil and Little Basil comes this elegant addition to the sprouting chainlet, where higher prices are justified with intricate presentations of such inventive East-West hybrids as a Waldorf-like pomelo salad with coconut-peanut dressing, and a porterhouse steak with sautéed morning glory and galangal-tamarind sauce. Equally impressive is the inspired selection of food-friendly wines at infinitesimal markups—just the thing to wean spicy-food fans off Singha. • 206 W. 23rd St. (212-242-1014). (M–E)

Black Duck
Named for a rum-running boat and owned by a hotel-and-cruise-ship company, this tavernesque restaurant at the Park South Hotel understandably goes overboard on seafood dishes like lobster martini, porcini-and-herb-crusted salmon in pastry, and sushi-style sesame-seared tuna. The "black duck" is pepper-crusted magret cooked with the proprietary house rum. • 122 E. 28th St. (212-204-5240). (M)

Blue Smoke
Danny Meyer, sultan of sophisticated dining, has transformed the former 27 Standard into a much more rough-hewn establishment with a woody barroom full of high-backed booths, a skylit dining room, recession-friendly prices, and, most significant, a pair of Missouri-made pit smokers. The menu goes whole hog, from pulled pork and hot links to baby-back and spare ribs. Meyer clearly plumbed his St. Louis childhood for specialties like toasted ravioli and Fitz's root beer. • 116 E. 27th St. (212-447-7733). (M)

Butter
It's not easy being plump in this vast yawning space full of whisper-thin beauties with shoulders bared and the odd mix of urban louts and aging Lotharios who swim in their wake. Chef Keith Harry (ex-Chanterelle) has more than enough ideas, some quite good: raw hamachi, crisp and spicy black sea bass, and a slightly stingy ration of rare ostrich, in particular. Feast your eyes on a 3-D photo of a forest at one end, the soaring arches above, and witty little illuminated nooks. • 415 Lafayette St. (212-253-2828). (M–E)

Café Lebowitz
Brian McNally's Nolita take on the *fin de siècle* Viennese *kaffeehaus* is more French than Austrian, and more McNally than either. Which is to say, it possesses a crew of impossibly slim belly-baring gamines; a star-studded clientele that included, at one recent brunch, a bespectacled Robert De Niro; and a crowd-pleasing bistro menu of burgers, croques monsieur, and steak-frites, not to mention the spectacular graham-cracker-crusted "Lebowitz cheesecake," named, like the café, in honor of humorist Fran. • 14 Spring St (212-219-2399). (I–M)

Chango
The restaurant monopoly that owns four spots on one block of Park Avenue South—L'Express, Sushi Samba, City Crab, and Duke's—has found another culinary niche to fill. This colorful cantina with swooping dropped-ceiling panels, coyote fencing, and a perimeter of raised booths, aims to be a neighborhood pit stop for tacos, chili-rubbed chicken, and that great social lubricant the frozen margarita. • 239 Park Ave. So., near 20th St. (212-477-1500). (M)

Django
France is the latest culinary destination for the folks who brought us Calle Ocho, Rain, and Union Pacific; they've named their new 250-seat restaurant for the guitarist Django Reinhardt, and endeavored to warm up a midtown office building lobby with tapestry carpets, strands of beads, and a 30-foot antique mirror. To further the Francophile illusion, they've padded the menu with classics from escargots to steak au poivre, and snagged a pastry chef from Jean Georges. • 480 Lexington Ave., at 46th St. (212-871-6600). (M–E)

elmo
Three years after their snazzy remake of Leshko's, its owners have exported their Knoll chairs and retro-mod tendencies to Chelsea, where chef Kevin Reilly cooks in a style he calls "ethnic New York." That means alphabet soup with dilled chicken dumplings and smoked paprika oil, and vegetable lo mein with roasted grapefruit and cashews. That painting above the bar happens to be Ross Bleckner's first commission in a decade. • 156 Seventh Ave., nr. 19th St. (212-337-8000). (M)

Fiamma
This ultrasleek Soho triplex equipped with two bars and a glass elevator shuttling between them is Stephen Hanson's bid for Soho stardom. He's enlisted chef Michael White, a veteran of high-profile kitchens in Chicago and Emilia-Romagna, to mastermind a multiregional modern Italian menu of dishes like pan-roasted sea scallops with crispy artichokes, garganelli with prosciutto ragù, and sheep's-milk-ricotta beignets. • 206 Spring St. (212-653-0100). (E)

Jimmy's Downtown
I'm betting that the low, lean, and sexy intimacy of Jimmy Rodriguez's sequel to Jimmy's Uptown and Jimmy's Bronx Café will lure grown-ups on the prowl to this unlikely eastern shoal of 57th Street. Slither through the all-white, candlelit lounge and settle into a booth out back where servers lyricize over yuca-crusted scallops, a huge juicy pork chop, and luscious grilled sturgeon on creamy avocado mash. And don't leave without indulging in lush coconut flan. • 400 E. 57th St. (212-486-6400). (E)

Kai
Downstairs is the Ito En tea shop; upstairs, an elegant restaurant serving food inspired by *kaiseki*, the Japanese meal served after a tea ceremony. And some of the dishes on the four-level prix fixe dinner menus ($55 to $110) are flavored with the key ingredient including salt-crusted black cod with tea leaves and dill, and green-tea noodles with tofu. Lunch is offered à la carte. • 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (212-988-7277). (E)

Ground Rules These listings are a selective guide to the city's restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. Stars (★) indicate our critics' recommendations. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive; (M) = moderate; (I) = inexpensive. Restaurants listed accept all major credit cards, except where noted; ($) = cash only; "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted card.

OPENINGS

Tea & Tea
The East Village pearl-tea scene heats up with the opening of this luminous dispensary of bubble tea in all its forms, right around the corner from a bustling branch of Saint's Alp. If all those tapioca balls don't fill you up, snack on coconut-buttered toast, roti canai, yakitori chicken, or green-tea noodles. • 157 Second Avenue (212-614-0138). (I)

Kitchenette Uptown
This much roomier spinoff of the venerable TriBeCa comfort-food cottage and its expanded dinner menu might be reasons for the owners to reconsider the "ette" part of the name. But the food and the country-kitchen décor are as small-town quaint as ever. There are peach pancakes, salmon-croquette sandwiches, blue-plate specials, homemade pie, and, as the sign above the café-side counter says, breakfast, served all day. • 1272 Amsterdam Ave., near 123rd St. (212-531-7600). (I–M)

Noche
This Latin-themed nightclub and restaurant was inspired by a popular weekly dance party at the late, lamented Windows on the World, and its design evokes a pre-Castro club with acres of mosaic tile, stained-glass panels, a domed ceiling that changes color, and roving mojito carts. Chef Ramiro Jimenez, late of Chicama, has up his sleeve a Pan-Latino panoply of tamales, enchiladas, seviches, and platters of roast suckling pig and Brazilian barbecued chicken. • 1604 Broadway, at 49th St. (212-541-7070). (M)

NYLA
Restaurateur Bobby Ochs insists this New Orleans-inflected brasserie at the Dylan Hotel isn't a theme restaurant—even though Britney Spears is one of its owners. Please note: Nobody at your table will laugh if you spill your vegetarian hominy stew and say "Oops, I . . . " • 52 E. 41st St. (212-212-682-2860). (M)

Plantain Café
This bare-bones cafeteria-style restaurant has some surprising names attached to it: Former Chicama and Pipa chef de cuisine Raymond Mohan rustles up a steam-table full of greatest-hits Caribbean and Latin specialties including jerk chicken, roti sandwiches, roast suckling pig, mofongo, and unusual breakfast items like a porridge made with plantain flour. Giovanni Campos, a former floor manager at Chicama, works the front of the house, such as it is. • 20 W. 38th St. (212-869-8601). (I)

Supper
Supper is polpettone kingpin Frank Prisinzano's attempt to do for northern-Italian cooking what he's done for southern at his perpetually packed Frank and Lil' Frankie's. The crowded, convivial space is decked out with wooden communal tables, a bustling open kitchen, and floral-pattern plates that evoke Sunday supper at Grandma's house. The real attraction, though, is what's on those plates: an herby minestrone Genovese, perfectly thin veal Milanese, a luscious chocolate-hazelnut custard pudding, a daily risotto, and bollito misto on weekends. • 156 E. 2nd St. (212-477-7600). (I–M)

★ Washington Park
Not since Dolly Levi descended the steps of the Harmonia Gardens has a return to a restaurant been so boisterously chronicled. The reason there is cause for high-kicking and strutting is that rather than bring us back down memory lane, eighties icon Jonathan Waxman reveals that his passion for market produce like dragon beans and ramps and his breezy touch in dropping them in pastas and alongside juicy duck confit is as vital as ever. • 24 Fifth Ave. (212-529-4400). (M–E)

Wondee Siam II
A comparatively posh and fluorescent-free spin-off of the original Wondee takeout joint with 45 seats, linen napkins, a rose on every table, and an expanded menu

of tangy, fiery salads like laab gai (minced chicken with red onion, scallions, chilis, and lime juice), crispy-duck salad with cashews and pineapple, and well-balanced curries from subtly spiced to fierce. • 813 Ninth Ave., near 53rd St. (917-286-1726). (I)

Zutto Sushi & Sake Bar
A cult favorite in Tribeca, where Nobu steals most of the spotlight, this veteran source for stellar sushi spawns its second Greenwich Village branch, this time with a garden. In addition to the classic lineup of teriyaki, negimaki, tempura, and yaki udon, there's the offbeat raw-fish roster, including the Vampire roll (papaya, tuna, and caviar). • 174 Bleecker St. (212-598-4884). (M)

Manhattan

Lower New York

★ Aquagrill
Ever since we tasted chef-owner Jeremy Marshall's inspired falafel-crusted salmon, a naked pink fillet has been tough to swallow. But despite the high level of cooking, an offbeat and well-priced wine list, and unexpected grace notes like a welcoming *amuse-bouche* and complementary petits fours, it's still a rollicking neighborhood spot, where you can park yourself at the lively bar and watch the dexterous oyster shucker in action. • 210 Spring St. (212-274-0505). (M–E)

Delmonico's
Eat with the Big Boys at this sprawling, beautifully restored New York City icon. Start the feast the way Diamond Jim would have, with oysters Rockefeller and clams Casino, and end it with baked Alaska; in between there's lobster Newburg, rack of lamb, and, of course, the classic Delmonico's steak. And don't forget your jacket—or your wallet. • 56 Beaver St. (212-509-1144). (E)

Ecco
Old-world charm, an excellent seasonal antipasto, and classically prepared pastas, veal chops, lobster fra diavolo, and osso buco. Very cozy narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. Live piano music on Friday and Saturday night. • 124 Chambers St. (212-227-7074). (M)

★ The Harrison
With its long, bustling bar, commodious beamy interior, and friendly neighborhood vibe, the Red Cat's Jimmy Bradley and Danny Abrams's new hot spot feels like it's been part of the local landscape for years. There are all sorts of dining options—you can spend a week snarfing the spicy fries—but we like the big dishes best: the crispy chicken served on a fat mattress of scallion mashed potatoes, calf's liver smothered in a sweet sherry sauce, and the house shell steak drizzled with crisps of pancetta. • 355 Greenwich St. (212-274-9310). (M)

★ The Natural Restaurant
There isn't a seafood restaurant in New York with fresher produce than Natural, nor is there anyone around who can fry a fish as greaselessly. Whether it's fragrant fried rice, razor-thin pork chops, lean beef with scallions and oyster mushrooms, or dense and gulp-worthy soups, each dish reminds you that the sludge in the white cardboard container called takeout was never what anybody really wanted, just what we got used to. • 88 Allen St. (212-966-1321). (I–M)

★ Omen
The most singularly uncommon Japanese meal you can clear your senses with is to be found at this rustic home to Kyoto-style country cooking. The food looks coarse—little bowls with mackerel and daikon radish, or a quail egg oozing over a chunk of toro—and the first swallow is likely to be eerie and sharp. But the aftertaste provokes instantaneous acceptance followed by a craving for more. • 113 Thompson St. (212-925-8923). (M–E) AE only

★ Pico
Chef John Villa (JUdson Grill) takes a new old-world approach at Pico, his stylish Portuguese-inspired restaurant in an old Bazzini nut plant in TriBeCa. Proximity to the Hudson befits mostly seafood starters like steamed cockles with fava beans and vinho verde while second courses like spit-roasted suckling pig with a citrus-and-honey glaze marry the rustic with the refined. The blue-and-gold color scheme is not the work of a University of Michigan grad but a tribute to Portugal's ubiquitous palette. • 349 Greenwich St. (212-343-0700). (E)

Opening

Franco-Americana

The Americana, Long Island's glitziest mall, has a Gucci, a Bulgari, and an Hermès—why not a Payard? That seemed to be the thinking behind signing up François Payard to open a suburban outpost of his elegant uptown pâtisserie and bistro on Manhasset's famed Miracle Mile. Outfitted with a 64-seat terrace, a mahogany bar and communal table, and café tabletops made from shredded coconut, **Payard Manhasset** is as sophisticated as its city sister. But in the three weeks he's been open (and reverse-commuting), Payard has come to some disturbing conclusions about his new clientele. "They really don't eat," he says of the shopaholics who cluster on the terrace to revive themselves. "And when they do, they only want chicken." But he's happy to comply with a lighter terrace menu of fruit nectars, refined curried chicken salad, and a high-class turkey-and-Swiss. In time, Payard says optimistically, the locals will surely discover chef de cuisine John Randazzo Jr.'s exquisite seasonal prix fixe menus, his peekytoe-crab salad with tomato-and-zucchini confit, and his lavender-honey-glazed Muscovy duck with baby turnips and beets. Who knows? They might even be tempted to sample the Pont Neufs and chocolate chibousts languishing in the pastry display. Even if it means going up a size or two at Gucci. (2110-C Northern Boulevard, Manhasset; 516-365-1771.)

PHOTOGRAPH BY KENNETH CHEN.

Steamers Landing
Catch a glorious sunset and check out the bustling Battery Park to-and-fro at this casual American seafood restaurant with a 200-seat outdoor terrace alongside the Hudson River. The kitchen's fresh seafood preparations—crab cakes, mussels, and chilled lobster cocktail, plus an eclectic mix of international crowd-pleasers—compete with the view. • Hudson River nr. Liberty St. (212-432-1451). (M)

★ Théo
The vanilla-and-caramel décor is cool but not chilly. Sound levels are buoyant but bearable. The appealing menu—call it international comfort food—doesn't rely on steak-frites to render it affordable. Waiters who are cute enough to intimidate newspaper critics don't forget you. And no velvet rope. Theo is startling because it is so deliberately of the angst-free moment, a hip hangout that instigates no anxiety. • 325 Spring St. (212-414-1344). (M)

Below 14th Street, East

★ Five Points
Every neighborhood needs a place with a good bar, a serious kitchen, and zero pretensions. Noho has one in this Med-American restaurant, where a split log running down the center of the dining room conveys a babbling brook. Zen though that may sound, chef Marc Meyer's hearty cooking is bold and passionate. Duck-and-foie gras sausage and wood-oven-roasted Magret duck show enough spikiness to make you look down and go "hmmm" before you go back to the conversation. • 31 Great Jones St. (212-253-5700). (M)

★ Il Bagatto
Though so dark the menu can hardly be read and so deliriously energized you'd best be in the mood for a nonvintage bottle of red, Il Bagatto piles on super pastas, salads, and antipasti as full of sharp left hooks as that wine and as cheap as the hangover you'll have tomorrow. • 192 E. 2nd St. (212-228-0977). (I–M)

★ Jewel Bako
The façade of this tiny East Village jewel box of a restaurant references those forbidding midtown restaurant-cum-clubs with Japanese-only clientele, but the welcome from owner Jack Lamb and his wife, Grace, couldn't be warmer. The snug 24-seat dining room is clad in dramatic bamboo arches that lead back to the six-seat sushi bar, where the sushi chef reigns over a piscatory realm of rarities like Japanese spotted sardines and ark-shell clams. • 239 E. 5th St. (212-979-1012). (M–E)

Le Souk
On a rapidly gentrifying Alphabet City block, two Egyptian brothers have carved out their own North African niche and accessorized it with Moroccan tile, glowing lanterns, and a weatherproofed garden. A Moroccan chef oversees a menu of assorted tajines and couscous, and meze like grilled octopus. Linger long enough to smoke a hookah and admire the belly dancer. • 47 Ave. B (212-777-5454). (I–M)

Osso Buco
Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village

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corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. • 88 University Pl. (212-645-4525). Also, 1662 Third Ave., at 93rd St. (426-5422). (M)

★ Prune
There's not a wrinkled plum in sight. But chef Gabrielle Hamilton's childhood nickname indicates the sort of unpretentious home cooking at which she excels, a grab bag of eccentric, multicultural influences that is, at heart, American—as any place whose bar menu includes Triscuits and sardines alongside serrano ham with fresh figs must be. The menu gives as prominent placement to vegetables like creamed corn and roasted beets as to entrées like pastrami duck breast with a rye-flavored, fried-shallot omelet. An inspired brunch menu outdoes even dinner for sheer quirky genius and originality. • 54 E. 1st St. (212-677-6221). (M)

★ Strip House
The Glazier Group and chef David Walzog, the same team responsible for Michael Jordan's steakhouse and our slightly lower life expectancy, take a Gallic approach to the New York steakhouse with starters like a five-ounce foie gras torchon and sides like goose-fat potatoes and truffled cream spinach. (Try ordering that at Gallagher's.) Meanwhile, designer David Rockwell has given the space a saucy new look to go with its naughty new name. • 13 E. 12th St. (212-328-0000). (M–E)

Below 14th Street, West

Alfama
The family-reunion feel of the welcome you receive when you set foot inside this cozy corner of Portugal in the Village sets the mood. And chef Carmen Santos, a onetime fado singer, seals the deal with authentic dishes like a luscious seafood mariscada, codfish soufflé, and an oddly delicious shellfish bread pudding with tiger prawns. Bonus points for an interesting Portuguese wine list and live fado music on Wednesdays. • 551 Hudson St. (212-645-2500). (M–E)

★ Babbo
Ever try goat cheese tortellini dusted in dried orange and wild fennel pollen? Or spicy lamb sausage romanced by mint love letters and a paste of sweet peas? Get ready to crave them. Mario Batali's original yet airy Italian cooking will stun, fool, bewitch, and ultimately obsess you. Just get it together to make another reservation before you leave. • 110 Waverly Pl. (212-777-0303). (E)

Burrito Loco
The house burrito comes with three sauces and a choice of beef, pork, or chicken. There's a rendition stuffed with roasted lamb and lots of vegetarian options. And even though it could probably survive just by serving the hordes of marauding college students nachos and tacos, the festive cantina keeps things interesting with cactus salad and shrimp seviche. • 166 W. 4th St. (212-675-1977). (I–M)

★ Isla
With its cool-blue Formica tabletops, Miami Beach tile, and white Naugahyde booths, Isla is Diane Ghioto's sexily lit invocation of fifties Havana. Good-looking and savvy scenesters share the seviche sampler, the mussels perfumed with smoked tomato and garlic chips, seafood paellita, or a mammoth stuffed pork chop with sour-orange mojo. • 39 Downing St. (212-352-2822). (M–E)

★ Meet
With a name that plays on its increasingly trendy location, this onetime meat locker is now inhabited by a D.J. booth, an illuminated catwalk, ostrich-leather banquettes, coconut-wood tables, and, according to consulting master Tin Sun, fine feng shui. Plus a menu that hits all the right contemporary notes, from dorade stacked on warm fennel shavings to white-chocolate ice-cream sandwiches. Next door, Meet Café features panini, crostini, and pizzette. • 71-73 Gansevoort St. (212-242-0990). (M–E)

★ Pearl Oyster Bar
Milos may have a fish display as big as this joint's entire counter, but nothing can match this kitchen's preparatory skills. Keep your elbows in and your chin down, all the better to acknowledge a clam chowder revved up with bacon, mussels in mustard cream, and a nutty grilled pompano in herbs. • 18 Cornelia St. (212-691-8211). (M)

Tio Pepe
Can't decide between Mexican and Spanish? This Greenwich Village kitchen has been doling out both for over three decades, and to judge by the liquor supply, the bar's been stocking a new brand of tequila every year. That sort of variety contributes to the general merriment, as do a heaping paella Valenciana and bicultural tapas like garlic shrimp and nachos, which many seem to enjoy in the skylit garden room. • 168 W. 4th St. (212-242-9338). (I–M)

Villa Mosconi
Traditional Northern Italian home cooking in the heart of Greenwich Village. A year-round backyard garden is available for private parties. • 69 MacDougal St. (212-673-0390). (M)

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

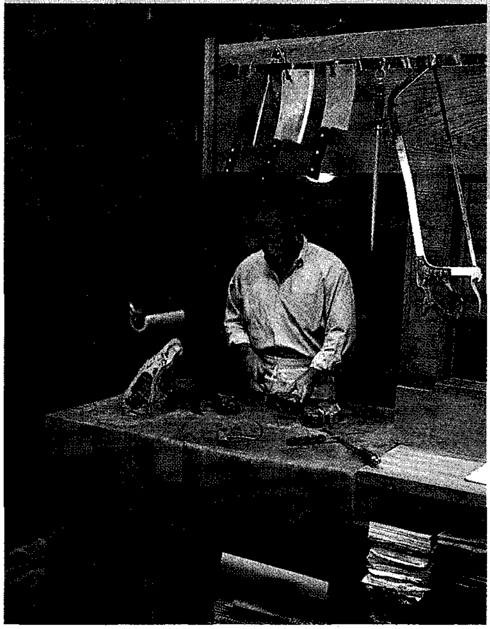
★ Artisanal
If cheese is a religion, this is its bustling, Balthazar-gone-midtown house of worship. After an olfactory assault at the door, where you're hit with the pungent aroma of Muenster, Taleggio, and 200 other varieties aging gracefully in the boutique cheese cave, indulge in full-fromage festivities from appetizer (raclette pizza) to dessert (a splendid tarte Tatin with a cheese-infused crust.) If you manage to resist a dozen different fondues, there's a full menu of bistro classics like braised lamb shank, boudin blanc, and cassoulet. • 2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (212-725-8585). (M–E)

Bambou
A hint of the tropics on 14th Street: ambitiously nouvelle renderings of Caribbean cuisine, like crab cakes with avocado and molasses or eggplant soup with coconut and curry amid a relaxing, palm-fronded bar and dining room. • 243 E. 14th St. (212-358-0012). (M)

Shopping

Australian for Beef

We're not sure if the Australian-raised cattle that are the source for Lobel's new **Wagyu beef** (the same breed responsible for those $300-per-pound Kobe steaks) have been massaged daily and fed a steady diet of Foster's lager, but we can say that they must have been well looked after. At a recent Wagyu strip-steak taste test, the words "foie-gras-ish," "sushilike," and, yes, "like butter" were bandied about freely to describe the highly marbled, exquisitely tender, and flavorful beef. The hand-cut steaks and roasts (variously priced, but generally about $100 per pound) are available at lobels.com and shipped fresh overnight, or by special order at Lobel's (1096 Madison Avenue, at 82nd Street; 212-737-1372) or its brand-new Hamptons satellite, the butcher counter at East Hampton's Red Horse Market.



Candela
These vast premises have been decorated with mission-style furniture, iron sconces, and what seems like a thousand votive candles. Chef Joseph Macri's New American menu features signature dishes like the Candela seafood platter, miso-glazed black cod, and Asian barbecued pork chop. The Sunday brunch costs $10.95, prix fixe. • 116 E. 16th St. (212-254-1600). (M)

★ Chicama
Douglas Rodriguez is so disarmingly inventive that he could serve his spectacular seviches, his drippingly seductive goat stew, and his daunting suckling pig from a lean-to in Union Square, and there'd be no room left for the other vendors. Instead, he inhabits a rustic dream hut that takes you somewhere north of Brazil, east of Mardi Gras, and south of Heaven. • 35 E. 18th St. (212-505-2233). (M–E)

Heartland Brewery
A rollicking brewpub with a lively outdoor café. Accompany your choice of microbrew with stout-battered onion rings, a buffalo burger, or sesame-crusted ahi tuna. The beer-weary can sample from the city's largest selection of tequilas and single-malt scotches. • 35 Union Square W. (212-645-3400). Also, 1285 Sixth Ave., at 51st St. (582-8244). (I–M)

Metronome
This lofty Flatiron space is well suited to private functions, but even the lone diner will find the Deco design welcoming and the food—riffs on a Mediterranean theme like "pinchos" of vegetables with roasted ricotta salata, and ribeye of lamb—satisfying. Live jazz performed Wednesday through Saturday. • 915 Broadway, at 21st St. (212-505-7400). (M)

★ Picasso Cafe
Chef-owner Michele Colonna's pizza has cultivated a loyal following including connoisseurs like Jim Lahey, owner of Sullivan Street Bakery—and it's no wonder: His pies are superbly charred, ultra-thin-crusted gems arrayed with homemade mozzarella, a mildly sweet tomato sauce, and the perfect ratio of toppings to crust. There's also a growing fan base for his bruschetta heaped with arugula and ripe tomato, hefty sandwiches on freshly baked focaccia, pasta, and entrées like grilled lamb chops. • 43 E. 29th St. (212-696-4488). (I–M)

Rodeo Bar & Grill
This place bills itself as "the longest-running honky-tonk in New York," attracting bikers, families, and music-industry insiders. Try the house-smoked baby back ribs, bison burgers, and Santa Fe hand rolls, or just grab a drink at the horse trailer that's been converted into a bar. • 375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (212-683-6500). (I)

TanDa
Another Park Avenue South restaurant-lounge, this one from a few survivors of the original Moomba, and featuring Hong Kong chef Stanley Wong's Southeast Asian fare. Tan Da was a Vietnamese poet who wrote,

PHOTOGRAPH BY KENNETH CHEN.

“Food and wine are the essence of life.” The corresponding significance of lounges and D.J.’s eluded him, but it’s a safe bet that the owners of TanDa won’t make the same mistake. • 331 Park Ave. S. (212-253-8400). (M–E)

★ Union Pacific
A dramatic otherworldly rain-forest setting is a fitting stage for Rocco DiSpirito’s wildly inventive, wonderfully weird cooking. Sweet, small scallops nuzzled in their shells by blobs of sea urchin with an essence of tomato, mustard oil, mirin, and black mustard. Halibut braised in goose fat with ginger jus and shallot cracklings. Mango and papaya carpaccio with pineapple sherbet and candied cilantro. In less capable hands, mad delusions; in DiSpirito’s, pure genius. • 111 E. 22nd St. (212-995-8500). (E)

★ Union Square Cafe
Nowhere else are uncommon combinations such as rhubarb-blood-orange chutney and wasabi mashed potatoes so seamlessly incorporated into dishes. Surprisingly, vegetarians will eat better here than at any of their hallowed haunts. The bar is a great place to lunch solo. And the devil’s food truffle with chocolate sauce can make you act the fool. • 21 E. 16th St. (212-243-4020). (M–E)

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

★ Above
Don’t be discouraged by the proletarian to-’n’-fro of 42nd Street. A sophisticated and handsomely designed hideaway waits in the twenty-first-floor lobby of the Times Square Hilton, and so does Galveston lobster chili, a classic Caesar, butter-poached Maine lobster, and a $23 burger. • 234 W. 42nd St. (212-642-2626). (E)

Arno
Garment district bigwigs and pre-Garden revelers flock to this lively, upscale northern Italian restaurant. Try reliable classics like veal scaloppine and red snapper sautéed with shrimp and clams, garlic, and white wine. • 141 W. 38th St. (212-944-7420). (M–E)

★ AZ
If you think Pan-Asian fusion is so last decade, make haste to the Flatiron triplex that used to be Flowers, remade with a glass elevator and retractable roof and now home to chef Patricia Yeo and her inspired culinary inventions. What works? A trio of sensational chutneys on Indian flatbread, and lapsang souchon–smoked quail with scallion pancakes, for starters. • 21 W. 17th St. (212-691-8888). (E)

★ Ilo
Though its neutral, geometric décor may appear too understated to crest the torrential wave of hotel restaurants, Ilo makes the rest of them seem like washouts. Chef-owner Rick Laakkonen’s charms and talents are many: a rich lemon-thyme-scented ragout of octopus and Manila clams; pan-roasted rabbit with olives and oregano; grilled quail devilishly grounded by white hominy; and a gloriously simple roasted duck that will make you consider taking up residence at the Bryant Park. • 40 W. 40th St. (212-642-2255). (E)

★ Maroons
Ooooh, baby! Do they got attitude. But ooooh, baby! Do they got fried chicken and ribs to die for, pepper-pot soup worth slurping all over your tie, the only fried green tomatoes to ever convince a Yankee why they’re worth craving, the most potent, puckering margarita in town, and a red-velvet cake that provides a sugar rush so intense you shouldn’t leave the place unescorted. • 244 W. 16th St. (212-206-8640). (M)

Slate
Even if pool isn’t your game, you might be willing to brave this hall’s not exactly tony crowd, giant TVs, and techno throb—not to mention big guys wielding big sticks—for a crack at some delectable comfort food. The big cheese-and-mushroom-stuffed burger alone is worth crossing this cultural divide, and the chewy rare hanger steak is remarkable. • 54 W. 21st St. (212-989-0096). (M)

World Yacht Dining Cruises
Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—and sup on a selection from the “Best of New York” menu: featuring dishes based on recipes from the Sea Grill’s Ed Brown and Aquavit’s Marcus Samuelsson among others. Jacket required. • Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (212-630-8100). (E)

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

★ Avra
Just as they are uptown at sister restaurant Trata, Fulton Street–fresh whole fish are priced by the pound and described on the menu like wines. Barbounia, for example, is a “Mediterranean delicacy that tends to be bony but flavorful.” Elsewhere on the menu, spinach pie goes Gallic as spanakopita napoleon and grape leaves get an unexpected stuffing of raw salmon, tuna, and cucumber. • 141 E. 48th St. (212-759-8550). (M–E)

★ D’Artagnan, The Rotisserie
After fifteen years of selling foie gras and game to restaurants, D’Artagnan has opened its own: a narrow, high-ceilinged duplex countrified with tiled floors, rough ocher walls, a communal table, and Basque linens. Besides the signature terrines and charcuterie, there’s seriously rib-sticking Gascon fare like cassoulet, spit-roasted free-range chicken, and “la garbure et son chabrot,” a duck-confit soup dense enough to be eaten with a fork—or drunk in the true Gascon style, directly from the bowl. • 152 E. 46th St. (212-687-0300). (M–E)

Divine Bar
This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can often be found unwinding. • 244 E. 51st St. (212-319-9463). Also, 55 Liberty St., second fl. (791-9463). (I–M)

★ The Four Seasons
They’re still the most perfect dining rooms in town. Happily, the owners sensed how marvelous it would be if the food matched the peerless design. They’ve radically altered an expensive menu to be more inventive, more seasoned, more current, and worth the bucks. The power lunchers may ignore what’s on their plates, but the rest of us won’t. • 99 E. 52nd St. (212-754-9494). (E)

Haru
Haru means “spring” in Japanese, and the design theme at this fourth and funkiest Manhattan branch of the Haru chainlet is man-made nature, from the digital-photomural-of-grass floor to the robotic fish in the aquariums over the bar. The menu features all the usual suspects, plus fusion fare like a strip steak with wasabi croquette, spicy shallots, and ginger sauce. • 280 Park Ave., nr. 48th St. (212-490-9680). (M)

★ Kuruma Zushi
Nobu and Bondst might draw celebrity sushi fans, but this is where you’ll find the true fanatics, willing to squander their savings on superlatively fresh sushi and sashimi in nondescript surroundings one flight above a midtown side street. Cognoscenti put themselves and their taste buds in the nimble hands of the sushi chef, who amazes with imported treasures like Japanese aji, sea eel, and prawn-Kuruma ebi. • 7 E. 47th St. (212-317-2802). (E)

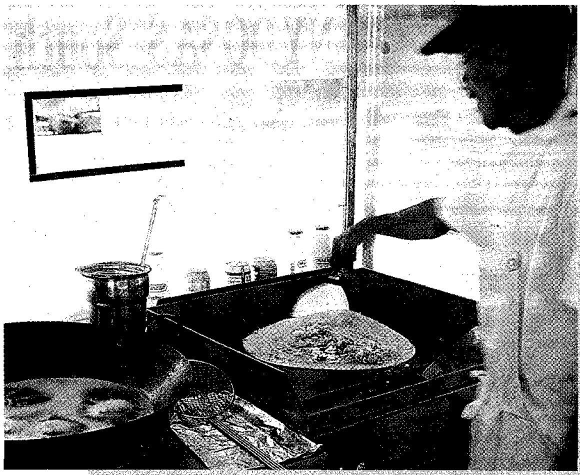
★ Maloney & Porcelli
Maloney & Porcelli claims it isn’t a steakhouse, but the tide of pinstripe and hunks of food suggest otherwise. The best meat dish, though, isn’t steak but a mammoth “crackling” pork shank—which arrives with a steak knife thrust deep into it—and the service couldn’t be nicer. • 37 E. 50th St. (212-750-2233). (E)

Montebello
Upscale northern Italian fare, especially affordable in the four-course pretheater menu. Specialties include angel’s-hair pasta with fresh tomato and basil, and shrimp sautéed with cognac, broccoli, and red peppers. Private party room available. • 120 E. 56th St. (212-753-1447). (M)

Nino’s Positano
Upscale Italian specializing in food from the south, Positano in particular. Pastas range from the simple (fusilli with tomato-basil sauce) to the more complex (cognac-infused seafood risotto), and main courses traverse similar territory. • 890 Second Ave., nr. 47th St. (212-355-5540). (M)

Olica
The sleek space that was formerly L’Actuel has reopened with a rejiggered menu and a new design incorporating sheer fabrics, earth tones, and light fixtures made from New Mexican twigs. Happily, L’Actuel’s tart flambée is still available in all its bacony glory, and so are some signature dishes from the owners’ first restaurant, the late Destinée, which closed after a fire. • 145 E. 50th St. (212-583-0001). (M–E)

Smith & Wollensky
Urban cowboys herd together over big steaks with knives to match at impresario Alan Stillman’s signature chophouse. The place has that landmark-steakhouse look—bare oak floors, a raffish air, and bustling waiters wearing service stars. There’s surf and turf aplenty, improvisations at lunch, and an enviable wine cellar. • 797 Third Ave., at 49th St. (212-753-1530). (M–E)



Takeout

Hutt Two

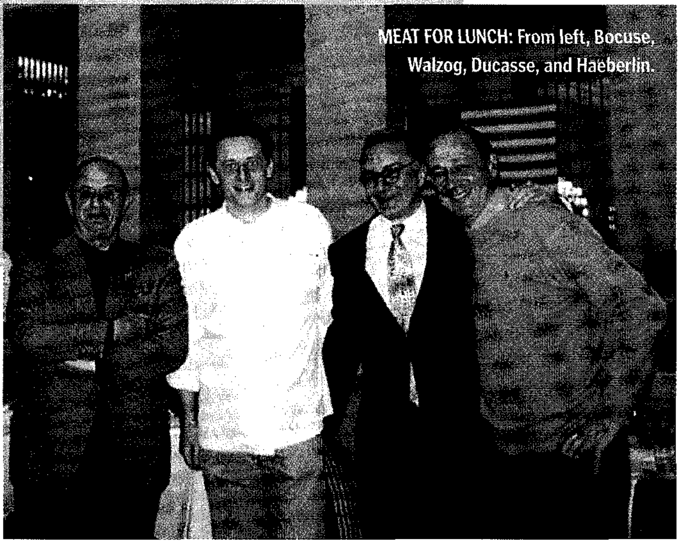
Thiru Kumar spent three years navigating the city bureaucracy, filling out reams of paperwork, and custom-building a cart to his exacting specifications before he finally opened **NY Dosas**, the vegetarian, chili-spiked alternative to stale pretzels and waterlogged Sabrett’s. As chef at Flushing’s Dosa Hutt, the Sri Lankan–born Kumar mastered the art of cooking dosas, idly, and uthappam, the South Indian crêpes and pancakes made from fermented rice and lentil flours and served with coconut chutney and incendiary sambal. Now he spends his mornings in a Queens kitchen preparing the batters and chopping vegetables before claiming his hard-won turf on the south side of Washington Square Park, near the intersection of Sullivan and West 4th Streets. Everything is cooked to order and takes time, but with 24-hour notice, Kumar (reachable at 917-710-2092) can accommodate large groups of ravenous vegetarians craving his ten kinds of dosas, Singapore fried vegetable noodles, or a single can of guava juice. And nothing costs more than $5.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CARINA SALVI.

Ask Gael

Where do you take Paul Bocuse for lunch?

When the mythic toque of Lyon hits our town, he's got Peter Luger on his mind. I am eager to expand his universe. I lead the Great Bocuse and a huddle of Michelin-starry pals (Marc Haeberlin of Auberge de l'Ill and Alain Ducasse among them) to **Michael Jordan's The Steak House N.Y.C.**, where I've never cut into a hunk of cow that was less than great. Sure enough, the French troop is properly impressed by the majestic sweep of Grand Central, the garlicky bread in gorgonzola fondue (easy to copy, they agree), lush Caesar salads and chowder, the hash browns, and creamed spinach. A mountain of outsize onion rings quickly vanishes. I order my classic New York sirloin rare (what else?). But for my guests, it's giant, fatty rib eyes all round—*rosé*. What? With some weird Gallic myopia they insist: medium. Well, I do believe Paul is pleased. His cronies stop to snap themselves with executive chef David Walzog, and exit with signed menus. (23 Vanderbilt Avenue; 212-655-2300.)



MEAT FOR LUNCH: From left, Bocuse, Walzog, Ducasse, and Haeberlin.

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne
Maybe you're not an out-of-towner on a spending spree, but you can pretend to be at this posh hotel restaurant. Chef Oliver Dudler's modern French menu changes seasonally, and incorporates to-be-expected luxury ingredients like lobster (in a salad with braised mango), foie gras (with beet sorbet), and roasted Colorado rack of lamb. The $50 prix fixe dinner is a (relative) steal. • 700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula (212-903-3918). (M–E)

★ Baldoria
Everyone at Frank Pellegrino Jr.'s Baldoria toils to make sure customers stay happy enough to sing along with Jimmy Roselli on the jukebox. There's luscious veal scaloppine, aromatic spaghetti with clams, a raw bar upstairs, and best of all, 136 seats. So, if you still can't get into Rao's—Junior's father's legendary celebrity hangout—now you don't have to. • 249 W. 49th St. (212-582-0460). (E)

Ben Benson's Steak House
This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. At a time when steakhouses were famous for rudeness and hauteur, Benson's made a point of homeyness. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but there's a weatherproofed "front porch" and a dining room devoted entirely to the assiduous consumption of prime aged beef. • 123 W. 52nd St. (212-581-8888). (E)

Benihana
Long before *Iron Chef* taught us just how quick-handed knife-wielding Japanese cooks can be, there were the tableside cooking shows that are still the main draw at this teppanyaki steakhouse. Kids, of course, love it. • 47 W. 56th St. (212-581-0930). (E)

★ Blue Fin
How can you tell you're in a W hotel? The striking design; the Rande Gerber bar; and the upscale restaurant, like this stylish seafood house at the W Times Square. It's smart. It's handsome. Fiercely noisy with jazz to boot. Chef Paul Sale scores with splendid goat-cheese-and-beet salad, a superior crab cake with celery-root salad, and a silken, often luminous way with fish, plus sushi to match any vowel-ending raw-fish bar in town. • 1567 Broadway, at 47th St. (212-918-1400). (M–E)

Cascina
The communal farmhouse tables and equally rustic house wines, imported from the owner's northern Italian vineyard, conspire to make this trattoria feel more Tuscan countryside than Hell's Kitchen storefront. Beyond lasagne and minestrone, the menu surprises with dishes like rabbit casserole in a bread crust, barbecued veal ribs, and whole-wheat pizza with smoked salmon and cream cheese. • 647 Ninth Ave., nr. 45th St. (212-245-4422). (M)

Cité
Ambassador of beef Alan Stillman cops a French accent at this soaring midtown steakhouse known for its wine dinners. Meat is just the hard core of the menu, a document that also includes pan-roasted salmon "choucroute," grilled chicken merguez sausage, and desserts big enough for two or more to share. For more casual dining, try the Cité Grill next door. • 120 W. 51st St. (212-956-7100). (M–E)

Da Rosina
Those with curtains to make and bellies to fill find just what they're looking for in this Restaurant Row standby, a reliable source for homemade pasta, chicken and veal cutlets every which way, and Italian classics from fried clams to tirami su. A $22 prix fixe dinner and $13.95 lunch make it easy to splurge on affordable indulgences like spicy lobster frutti di mare and broiled sirloin steak. • 342 W. 46th St. (212-977-7373). (M)

★ DB Bistro Moderne
Daniel Boulud's latest venture is supposed to be an homage to the simple bistro foods of his youth, but the great chef can't help making things fancy. Take boeuf en gêlée, which Chef Boulud coats with sweet horseradish cream and serves in a dainty parfait glass. Or the $29 "DB Burger," leavened with foie gras and short ribs and a silver cup of pommes soufflés on the side. The space can feel a little hectic around theater time, but elbow your way in if you can. • 55 W. 44th St. (212-391-2400). (E)

★ Del Frisco's
Want to see what mahogany fashioned by testosterone looks like? This is without question the most urbane steakhouse you will ever see, its meat locker filled with terrific beef. From the usually overrated filet mignon, whose buttery blandness gets surmounted by a brash pepper-splattered crust, to the superb 26-ounce "double eagle" strip, Del Frisco's is a silverware-clanking crowd pleaser. • 1221 Sixth Ave., at 49th St. (212-575-5129). (E)

★ Grand Sichuan Int'l Midtown
Each successive branch of this Szechuan chainlet has become progressively glitzier, culminating in this location's chandeliers and wall-to-wall carpeting. What separates this one from the kung pao pack is menu oddities like the eight dishes inspired by a Chinese TV show and a super-spicy category called "Mao's home cooking." (The chairman liked his chili peppers.) • 745 Ninth Ave., nr. 50th St. (212-582-2288). (I)

Haru
This branch of the stylish, popular Japanese mini-chain, like the others, specializes in fresh, oversize sushi, fifteen house sauces, plus fusion fare like a strip steak with wasabi croquette, spicy shallots, and ginger sauce. Natural wood tones and a wall of tree branches separating the dining room from the sushi bar brings a little serenity to Times Square. • 205 W. 43rd St. (212-398-9810). (M)

Heartland Brewery & Chop House
With hefty hunks of prime aged beef, braised buffalo short ribs, and lobster-and-crab-stuffed ravioli, this branch of the popular brewpub chain is clearly the most culinarily ambitious. But the mood is still mellow, especially at the bar, a rare, comfortable Times Square spot to toss back some of the terrific hand-crafted brews or try the $23.95 pre-theater menu on the way to a show. Private rooms are available for special events. • 127 W. 43rd St. (646-366-0235). (M–E)

Johnnie's Italian
This old-world Italian restaurant has been a midtown fixture for over four decades. The menu runs the gamut from basic pastas to chicken, veal, and seafood dishes; the $14.95 dinner special is a particularly good deal. • 135 W. 45th St. (212-869-5565). (I–M)

★ Le Madeleine
Don't sulk if you can't get into Esca across the street: This venerable bistro's gone modern under chef Bruce Beaty (whose lively flavors reflect stints with Alfred Portale and Gilbert LeCoze). We feel miles from Ninth Avenue in the quirky all-weather garden, sharing grilled lamb sausage and splendid yellowfin tartare. Lemon custard seals the deal. Grab a honey madeleine and catch that curtain. • 403 W. 43rd St. (212-246-2993). (M)

★ Marseille
Named for the gritty, industrial port city, this Hell's Kitchen kitchen imbues the Film Center Building with a Casablanca-era French-Moroccan feel, replete with tile floor and zinc bar, but no piano. Chef Alex Ureña, late of Blue Hill, traverses the Mediterranean for stuffed zucchini blossoms, mussel bruschetta, rock-shrimp falafel, and the inevitable bouillabaisse. • 630 Ninth Ave., at 44th St. (212-333-3410). (M)

Martini's
Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing sidewalk café and rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. • 810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (212-767-1717). (M)

Pierre au Tunnel
Traditional French cuisine, served in thoroughly charming and comfortable surroundings. • 250 W. 47th St. (212-575-1220). (M)

Pig and Whistle
A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. • 165 W. 47th St. (212-302-0112). Also, 922 Third Ave., nr. 55th St. (688-4646). (M)

St. Andrews
In what might be New York's only full-fledged Scot-

tish restaurant, the bartenders wear kilts, the scotch is single-malt, and the décor revolves around pictures of famous golf courses. The hearty steak-and-seafood menu features rack of lamb and brook trout stuffed with crabmeat and Irish oatmeal in a scotch-whiskey sauce. • 120 W. 44th St. (212-840-8413). (I-M)

★ Town
A delightful sensation takes over the moment you descend into Town—that all too infrequent feeling when you know you're going to be glad you came. From a front desk actually focused on you to a room aglow in plush, sleek romanticism, Town revels in being all grown up. But the real forte is chef-owner Geoffrey Zakarian, who prepares subtle, sophisticated dishes like tuna in ramp-and-sea-urchin sauce, and duck steak with buckwheat pilaf. • 15 W. 56th St. (212-582-4445). (M-E)

Trattoria Dopo Teatro
Famous for its signature open ravioli of lobster and lamb, the menu also offers an across-the-board selection of regional Italian specialties. The dining room is decorated with Italian cinema stills and single-minded connoisseurs, and private parties can pursue their passions in the wine room, the grappa room, or the cigar lounge. • 125 W. 44th St. (212-869-2849). (M)

Tuscan Square
Pino Luongo's most ambitious project yet, this Rockefeller Center paean to all things Tuscan combines a rustic dining room with a downstairs marketplace complex of salad, sandwich, and pasta stations, plus a bakery and espresso bar. Chef Steven Petrecca's Tuscan menu offers such enticing entrées as fettuccine with veal-and-sage ragu and a rib-eye steak with sautéed broccoli rabe. • 16 W. 51st St. (212-977-7777). (M-E)

57th–60th Streets

★ Alain Ducasse at the Essex House
The epitome of posh, from the decorous welcome to the postprandial lollipop cart, Ducasse's American outpost has found its groove. And even if a $160 dinner doesn't become a weekly habit, the extravagantly Art Deco cocoon of a room should be experienced at least once, as should the obsessively seasonal menus, the cheese course, and the high-concept wine list. The twice-weekly $65 lunch is, relatively speaking, a steal. • 155 W. 58th St. (212-265-7300). (E)

Dawat
You can't miss with tandoori—cooked before your eyes in the big ovens in the back—or with any of the more unusual regional specials. Actress and cookbook author Madhur Jaffrey supervises the very popular and wide-ranging menu. • 210 E. 58th St. (212-355-7555). (M)

The Manhattan Ocean Club
Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics. A pictorial menu features a dozen or so smiley-faced fish. Preparations range from classic (Dover sole meunière) to creative (grouper with roasted pineapple and black peppercorns). Or have the chef prepare your fish any way you like. • 57 W. 58th St. (212-371-7777). (E)

★ March
Expanded seating and a rooftop terrace aren't the only new developments in this ultraromantic Sutton Place townhouse. Co-owner–chef Wayne Nish has shed his obsession with Japan and found a new exuberance with a little more cream and butter. The tasting menu begins in a truffly, buttery haze of vegetable fricassee, then segues into the tenderest Muscat-scented lobster on lobster polenta and the amazingly moist chicken in spice-mulled pear cider, before climaxing in wonderfully rustic lamb shoulder with fennel purée and an acid hit of preserved fennel. Don't forgo dessert. • 405 E. 58th St. (212-754-6272). (E)

★ Norma's
Anyone who equates French toast or biscuits with Mom and unconditional love might agree that the Parker Meridien's spiffy Norma's, with its exuberant all-day breakfast, is worthy of an award. Pancakes by a mom on Prozac. Complimentary fruit-smoothie shots and a duo of croissants oozing smoked-salmon-flecked scrambled eggs. If there really can be too much of a good thing, then breakfast here ought to be against the law. • 118 W. 57th St. (212-708-7460). (M)

ONEc.p.s.
Alan Stillman, along with executive chef David Burke and designer Adam Tihany, has rewired the Plaza's Edwardian Room. Tihany has colored the oaken walls caramel and put huge scarlet lampshades on the chandeliers, and the irrepressible Burke has concocted a whimsical menu that includes a foie gras–spiked burger and a rack of lamb accompanied by shepherd's pie. The mosaic floors and ceiling remain untouched, and the view of Central Park is as grand as ever. • 1 Central Pk. So. (212-583-1111). (E)

Opia
Considering that Frederick Lesort and Antoine Blech have specialized in the sort of smoky nightspot (Frederick's, Jour et Nuit, Orienta) where the preferred greeting is the double-cheek kiss, it's no surprise that their first collaboration is in a hotel that appeals to transatlantic tourists. But even less physically affectionate locals might like exotica like Kobe steak, lobster cannelloni, and Moroccan couscous. • 130 E. 57th St. (212-688-3939). (M)

★ Shelly's New York
The latest Shelly Fireman production inhabits an old Automat space, ergo the "Horn & Hardart" creamed spinach and macaroni and cheese. Only the assimilative Fireman (of Brooklyn Diner fame) would offer towering shellfish platters and stone crabs flown in daily from Joe's in Miami Beach alongside miso-glazed halibut, chicken schnitzel, and a 50-ounce porterhouse steak cooked "Brooklyn style" and make it all work. • 104 W. 57th St. (212-245-2422). (M-E)

Tao Asian Bistro
The team behind Rue 57 has transformed the old Palace movie house into a place where the indecisive can share spicy lobster roll with black caviar, Shanghai-style soup dumplings, $10-an-ounce Kobe beef with wasabi, and Peking duck. Book the "sky box," a private room where the projectionist's booth used to be, and gaze down on the sixteen-foot Buddha, keeping the peace. • 42 E. 58th St. (212-888-2288). (M)

Above 60th Street, East Side

The Boathouse in Central Park
Claim a table by a flowery umbrella on the pondside deck and give thanks to Frederick Olmsted and generations of park champions for preserving this precious greenery. The American menu leans toward fresh seafood like pan-roasted monkfish with spring onions and garlic confit, and seared wild striped bass. • E. 72nd St. and Park Drive N. (212-517-2233). (M-E)

★ Café Sabarsky
Museum Mile is full of museum cafés, but none quite like this elegant evocation of a Viennese-style *kaffeehaus* at Ronald Lauder's Neue Galerie New York. The artistic sensibility permeates the café, with its reproductions of Josef Hoffmann sconces, Adolf Loos bentwood chairs, and Otto Wagner fabrics. And the theme continues with tortes (Sacher and Linzer), Bavarian ham for breakfast, cod strudel for lunch—and Friday nights only, dinner service until 9 P.M. • 1048 Fifth Ave., at 86th St. (212-288-0665). (M)

★ Daniel
Daniel Boulud is blessed with the gift of being able to add familiar flavors into the most stunning of summations, like walnuts and foie gras that intensify the lush gaminess of quail. He routinely triumphs in why-didn't-anyone-else-think-of-it feats like sweetbreads without that heady aftertaste—suspending them between a rhubarb glaze and spinach purée. His chocolate bombe soars like no other. • 60 E. 65th St. (212-288-0033). (E)

★ Etats-Unis
Behold a small, square, dramatic, and spartan room, devoid of any table-hopping, cell phones, or change-of-life blondes. The daily-changing menu choices are spare, but consistent in their bent towards slow roasting, robust sauces, and great vegetables. Nota bene—beware the local intellectuals who cleave to this place. "We're all living in the world's history," one actually said one night. Maybe it would've sounded better spoken into a cell phone. • 242 E. 81st St. (212-517-8826). (E)

Haru Sake Bar
Very fresh sushi, sashimi, tempura, plus Japanese fusion fare, and an expanded selection of sake and sake cocktails are the draw at this popular uptown branch of the

Shopping

Duty Calls

"I looked around and saw all these skinny girls who only eat lettuce—you know the ones," says Carol Rollo, "and I decided I would introduce them to the real world." That world, as Rollo sees it, revolves around real food—in particular, the kind of fat-be-damned Italian family recipes she and her partner Christine Bellini have been collecting over the years and serving at dinner parties. So nine months ago, Rollo came out of retirement after a long career in the designer-clothing business, and she and Bellini opened **Two Italian Girls**, a Southampton wholesale kitchen that provides Manhattan stores like Dean & DeLuca, Jefferson Market, and Citarella, as well as East Hampton's Red Horse Market, with terrific fully baked and ready-to-heat torte, the savory Italian pies variously stuffed with cheese, potatoes, and vegetables. Recently, they've expanded the line to include delicious crescent-shaped cookies, thin squarish pizzettes (pictured) that resemble giant Pop-Tarts made with polenta to give them a super-crunchy crust, and addictive, fennel-flavored grissini (bread sticks) as skinny as those girls they're trying to reform.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CARINA SALVI.

Japanese mini-chain. Take-out service too. • 1327 Third Ave., at 76th St. (212-452-1028). (M)

Isle of Capri
Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 45 years, serving specialties like pappardelle con porcini and trippa alla Calabrese. • 1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (212-223-9430). (M)

★ JoJo
This is where it all began, where Jean-Georges Vongerichten first stunned gourmands with his herbal essences, vegetable sauces, and gossamer desserts. The once-staid townhouse has been rendered nearly unrecognizable with a fin de siècle French-bordello remake and a hip-hop soundtrack, but in his reigning wisdom, the megachef still lets them eat cake—specifically, his signature molten Valrhona-chocolate masterpiece. • 160 E. 64th St. (212-223-5656). (E)

Maine Lobster Seafood Restaurant
For a chunk of land surrounded by water, Manhattan surprisingly isn't known for its casual American seafood, the type of saltwater-scented fare that defines New England dining. Maine Lobster hopes to change all that with its across-the-board seafood menu of stone crabs, "very crabby" crab cakes, lobster rolls, pan-seared scallops, and steamed lobster. • 1631 Second Ave., nr. 85th St. (212-327-4800). (M)

Mark's
Decked out like a private London club, with plump, tasseled pillows. Fine French-American cooking (roasted beet salad with goat cheese, thyme-crusted tuna with tomato and black-olive vinaigrette), award-winning wine list, and a Willy Wonka–worthy chocolate tea. • 25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (212-879-1864). (E)

Nino's
Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. • 1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (212-988-0002). (E)

★ Park Avenue Cafe
A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired cactchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the neighbors rapt with signature dishes like salmon pastrami with crushed pepper. • 100 E. 63rd St. (212-644-1900). (E)

★ Pio Pio
Upper East Side fans of juicy, complexly spiced Peruvian rotisserie chicken have reason to raise their Pisco sours. The Queens-based chicken chainlet Pio Pio has moved into the old El Pollo space and brought its own secret spice-rub recipe. Try the "matador combo," a whole supersavory bird with a tableful of side dishes for only a couple bucks more than you'd pay in Queens. • 1746 First Ave., nr. 91st St. (212-426-5800). (I–M)

★ The Post House
How grand can a steakhouse get? If you took a meat-and-potatoes guy who liked to hang out at the Art Student's League, gave him a few years at Princeton, and financed his *Wanderjahr* abroad, he might come home and open the Post House. It's clubby but not snooty, with a Christo here and a Twombly there, and a well-traveled menu that includes everything from a Cajun rib steak to venison osso buco. • 28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (212-935-2888). (E)

Sel & Poivre
Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this quaint, countrified space. The country-French cuisine includes steak au poivre, bouillabaisse, and roasted chicken, and the prix fixe menus are a bargain. • 853 Lexington Ave., nr. 64th St. (212-517-5780). (M)

Above 60th Street, West Side

Alice's Tea Cup
Rebelling against the notion that tea must be confined to the afternoon, this Upper West Side wonderland serves breakfast, lunch, dinner, and dessert. All that plus 100 teas, a takeout counter, a private party room, organic baby food, and enough tchotchkes to drive any Hatter mad. • 102 W. 73rd St. (212-799-3006). (I–M)

★ Calle Ocho
Who'd a thunk it? That the West Side could ever boast a restaurant as uncalculatingly sexy as Calle Ocho, with its far wall's spectacular Caribbean sunset of glazed terra cotta and its jewel-toned banquettes curving through the space like waves along the gulf? Let a staff so winning you at first suspect they're a few mojitos ahead of you steer you towards tangy lobster seviche, seafood paella, and terrific yuca fries. • 446 Columbus Ave., near 81st St. (212-873-5025). (M–E)

Compass
It didn't work as Marika, not even when talented Neil Annis took over. With a shift of partners, the newly dubbed Compass has finally found a winning West Side mojo. This time around Annis's tweaked menu (a clever chopped salad, luscious vichyssoise, shimmering halibut, a first-rate veal chop, short ribs on fingerling purée) should garner as much attention as the design. • 208 W. 70th St. (212-875-8600). (E)

★ Jean Georges
Are you ready for an amazing evening that is not about you? Nothing and no one at Jean Georges steals center stage from the wondrous creations of Jean-Georges Vongerichten. If you're okay with such divine supplication, prepare to be open-mouthed whenever you're not chewing. Nothing you encounter will fail to dazzle, from the simplest dish of asparagus and morels au jus to the unexpected combo of sweetbreads en cocotte with ginger and licorice. • 1 Central Park West (212-299-3900). (E)

★ Max SoHa
This charming offshoot of Max, the perennially cramped East Village trattoria, has settled in a previously broccoli-rabe-bereft Morningside Heights neighborhood. The cooking—hearty rigatoni with meatballs and Italian sausage, toasted garlic bread with anchovies, osso buco—is as good as it is at Max downtown, so, at least until the competition arrives, you can take your waiter's word for it when he announces that this is the best tirami su around. • 1274 Amsterdam Ave., at 123rd St. (212-531-2221). (I–M) ($)

★ Ouest
After cultivating a coterie of foodie followers at places like Alison on Dominick and Cascabel, Tom Valenti brings his distinctive style of boldly layered flavors—and those lamb shanks—to a neighborhood legendarily short on sophisticated grub. Clearly, he's doing his darnedest to turn the tide with reprises of old favorites like potato, goat cheese, and truffle terrine with transcendent beets; and lusty short rib on an ooze of polenta perfumed with smoked onions. • 2315 Broadway, near 84th St. (212-580-8700). (M–E)

Rain
Slightly tamed for American consumption, the spices at this Upper West Side Thai restaurant are fragrant rather than fiery, but that doesn't detract from the appeal of dishes like Thai chicken-and-coconut soup, pad Thai, and curried beef. • 100 W. 82nd St. (212-501-0776). (M)

Restaurant 222
Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The new prix fixe Italian steakhouse menu ($20 at lunch, $39 at dinner) and $29.95 pretheater menu are particularly good deals. • 222 W. 79th St. (212-799-0400). (E)

Scaletta
A dining room decorated in muted blues and pinks is the tranquil setting for refined northern Italian fare, from smoked salmon and beef carpaccio to a selection of risotto and veal dishes. Conveniently located across the street from those famous dinosaurs at the Museum of Natural History. • 50 W. 77th St. (212-769-9191). (M)

Brooklyn

★ Convivium
Communal farmhouse tables, candlelight, and rusty iron farm implements on the wall conspire to create an old-world ambience—that, and the Mediterranean menu, which changes often, and incorporates dishes from Italy, Spain, and Portugal. The whole grilled fish, the seafood couscous, and the pastas are highly recommended, so make every effort not to OD on the appetizers. • 68 Fifth Ave., nr. St. Marks Pl. (718-857-1833). (M)

The Pod
Chef Darrell Raymond specializes in fusion dishes like sautéed lobster and calamari in a clay pot with green-tea noodles and wasabi aïoli, and lamb chops with hoisin-and-mint sauce at this funky Williamsburg restaurant and lounge. The lofty space tricked out in glowing green and orange colors is as trendy as the food. • 141 N. 7th St. (718-302-3754). (I–M)

Queens

★ La Porteña Restaurant y Parrillada
This former butcher shop in Jackson Heights is where homesick Buenos Aireans (and insatiable carnivores of every nationality) congregate for serious beefsteaks. Try the $14.95 mixed grill for one (actually more like two, maybe three): a feast of succulent garlicky pork sausages; hefty blood sausages; a rich, beefy-flavored skirt steak; tender short ribs; luscious sweetbreads; and mildly flavored tripe. • 74-25 37th Avenue (718-458-8111). (I–M)

Opening

Cow Girl

When Tania Santana and her brother Paulo Oliveira opened Circus nine years ago, they gave the stodgy lower-Sixties stretch of Lexington Avenue a transfusion of Brazilian cuisine and potent caipirinhas. But when the ground floor of the old Peter Kump cooking school three blocks from Santana's Yorkville apartment became available, she jumped at the chance to colonize her own neighborhood with the more casual, lower-priced **Zebú Grill.** Named for a Brazilian breed of humped cattle and outfitted with rustic wood tables, the homey restaurant offers a something-for-everyone hodgepodge of burgers, pastas, and Brazilian standards like fried yuca, empanadas, and a churrasco, a protein-packed mixed grill for two. (305 East 92nd Street; 212-426-7500.)

PHOTOGRAPH BY CARINA SALVI.

LEVY *Continued from page 27*

Kevyn was sick. You're supposed to stand by your spouse when he's sick. Go to Paris when he's dead!"

Sakas says, "When someone is seriously physically ill, if you truly love them, you do not leave their side, no matter what."

IN NOVEMBER 2001, AUCOIN HAD SURGERY on his tumor. He seemed to recover quickly, but his drug use understandably intensified. When Cher called for the video shoot early in December, says Antunes, "I'm like, 'Why are you going to do this,' and he's like, 'I have to do it, it's Cher.' "

Cher had always been aware of the difficulties of his illness. "He was always going through these strange growing pains," says Cher, "and his face would change, his hands would change. He would say, 'Look at these mitts!' I would say, 'How the fuck can you put false eyelashes on with those fucking hands?' But he could do anything."

"He had called me to the apartment the night before he was going to do the Cher shoot," says Joanne Russell. "I told him, 'I can't stand by and watch you destroy yourself.' I went to the apartment, and Kevyn took pills after I went to bed. I woke up in the middle of the night, and Kevyn was slumped at the dining-room table, and I tried to get him to bed, but he was so huge I couldn't. Jeremy was in the country. I called Eric, and he came across the street. It was like he didn't know how to react. He wanted Kevyn to go to work, but he didn't know how to handle the situation. Eric said, 'Will you stay till he wakes up?' I said, 'Okay, but this is it. I can't be a part of this. He's going to kill himself.' "

The next day, Aucoin left for the disastrous shoot, at which he collapsed and had to be taken to the hospital twice. A couple of days later, Cher called Eric. "Unless he gets himself straight," she told him, "I will never work with him again; I will never speak to him again."

Throughout the remainder of the winter and spring, Antunes and Aucoin wrestled with the problem. Aucoin went to rehab in Laguna Beach in January, then left after two days. (Around that time, Aucoin's mother had a stroke while staying with them—Jeremy nursed both of them.) In February, they went to couples therapy in Arizona.

Word of the Cher shoot had leaked, so the calls had stopped coming so quickly—no work at all for the Academy Awards. "He freaked," says Antunes. "He thought we were going to be in the poor house." In April, his doctors determined he would need more surgery to remove a residual tumor. Aucoin was terrified.

On the last day Aucoin spent outside a hospital, he phoned Carla from his house in Middletown. "I said, 'You need to pull it together—you're not just an uncle, you're a parent.' And he said, 'I know, I know,' and then he collapsed," she says.

"We hold a grudge against Horton Medical Center also. He was taken there on a Thursday, and they let him go home. They should have done blood work to see how bad the liver was damaged. Even if we say, 'Jeremy left and Kevyn took a whole bottle of medicine,' that's not gonna destroy your liver just like that. This was building up."

"You could tell him, 'Stop taking pain killers,' but if your whole body hurts, what are you supposed to do?" says hairstylist Orlando Pita. "This tumor was growing since he was 9 years old, and he found out when he was 40. Even after the operation, he would tell me, 'My body hurts all over.' "

"No one knew how much pain he was in," Eric Sakas says, wincing.

Finally, in the hospital, after his liver and kidneys failed, Aucoin was taken off the ventilator. Sakas says, "It was me on one side and Jeremy on the other when Kevyn took his last breath."

TOMORROW, THELMA AUCOIN WILL GO BACK to Louisiana with Samantha, but tonight she is still floating in Kevyn-world, making occasional forays into his bedroom to run her hands over his shirts and smell him in the air. "I came to New York to try and resolve this. Jeremy could take Samantha to the bus, but he could not be her parent, he could not be her mother and her father. When Kevyn died, everything changed."

"We were all concerned for Jeremy when Kevyn passed," she says. "I said to all my children: 'We have to be aware that Jeremy is hurting now; he doesn't have a support system.' I understand Jeremy's loss, but my child died," she says, and again her voice and her face shatter with fresh pain. "I didn't do anything to Jeremy, right? *My child died.* But I cannot give him whatever it is he's looking for. If it's material things he's wanting, I have given him *beaucoup* things. This is like giving a kid suckers, and he says, 'Oh, I want the bigger sucker!' "

She straightens up in her chair, pats her eyes with a tissue, runs her fingers through her flamboyant red hair, and talks about the split with Jeremy. "One morning, I did say, 'You moving out?' Because he had gotten an attorney and the legal process had started."

"We were all suggesting he get a lawyer," says Eric, "because we wanted him to be taken care of."

"I don't have anything to give Jeremy. I'm living off my own money, my Social Security," says Thelma. "I have no control over anything. The only control I have is because my son died, what was my son's is now mine. I'm not angry at him for anything; I'm very sorry for him. Why would I be angry at Jeremy? Now he has his attorney, and he started making his wish list."

Up at the cottage, Antunes produced the "wish list," photocopies of Polaroids of items he wanted to take from the house. Most have the word NO written next to them by John Firestone, the Aucoins' attorney, and many have the words ASK ERIC circled. One of the items Antunes was denied was the bed he shared with Aucoin.

"I've turned it over to the attorneys," says Thelma. "I said, 'This can't just go on the rest of our lives; he can't just live here another 50 years!' "

I point out that if Antunes were a woman—an actual wife—he would indeed stay put for 50 years, maybe more.

"I've been working with gay people all my life!" says Thelma, hurt. "I'm all for gay rights—I've fought for that for years. But I need to preserve what my son left here."

She has to liquidate the estate, she says, to pay for the makeup line that her son had considered his crowning achievement, the thing that would support him and everyone he loved in the future. "This is my pie here, and I'm trying to share it. But I can't say, 'Well, here, Jeremy, you take this half and I'm going to divide the other half in twenty pieces. I think he has more than compensated Jeremy. I think Kevyn kept up his end of the bargain."

KEVYN AUCOIN'S ASHES ARE IN A MAUSOLEUM in Lafayette, where his father likes to visit them. Thelma Aucoin says that eventually, they may grant Antunes his wish and turn over their son's ashes to him so that he can scatter them in Hawaii—where he'd always said he'd wanted them scattered. "Kevyn would be so proud of me," says Antunes. "If the situation were reversed, he would fight tooth and nail to get my ashes—it's what he believed in."

Antunes knows that he doesn't have a legal leg to stand on. As he packs up the last of his things at the cottage, he takes a minute off to watch—yet again—the video of his wedding. In it, he looks impossibly young, shirtless in a lei. Aucoin is enviably muscular, the one happy result of his acromegaly. "He never worked out," says Antunes, his eyes already wet. "Wasn't he cute?" The video is equal parts kissing and vowing, and both Aucoin and Antunes are so palpably elated, so consumed by each other, you can't help thinking they'll have a happy ending. "He was smart, he was beautiful, he was a great lover," Antunes says, crying now. "Our good times were really good, and our bad times were really bad. It was like ten years packed into just a couple. It was worth it." ■

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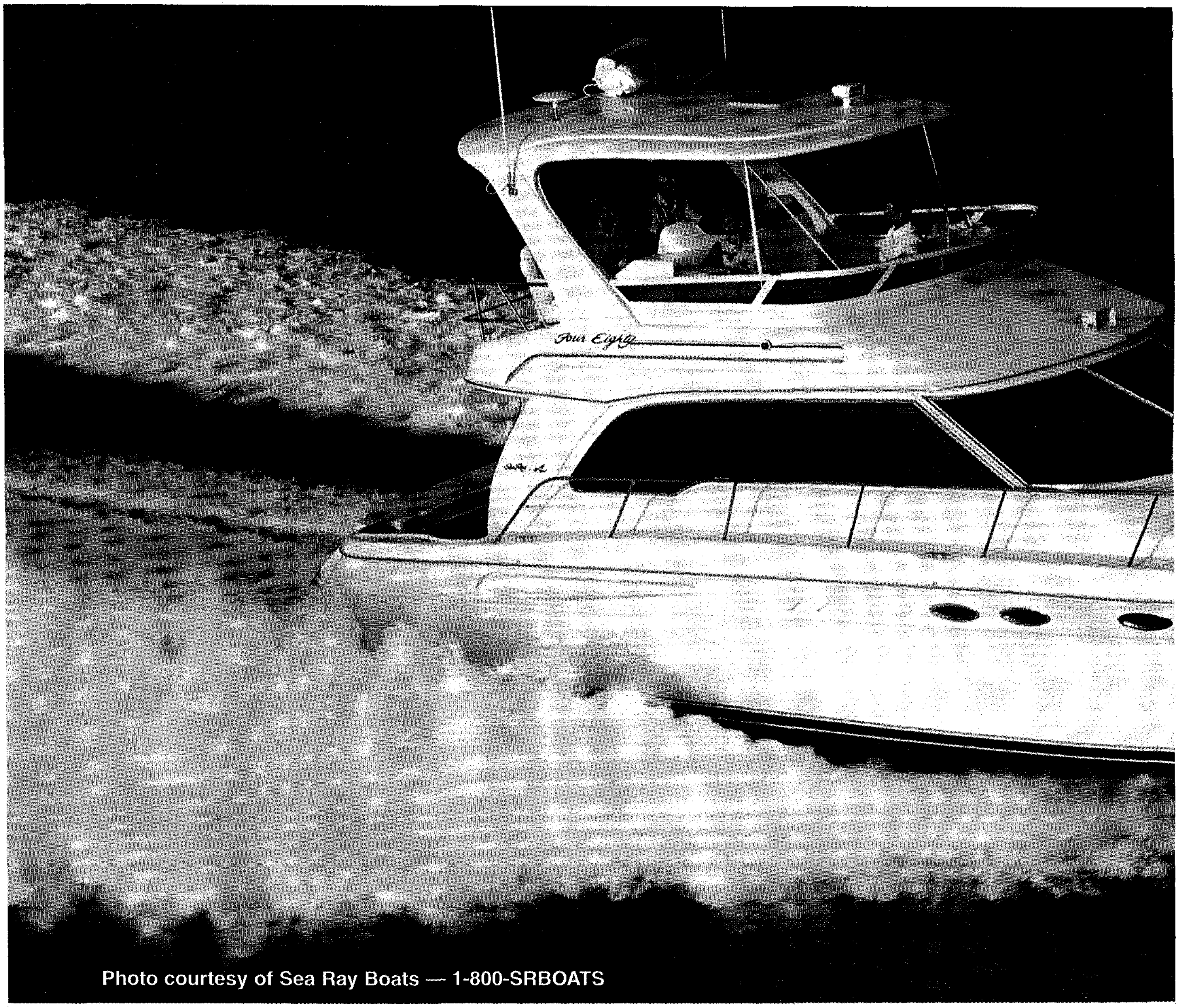

Photo courtesy of Sea Ray Boats — 1-800-SRBOATS

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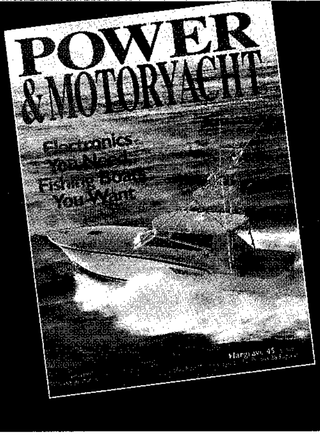
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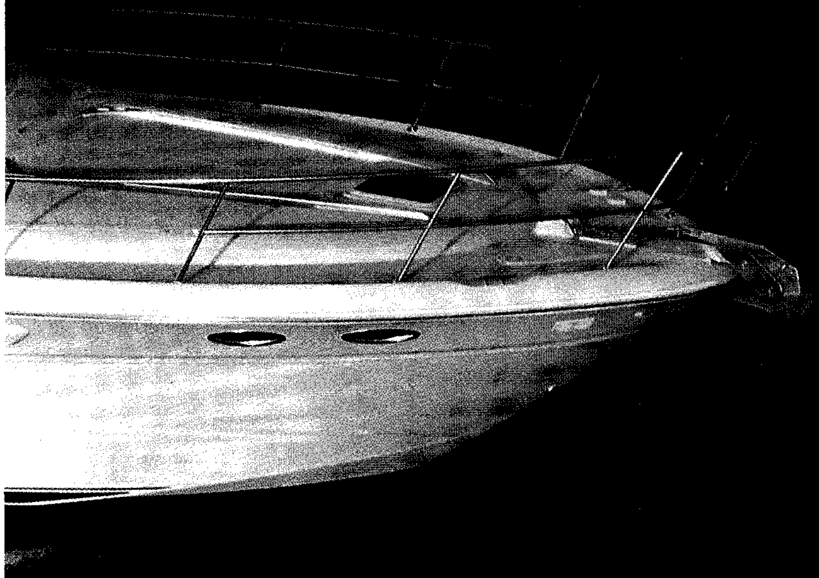

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About®
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Classical & Dance

Edited by Alicia Zuckerman

Lincoln Center Festival

★ Kirov Ballet
World-renowned Russian company performs Balanchine's *Jewels*, *Don Quixote*, and, of course, *Swan Lake*. Call for details. Through 7/20. • Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $20–$130.

★ "Ta'ziyeh"
Three different ta'ziyeh, an Islamic fusion of opera and theater, are performed in Persian, telling the ancient story of Imam Hussein, the grandson of the prophet Mohammed. Call for details. Through 7/21. • Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center (212-875-5928); $55.

★ "The Silver River"
Composer Bright Sheng and librettist David Henry Hwang's chamber opera, based on a 5,000-year-old mythical Chinese love story, fusing elements of Western music and theater with traditional Chinese opera, has its New York premiere. Call for details. Through 7/21. • John Jay College Theater, Lincoln Center (212-875-5928); $45.

★ North African/Middle Eastern Music Festival
Four concerts of traditional and contemporary music feature musicians from Algeria, Israel, Morocco, et al. Call for details. Through 7/20. • LaGuardia Concert Hall, Lincoln Center (212-875-5928); $25.

★ New York Philharmonic
Maestro Kurt Masur celebrates his 75th birthday and bids New York farewell. Broadcast live on Channel 13 and 96.3 FM. (See box.) 7/18 at 8. • Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (212-875-5928); $20–$55.

★ New Juilliard Ensemble
Joel Sachs conducts music by Bright Sheng and Guo Wenjing, Chinese composers. 7/22 at 8. • Juilliard Theater, Lincoln Center (212-875-5928); free (tickets required).

★ Merce Cunningham Dance Company
Legendary choreographer launches his fiftieth-anniversary season on a stage he calls one of the best places for dance in New York. 7/24–7/27 at 8. • New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (212-875-5928); $25–$70.

Classical Music

International Keyboard Institute & Festival
Seventy-five pianists from around the world descend on the city to tickle the ivories. Through 7/28. Call for details or visit mannes.edu/IKI. • Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. (212-580-0210, ext. 336); $15.

St. Bartholomew's Choir
Performs Fauré's Ralph Vaughn Williams's Mass in G minor. 7/21 at 11. • St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 51st St. (212-378-0222); free.

★ Caramoor International Music Festival
The Eroica Trio performs 7/19 at 8. Will Crutchfield conducts Handel's opera *Deidamia*, with the Orchestra of St. Luke's, 7/20 at 8. Flamenco group Duquende performs 7/21 at 4:30. Visit caramoor.org. • Spanish Courtyard and Venetian Theater, Katonah, N.Y. (914-232-1252); $15–$57.50.

Bronx Arts Ensemble
Wind-band arrangements of works by Mozart and Rossini include excerpts from *Don Giovanni* and *The Barber of Seville*. 7/21 at 2 and 4. • 2 P.M.: Van Cortlandt Park, Rockwood Drive Circle, the Bronx. 4 P.M.: Fordham University, McGinley Center, the Bronx (718-601-7399); free.

★ "Central Park Summerstage"
Presents Kodo, acclaimed Japanese taiko drumming ensemble; also, the Festival of Mongolia Ensemble's awe-inspiring throat-singing. 7/21 at 3. • Rumsey Playfield, Central Park at 69th St. nr. Fifth Ave. (212-360-2777); free.

★ "Naumberg Orchestral Concerts"
Flamenco Mystico performs with dancer Sandra Rivera. For details, visit clubfreetime.com. 7/16 at 7:30. • Naumberg Bandshell, Central Park, nr. W. 72nd St.; free.

★ New York Philharmonic
Takes to the city's parks for annual free concerts with works by Dvorák, Bruch, Liszt, Grieg, and Sibelius. 7/24–7/27 at 8. Call for details or visit newyorkphilharmonic.org. • 7/24: Great Lawn at Central Park. 7/25: Van Cortlandt Park, the Bronx. 7/26: Miller Field, Gateway National Recreation Area, Staten Island. 7/27: East Islip, Long Island. (212-875-5709); free.

Dance

★ Dairakudakan
Much-acclaimed Japanese *Butoh* company performs four U.S. premieres. 7/16 and 7/17; 7/19 and 7/20 at 7:30. • Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (212-752-3015); $25.

★ Midsummer Night Swing
Dancing under the stars to live music. 7/17: Dick Hyman with Jim Cullum's Jazz Band. 7/19: Jimmy Bosch (salsa). 7/20: Floxy Bee (African). 7/23: Nile Rodgers and Chic (disco). 7/24: The Billy Strayhorn Orchestra (swing). Lessons at 6:30, dancing at 8. • Josie Robertson Plaza, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $12.

★ Pilobolus
Final week: Three New York premieres include *The Brass Ring*, a full-company commission for the 2002 Olympics Arts Festival, set to Copland and Joplin; the quartet *The Four Humours*, exploring emotional and physical being; and *Ben's Admonition*, a dance for two men; other works. Through 7/20. • Joyce Theater, Eighth Ave. at 19th St. (212-242-0800); $38.

★ Eiko & Koma
New York–based Japanese duo join composer-clarinetist David Krakauer for the premiere of *Offering*. 7/16 and 7/17 at 8. Continues throughout the city, sans Krakauer, through 7/30. • The Belvedere on the World Financial Center Plaza. 7/24: Dag Hammarskjold Plaza, E. 47th St. between First and Second Aves. (212-625-3505); free.

"Barefoot Dancing at Wave Hill"
Jewish music and dance from Central Asia, where Jews and Muslims long shared traditions, is performed by Shashmaqam. 7/19 at 7. Audience participation encouraged. • Wave Hill, Independence Ave. and W. 249th St., the Bronx (718-549-3200); $4.

Oregon Ballet Theatre
Highlights include *Coco*, a romantic homage to Coco Chanel set to songs by Edith Piaf, and *Up*, a suite set to seven interpretations of fifties classic *Blue Moon*. 7/23–7/26 at 8; 7/27 at 2 and 8. • Joyce Theater, Eighth Ave. at 19th St. (212-242-0800); $35.

Ballet Folclórico de Chile
Dances are inspired by the folk traditions of Chile, Bolivia, Argentina, and Peru, set to live music. 7/24 at 8. • Queens Theatre in the Park, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-760-0064); $30 ($25 in advance).

Ground Rules This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. Stars (★) indicate our editors' recommendations. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Performance

Final Bow

Kurt Masur is a reflective guy. During his first days in New York after he left Leipzig to take the helm of the New York Philharmonic eleven years ago, he couldn't sleep, so he'd get up early and walk the streets, noticing that "everyone felt a little bit lonely, a little bit lost." He realized New Yorkers were a different kind of audience, and thought: "What can a concert do? It can unite people, in emotions, in spirit . . . you can give people a kind of healing power." The proof, he says, came just after September 11, when the orchestra gave an unforgettable performance of Brahms's German Requiem at its season premiere. As his tenure with the Philharmonic draws to a close and the maestro prepares to move on to Europe, he talks about the group with pride, and more as its partner than as its leader. For his 75th birthday and farewell concert, hosted and narrated by Beverly Sills, he chose works that showcase the orchestra's talent: double concerti by Brahms and Bach, and a big brassy piece by Joseph Turrin. "I wanted not to have any great soloists from the outside. I wanted to show that this is an orchestra full of remarkable soloists," he says. "To play in an orchestra—it can be very frustrating for people who would be good enough to be international soloists." It's already sold out—though cancellation tickets may be available at the box office—but the performance will be broadcast on *Live From Lincoln Center* and WQXR. (See "Lincoln Center Festival.") A.Z.

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANS JANSEN.

Nightlife

Edited by Ethan Brown

Concerts

★ Blondie; B-52's
7/23 at 7:30. (See box.) • Jones Beach Theater, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171); $25–$45.

Eminem
With Papa Roach; Ludacris; Xzibit; X-ecutioners. 7/22 at 6:30; 7/26 at 6:30. Like the *Up in Smoke* tour, which opened with a short film depicting headliners Dr. Dre and Snoop Dogg in a *Menace II Society*–like deli shoot-out, this bill of hedonist hip-hoppers and angry rappers (and angry rap-rockers) should be notable mainly for the pathologies on display. • 7/22 at Continental Airlines Arena (212-307-7171), $39.50; 7/26 at Jones Beach Theater, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171), $39.50.

★ John Mellencamp
7/20 at 8. A lot more risk-taking and interesting than he's given credit for—hey, his most recent album even included successful guest spots from India.Arie and Chuck D. • Jones Beach Theater, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171); $35–$69.50.

"Rhythm of Love"
With Will Downing; Patti Austin; Gerald Albright. 7/19 at 8. Yet another bill of R&B heavies, this one made a bit more interesting by the presence of Patti Austin, who tackles the Ella Fitzgerald songbook on her new album. • Beacon Theater, 74th St. and Broadway (212-307-7171); $37–$52.

"The 2nd Annual Pantene Pro-Voice Concert"
With Michelle Branch; M2M. 7/18 at 8. Pantene brings the finalists of its "Pro-Voice" competition to Central Park again, this time with ABBA-esque popsters M2M and milquetoast radio rocker Michelle Branch in tow. • Rumsey Playfield, Central Park (enter at 72nd St.) Tickets are free and will be available on a first-come, first-serve basis. Go to pro-voice.com for more information.

"Siren Music Festival"
With Sleater-Kinney; Liars; Yeah Yeah Yeahs; Les Savy Fav; Von Bondies; more. 7/20 at noon. • The boardwalk at Coney Island (no phone); free.

★ String Cheese Incident
7/19–7/20 at 8. These Colorado jam-banders are all-over-the-place eclectic (who in this scene isn't?), but they also incorporate unexpected influences like Afropop. • Radio City Music Hall (212-307-7171); $35.

Weezer
With Dashboard Confessional. 7/24 at 7:30. The literate rockers return with Dashboard Confessional, a product of the "emo" scene they helped shape in the late nineties. • Jones Beach Theater, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171); $20.25–$25.25.

Small Stages

B.B. King Blues Club & Grill
7/18: Etta James. 7/19–7/20: Michael McDonald. 7/21: Rudy Ray Moore. 7/22: Average White Band. 7/23: Vanilla Fudge. 7/24–7/25 Rubén Blades. (See box.) • 243 W. 42nd St. (212-997-4144).

Bottom Line
7/18–7/19: David Wilcox; Maggie and Suzzy Roche. • 15 W. 4th St. (212-228-6300).

Bowery Ballroom
7/18: Juliana Theory. 7/19: Fu Manchu. 7/22–7/23: Patty Griffin. 7/24: Porcupine Tree. • 6 Delancey St. (212-533-2111).

Brownies
7/17: "Double Zero Records Showcase" with Retro Morning; Seville. 7/18: Megan Reilly; Mark Robinson. 7/19: Prosaics; Turing Machine. 7/20: Life in a Blender; St Christopher and the Sleeping Doormen. 7/23: Navy; Ph10. 7/24: Burn Barrel; the Sprawl. • 161 Ave. A (212-420-8392). $.

★ "Celebrate Brooklyn!"
7/19: Talib Kweli and Hi-Tek; Zap Mama D.J. Project. (See box.) 7/20: Lambchop; the Mendoza Line. • Prospect Park Bandshell (718-855-7882, ext. 45); $3 suggested donation, except for benefit concerts.

★ "Central Park SummerStage"
7/17 at 7: Lucinda Williams (benefit concert, $30). 7/19 at 7: John Mayer (benefit concert, $30; sold out). 7/20: Dionysis Savvopoulos; Alkinoos Loannidis; Kristi Stassinopoulou. 7/21 at 3: Kodo ($10 suggested donation). 7/24: Ethan Hawke; Jonathan Safran Foer. • Rumsey Playfield, Central Park, enter at Fifth Ave. and 72nd St. (no phone; www.summerstage.com). All shows free except for benefit concerts.

★ Irving Plaza
7/19 and 7/22: Ed Harcourt; Neil Finn. 7/23: Los Lobos. • 17 Irving Pl. (212-777-6800).

Joe's Pub
7/18: Solomon Burke. 7/19: Thomas Mapfumo. • 425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).

Knitting Factory
7/17: The Locust; Arab On Radar; Lightning Bolt, Orthrelm; Wolf Eyes. 7/18–7/19: Camper Van Beethoven; Koester. 7/20: Camper Van Beethoven. 7/21: Rob Reddy Octet. 7/22–7/23: Spottiswoode and His Enemies; Antony & the Johnsons Orchestra. 7/24: Marty Ehrlich. • 74 Leonard St. (212-219-3055). $.

Makor
7/18: Rachel Garniex and the Fortunate Few. 7/20: "Salsa Fievre." 7/22: Lowen and Navarro. 7/23: "Local Artist Showcase." 7/24: Tango Blue. • 35 W. 67th St. (212-601-1000).

Maxwell's
7/17: Alfie. 7/18: The Pat McGee Band. 7/19–7/20: Luna. 7/24: Antigone Rising. • 1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-653-1703).

Mercury Lounge
7/17: Radar Brothers. 7/18: Alfie. 7/19: Slobberbone. 7/20: Emma Gibbs Band. 7/21: Beachwood Sparks. • 217 E. Houston St. (212-260-4700).

Northsix
7/17: The Pat McGee Band. 7/18: The Locust; Arab On Radar. 7/19: World/Inferno Friendship Society. 7/20: Circus de Revolution. • 66 N. 6th St., Brooklyn (718-599-5103).

★ S.O.B.'s
7/17: Me'shell Ndegeocello; Zap Mama. 7/18: "Basement Bhangra." 7/19: Ivan Santilli. 7/20: "Samba Saturday" with Brazooka. 7/22: "La Tropica Monday" with Conga Kings. 7/23: Third World. 7/24: Spearhead. • 204 Varick St. (212-243-4940).

★ Southpaw
7/17: Awek; the Fit. 7/19: Plate Tectonics; Coptic Light. 7/24: Galaxy Rodeo. • 125 5th St., Brooklyn (718-230-0236).

The Village Underground
7/17: Dash Rip Rock. 7/19: Mendoza Line. 7/20: Jonah Smith; Yewande. • 130 W. 3rd St. (212-777-7745).

Performance

World Party

Broadsides against the recording industry are about as common as rhetorical shots fired at WorldCom. But **Rubén Blades** (pictured) isn't interested in just complaining about our music monoliths. The Panamanian vocalist (who once ran for president back home) has recorded an album called *Mundo* (World), of everything from percussive Afro-Cuban music to a bagpipe rendition of "Danny Boy," and he hopes it will challenge the myopia of the music business. "When I told people that I was mixing Irish bagpipes with Cuban drums," Blades says of the project, which will be released on September 17, "they looked at me as though I was trying to sell crack to the pope during Sunday Mass." He continues: "But I believe that these kinds of mutations have always been here. After all, rock and roll is world music; jazz is world music." The always-outspoken man of many media (he also has a thriving acting career, having appeared in movies like *The Devil's Own* and *All the Pretty Horses*) also plans to launch a Website, rubenblades.com, dedicated to his unique views. "I'll be writing articles about everything from social issues to science," he says, adding a warning: "Unlike other artist sites, this is not where you go to adore me." Until then, Blades will be touring in support of *Mundo*, and he has high hopes for his cross-genre experiments. "Record companies don't give people enough credit," Blades says. "I played with a bagpipe player on Salsa Day in Puerto Rico! And listen, no one tried to attack or kill us for the heresy." (See "Small Stages.") E.B.

Clubs

APT
Mondays: Bobbito Garcia. Tuesdays: Jaymz Nylon.

Ground Rules In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start later than promised. Stars (★) indicate our editors' recommendations. $ = cash only.

PHOTOGRAPH BY OMAR CRUZ.

Wednesdays: *Fader* magazine presents Rich Medina. Thursdays: Small Change. Fridays: Ursula 1000. Saturdays: Chairman Mao and Citizen Kane. • 419 W. 13th St. (212-414-4245).

Arc

Fridays: "Be Yourself" with progressive-house maestro D.J. Danny Tenaglia. Saturdays: "Made Saturdays," trance and progressive house spun by the likes of Deep Dish. Sundays: François K, Joe Claussell, and Danny Krivit spin at the legendary afternoon party "Body & Soul." • 6 Hubert St. (212-226-9212).

★ "Bang the Party"

Lori and E-Man's sweaty Friday-night house party returns to Manhattan after several years at Frank's Lounge in Brooklyn. Expect lots of tambourine-toting dancers and plenty of house and disco classics. • Opaline, 85 Ave. A (212-726-1322); $10.

Centro-Fly

Fridays: "GBH" hosts some of the more adventurous nights at the club with D.J.'s like Ashley Beedle and Marshall Jefferson. Saturdays: Energetic house and big beat with "Plant"; in the Pinky Room, Chez Music honcho Neil Aline hosts "We and the Music." 7/19: Charles Feelgood; Carl Kennedy. • 45 W. 21st St. (212-627-7770).

Club Shelter

Thursdays: Muscular, macho house music—one producer in this camp even calls himself "Thick Dick"—from Subliminal Records. Saturdays: Timmy Regisford's long-running deep-house party "Shelter." • Club Shelter, 20 W. 39th St. (212-439-4141). $.

Luxx

Fridays: "Mutants" with D.J. Larry Tee. Saturdays: D.J. Larry Tee spins electroclash at "Berliniamsburg." Sundays: "House Music Sessions" with D.J. Raji K and D.J. Gomi. Sundays: More Larry Tee with "NYFC." Mondays: "Cult Movie Mondays." Tuesdays: DJ. Miss Guy spins rock and metal at "Hell Bent for Brooklyn." • 256 Grand St., Brooklyn (718-599-1000).

★ "PS1 Warm-Up Series"

7/20: A.R.E. Weapons; Scott Hardkiss; D.J. Siren; D.J. Lo-Ki. • 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th St., Long Island City (718-784-2084). Free.

The Roxy

Saturdays: The Chelsea boys dance all night to a rotating set of house D.J.'s, including Razor of Razor and Guido. • 515 W. 18th St. (212-627-0404). $.

Spa

Wednesdays: Rock and roll and electro spun by D.J.'s like Paul Sevigny. Thursdays: A-listers and fashionistas take over with "Ultra," featuring hip-hop, house, and rock and roll spun by D.J.'s Mark Ronson, Lady Bunny, and Cameron Douglas. Saturdays: Overdressed Euros line up for "Jet Set" with D.J. Eric LaPeau. • 76 E. 13th St. (212-388-1060).

Jazz

Birdland

Sundays in July: Chico O'Farrill Afro-Cuban Jazz Big Band; Mondays, early: The Scott Whitfield Jazz Orchestra; Mondays, late: Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra featuring Lew Tabackin; Tuesdays, early: David Ostwald's Louis Armstrong Centennial Band; Tuesdays, late: Duke Ellington Orchestra directed by Paul Mercer Ellington; Fridays: Lew Anderson's All-American Big Band. 7/17: Barbara Carroll. 7/24: WBGO Jazz 88.3 FM Gala Benefit Concert. • 315 W. 44th St. (212-581-3080).

Performance

Party Out of Bounds

Like all revivals, the current craze for late-seventies culture makes one realize how many former pop-culture icons should be left in the past. But the kamikaze blend of surf rock, Jetsons-age wackiness, and New Wave of the **B-52's** (pictured) remains interesting and fresh: It even gets people on the dance floor at clubs like Luxx. Likewise, the endlessly pleasurable songbook of **Blondie** is still something to behold (it rivals the Buzzcocks' in its breadth and sense of fun). Both bands will play Jones Beach on July 23 (if you can't make it there, the B-52's also play SummerStage on July 26), no doubt providing the satisfying pop that the charts have failed to deliver of late. (See "Concerts.")

Blue Note

Through 7/21: Take 6. • 131 W. 3rd St. (212-475-8592).

Cafe St. Barts

Tuesdays through Fridays from 7 to 10, through 7/31: "Jazz on the Terrace." 7/17: Steve Elmer Quartet. 7/18: The John Malino Band. 7/19: Grupo Caliente. 7/24: Steve Elmer Quartet. • Cafe St. Barts, 109 E. 50th St. (212-888-2664).

Cajun

Mondays and Thursdays in July: Vince Giordano and the Nighthawks. Tuesdays: Stanley's Washboard Kings. Wednesdays: Eddie Davis and his New Orleans Jazz Band. Fridays: The Canal Street Dixieland Jazz and Blues Band. Saturdays: The Red Onion Jazz Band. Sundays: Peter Eckland Quartet. • 129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (212-691-6174).

Iridium

Monday nights, the Les Paul Quartet holds office hours. 7/23–7/28: Henry Threadgill Zooid. Sets Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 and 10:30, with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. • 1650 Broadway, at 51st St. (212-582-2121).

Jazz Standard

Sets at 7:30 and 9:30. Through 7/18: Lucky Peterson. 7/19–7/21: Henry Butler Blues Band. • 116 E. 27th St. (212-576-2232)

Small's

Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. • 183 W. 10th St. (212-929-7565).

Smoke

Sundays in July: Chris Washburne and the Syotos. Tuesdays: "Hammond B3 Organ Grooves." Wednesdays: Hot Pants Funk Sextet. Thursdays: Jim Rotondi and David Hazeltine's Electric Band. • 2751 Broadway, at 105th St. (212-864-6662).

Tonic

Sundays: "Klezmer Sundays." 7/17: Steve Coleman and Five Elements. 7/20: Tisziji Munoz. 7/22: Judy Elkan and Kristen Kosmas' Little Theatre. 7/24: Erik Friedlander's Broken Shadows. • 107 Norfolk St. (212-358-7503).

Village Vanguard

Mondays in July: The Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Through 7/21: Mulgrew Miller Trio. • 178 Seventh Ave. So. (212-255-4037). $.

Comedy

Carolines on Broadway

Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 7/17 and 7/24: Nick DiPaolo. • 1626 Broadway, nr. 49th St. (212-757-4100). $12.50–$24.50; two-drink minimum.

Comedy Cellar

7/15–7/22: Colin Quinn; Marc Maron; Kevin Brennan; Godfrey; Jim Norton. • 117 MacDougal St. (212-254-3480).

Dangerfield's

7/15–7/21: Gregory Rogell; Al Ducharme; Sem Greenfield; Carrie Karavas; Billy Burr; Nancy Redman. Shows at 8:30 and 10:30. • 1118 First Ave., nr. 61st St. (212-593-1650).

Cabaret

Don't Tell Mama

Thursdays in July at 6: "Seth's Broadway Chatterbox." Saturdays at 8:30: Ron Poole's "Poole Party!" Saturdays at 11: Tommy Femia in "Judy Garland Live!" • 343 W. 46th St. (212-757-0788). $.

Judy's

7/17: Chris Barrett and Joe Utterback in "Barrett Sings and Utterback Swings." 7/20–7/21: Thom Warren. • 169 Eighth Ave., nr. 18th St. (212-929-5410).

Performance

Brooklyn Bomber

Hip-hoppers like the Def Jux crew might be making the late-nineties underground scene's radical politics and Afrocentrism seem old hat, but Brooklyn's **Talib Kweli** (pictured), who made his name (alongside Mos Def) as half of Black Star, has evolved into one of the most passionate and engaging rhymers around. His debut with D.J. Hi-Tek, *Reflection Eternal,* was the rare lefty album to comment with genuine sadness (not venality) on the state of the genre. Expect a fitting welcome for a hometown hero when Kweli plays the Celebrate Brooklyn! festival on July 19. (See "Small Stages.")

Find a bar or club. Search our listings of more than 500 bars by type and location.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID ATLAS/RETNA LTD.

TheMix

Edited by Boris Kachka

Radio Highlights

Studio 360: "Lost and Found"
Journalist, music historian, and indie record producer Irwin Chusin helps host Kurt Andersen talk about genuine artistic rediscoveries (like the recent unearthing of new Zora Neale Hurston material) as well as wondrous finds (like that of an ancient Greek civilization) that turned out to be mistakes. • 7/20 at 10 A.M. on WNYC, 93.9 FM and 7/21 at 7 P.M. on WNYC, 820 AM.

Selected Shorts
The series of short-story readings by actors—recorded live at Symphony Space and rebroadcast here—continues with Steven Gilborn, Hector Elizondo, and Billy Campbell performing work by Max Steele, Charles Baxter, and Marisa Silver. • 7/20 at 3 P.M. on WNYC, 820 AM and 7/21 at 4 P.M. on WNYC, 93.9 FM.

Thomas McGuane
The author of *The Cadence of Grass* talks to the eponymous host of "The Lewis Burke Frumkes Show" about his new work. • 7/21 at 8 P.M. WPAT, 930 AM.

Lectures and Panels

Chantal Akerman
Following a screening of the postmodern, jargon-steeped Belgian filmmaker's work *From the Other Side*, Akerman talks about and signs copies of *Chantal Akerman: A Family in Brussels*, a stream-of-consciousness "text" accompanied by a double-CD. • 7/23, screening at noon, signing 6:30 to 8 P.M. Dia Center Bookshop, 548 W. 22nd St. (212-293.5540); free.

"Reaching for Peace in the Middle East"
Voices of moderation from all sides of the conflict—including the Abraham Fund's Forsan Hussein and journalist Amy Wilentz—talk about trying to find a solution to the increasing polarization of the warring sides. Shamil Idriss of the Search for Common Ground will moderate. • 7/24 at 6:30 P.M. CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. (talkpeaceNY@yahoo.com); $5.

Theodore Bikel
The Austrian-born Israeli star of stage and screen—also a respected activist—is interviewed by rabbi William Berkowitz. • 7/24 at 8 P.M. Center for Jewish History, 15 W. 16th St. (917-606-8200); free, reservations required.

The Written Word

Amine Wefali
The author reads from her first memoir, *Westchester Burning: Portrait of a Marriage*. • 7/17 at 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 396 Sixth Ave., at 8th St. (212-674-8780); free.

Roger Wilkins
The prominent professor and journalist discusses his new book, *Jefferson's Pillow: The Founding Fathers and the Dilemma of Black Patriotism*. • 7/17 at 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 2289 Broadway, at 82nd St. (212-362-8835); free.

***McSweeney's* Reading**
Contributors to the achingly hip literary mag—Sean Wilsey, Todd Pruzan, and T. Z. Parsa—read from new work. • 7/21 at 7 P.M. KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (212-505-3360); free.

Richard Rubin
Rubin reads from his new work, *Confederacy of Silence: A True Tale of the Old South*. • 7/22 at 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 2289 Broadway, at 82nd St. (212-362-8835); free.

David Ebershoff
The much-praised novelist reads from his new book, *Pasadena*, which centers on the Los Angeles area's development in the twentieth century. • 7/22 at 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Pl. (212-420-1322); free.

Three Theater Scenes
A night of scene readings features plays by best-selling author Laura Shaine Cunningham, monologuist Clay McLeod Chapman, and writer-director Daniel Gallant. • 7/22 at 8 P.M. Makor, 35 E. 67th St. (212-601-1000); $8.

Bill Scheft
The humorist reads from his first novel, *The Ringer*, and signs copies. • 7/23 at 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway, at 66th St. (212-595-6859); free.

Walter Mosley
The popular and acclaimed mystery novelist reads from the latest in his Easy Rawlins series, *Bad Boy Brawley Brown*. • 7/23 at 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 33 E. 17th St. (212-253-0810); free.

Augusten Burroughs
The author of *Sellevision* reads from *Running With Scissors*, his critically praised, funny, yet deeply disturbing memoir. (See box.) • 7/24 at 7 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 675 Sixth Ave., at 22nd St. (212-727-1227); free.

Special Events

Tours

Prospect Park
Olmsted's other great nineteenth-century landscape offers unique pleasures, from Endale Arch to Long Meadow and the Vale of Cashmere. • 7/20 and 7/21 at 2 P.M. Call 212-465-3331 for reservations and meeting place; $12.

Liberty Park Tug Travel Tour
Another long, intimate trip on the tugboat *W.O. Decker* takes you along the north river waterfront over near Edgewater, N.J., to the area surrounding the Statue of Liberty. • 7/20 at 9 A.M. (arrive 15 min. early). Pier 15, South Street Seaport Museum (212-748-8786); $125.

Herald Square
The commercial neighborhood recovering from decades of decline features not just a giant mall but the rich culture of Koreatown and historical gems like Stanford White's Pennsylvania Hotel. • 7/20 at 2:30 P.M. Northwest corner of Sixth Ave. and 32nd St. (212-265-2663); $5.

Downtown With Beverly Swerling
The historical area now known as the financial district is toured by the author of *City of Dreams*, the historical novel set in colonial New York that just came out in paperback. • 7/21 at 11 A.M. Meet on the steps of the U.S. Custom House, 1 Bowling Green (212-439-1049); $15.

Henry James's New York
Explore not only the great local author's birthplace (near Washington Square) and sites he frequented but also the area's association with James family friends like Thoreau, Emerson, and Hawthorne. • 7/21 at noon. Call 212-415-5500 for reservations and meeting place; $30.

Benefits

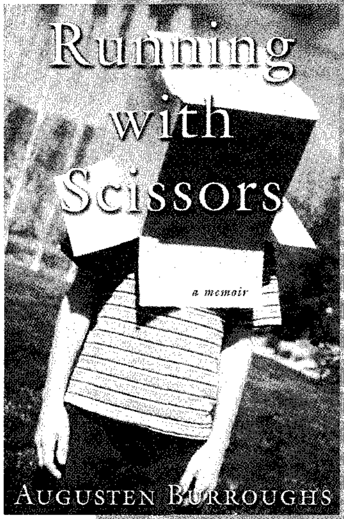
Public Theater Summer Benefit
An expensive but wait-free way to see *Twelfth Night* is to come to the benefit barbecue and show at the Delacorte, followed by dessert and champagne with the cast and co-chairs like hotelier André Balazs. • 7/17, barbecue at 6 P.M., show 8 P.M., reception 10:30 P.M. Delacorte Theater, near 80th St., Central Park (212-539-8738); $500 performance only, $1,000 with dinner; $5,000 everything for four.

"Sunshine" Benefit Auction
More than 100 Polaroids taken by artists and celebrities are sold off in live and silent auctions to benefit Free Arts for Abused Children of NYC. Cocktails, hors

In Print

Stranger Than Fiction

When, the moment he turned 18, **Augusten Burroughs** swapped his birth name for his current, invented one, he may have ditched the only enduring thing his parents had ever given him. "I found my identity very early on," says Burroughs, "because I was forced to. It was like throwing a kitten into a swimming pool, and if it swims, it swims." Burroughs has memorialized his bizarre childhood in *Running With Scissors* (St. Martin's Press, $23.95), showing off a dark wit that often rivals that of David Sedaris—while telling a true story that would make even Sedaris cringe. Not long after his alcoholic father and psychotic mother split up, Burroughs was left in the care of a psychiatrist who was an even worse influence. (He'd occasionally bring home mental patients, like the thirtysomething man who became 13-year-old Burroughs's first boyfriend.) "There was part of me that felt like everyone was raised by a crazy shrink who looked like Santa and read fortunes out of the toilet," says Burroughs. "I remember thinking, *Is this making me too fucked up to ever function?* But at the same time, I thought, *This is such funny shit.*" Surprisingly, for someone whose therapist-guardian helped him drop out of the eighth grade by staging a suicide attempt, Burroughs now has great faith in therapy. "I audition them first," he says. (One Upper West Side shrink admitted to Burroughs that he wasn't up to the task.) "It may seem funny in the book, but you've got to work on it in order to be a normal person." Burroughs reads July 24 at Barnes & Noble Chelsea. (See "The Written Word.") B.K.



SENIOR *Continued from page 33*

Would I pick that today?"

Of course, Charles also admits he broke the law. That generally informs an inmate's perspective. "Before they leave for prison, I try to get my clients to overcome their victim mentality," says Novak. "I try to get them to recognize that though it might have been a stupid law, they still broke it."

Hoelter, the prisoners' advocate, still thinks there might be better solutions. In his opinion, the Federal Bureau of Prisons has become one of the most inflexible systems in the country. "There are state systems that are much more creative—with home detention, expanded use of halfway houses, work release," he says. "Years ago, before the guidelines, before this whole get-tough-on-crime attitude came around, there were tons of community sentences. Now the whole system is just rife with boredom and inanity."

Hoelter recognizes it isn't especially fashionable to sympathize with white-collar criminals right now. "But with all the talent these guys have to offer," he says, "why are we sending them to federal prison camp, where they do laundry and lawn maintenance? For which, by the way, we taxpayers fork over at least $22,000 per inmate per year?"

BEFORE HIS INCARCERATION, FREDDY HAD given almost no thought to the young black and Hispanic men who had vanished into the federal prison system. After his incarceration, he thought about them plenty. He couldn't believe how indifferent the Bureau of Prisons seemed to their diminished prospects—Fairton offered only minimal vocational training and no college courses at all. Just classes in English as a second language and the GED.

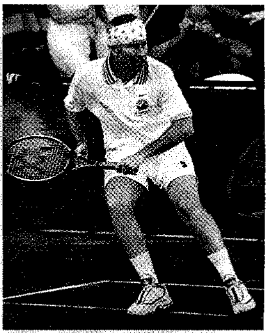
"My first week," Freddy says, "some inmates came up to me and told me they were happy I was there. They were so happy to have someone they could learn from. The system does nothing for these guys. It doesn't prepare them for the outside at all."

Every day at Fairton was a grueling, insuperable struggle against boredom; the last hot meal was served around 4 P.M. After a few weeks, Freddy couldn't stand it. He sat down with one of the prison's rickety manual typewriters, wrote a letter to the warden, and asked for permission to teach a business course.

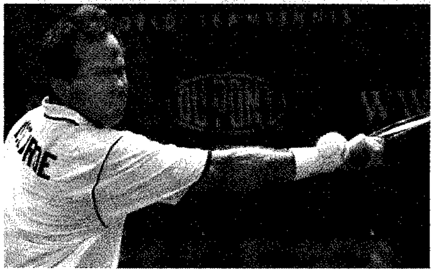
The day of his first class, twenty men showed up. "One of the biggest things that they wanted to know about is how can they get a job," he says. "These guys haven't worked in ten or fifteen years,

Happening

To the Macs



Having topped the best-seller charts with *You Cannot Be Serious*, the memoir he co-wrote, John McEnroe is spending the summer on another collaborative effort, joining baby brother Patrick on the doubles court (and playing singles, too) as a member of the co-ed New York Hamptons tennis team, owned and managed by Mac the younger. The eight-time Wimbledon champ (three singles titles, five at doubles) will arrive three games into this year's **World TeamTennis Tournament**—founded three decades ago by Billie Jean King to promote gender equality—in Amagansett. (The Macs face the New York Buzz on July 20 and the Sacramento Capitals the following day.) Will the brothers pull out their first joint win since 1992's Paris Indoor? "We still think we can play a little bit," says Patrick—always the understated one. (See "Sports.")



d'oeuvre, and Paul Sevigny's mixing skills will also be on offer. • 7/17 at 7 P.M. Eyebeam Atelier, 540–548 W. 21st St. (212-974-9092); $150 and up.

Jazzathon Benefit

The jazz radio station WBGO hosts an informal concert and jam session where various artists form spontaneous ensembles for impromptu and often one-of-a-kind performances. The show is broadcast live on the station, at 88.3 FM. • 7/24, 4 P.M. to 1 A.M. Birdland, 315 W. 44th St. (973-624-8880); $25 at the door, $10 minimum.

Exhibits

"Elevated City"

Subtitled "A History of Els in New York," the exhibit—newly extended through early November—culls historical photos, magazine covers, train models, postcards, and artifacts depicting the once ubiquitous elevated rail lines. • Through 11/6. New York Transit Museum Gallery Annex, Grand Central Terminal, Park Ave. at 42nd St. (212-878-0106); free.

"My Brooklyn"

The fruits of the Brooklyn Public Library's photography and essay contest—which solicited evocations of Brooklyn's neighborhoods, lives, and experiences—are displayed at its flagship branch. • Through 8/18. Grand Lobby, Brooklyn Public Library, Grand Army Plaza, Brooklyn (718-230-2100); free.

Four New 9/11 Shows at the NYHS

The historical society simultaneously launches four new segments of its ongoing series, "History Responds." In "Twin Towers Remembered," photographer Camilo Jose Vergara's comprehensive collection chronicles 31 years of the WTC, from construction to destruction. "Pilgrimage" records New Yorkers' early trips to ground zero via the photos of Kevin Bubriski. "Beyond Ground Zero" explores the science of disaster investigation and recovery. And finally, "In Light of Memory" features artist Christopher Evans's detailed painting of a panoramic view from Tower Two on a 24-foot Plexiglas sphere. • 7/23 through 10/20. The New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); $5.

Other Events

Astoria Summerfest

A street fair running through the largely Greek neighborhood is near enough to old television studios and Long Island City's artistic attractions to make a visit to its 200 vendors and street entertainers an advisable MoMA QNS sidetrip. • 7/21, 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. 30th Ave. bet. 29th and 40th Sts., Astoria; free.

Brooklyn Museum Garden Party

The third annual summer party regales Brooklynites (and visitors) with a new documentary, children's games, food and drink in the sculpture garden, and local country-Latin fusion group Swampbelly. • 7/21, 3 to 6 P.M. Brooklyn Museum of Art, 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); $6.

Sports

World TeamTennis Tournament

John McEnroe sat smugly in the commentators' booth at Wimbledon, challenging the Williams sisters to bring it on. But now that he has joined brother Patrick and the New York Hamptons, we'll see whether Tatum O'Neal's ex still has game. The Macs begin their quest for doubles supremacy on July 20. (See box.) • Through 7/27, evenings. Amagansett EastSide, 320 Abraham's Pass, Amagansett, Long Island (631-267-1039 or nyhamptons.com); $20 to $55.

New York Chinese Mini-Volleyball Tournament

This fifteenth annual outdoor volleyball tournament features more than 700 male and female players competing for slots in the 58th Annual North American Chinese Invitational Volleyball Tournament, to be held in San Francisco on Labor Day weekend. Round robin the first day, elimination the second. • 7/20 and 7/21, 8 A.M. to 8 P.M. Columbus Park, Mulberry St. near Worth St., and Sara Roosevelt Park, Christie St. near Canal St. (212-852-6252); free.

Powerbet.com Core Tour

Philadelphia has the X-Games, Cleveland has the Gravity Games, and we have the Core Tour. Okay, it's only two days long, but this bone-crunching extravaganza has the same big names as the more illustrious contests. D.J. Stretch Armstrong lays down beats while BMX gods Ryan Nyquist and Stephen Murray do flips three stories high. Mountain-boarders and in-line skaters rocket off the largest launch ramp in the world. And women skaters and Rollerbladers earn their Powerpuff cred in an All-Girl Skate Jam. Though amateurs and pros compete separately, every budding delinquent in the city can hang out with his or her hero in the on-deck circle. • 7/20 to 7/21, 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. South Street Seaport (212-465-3265); $20 and up, free to watch.

Race for the River and Cove-to-Cove Swims

Swim in the Hudson, you say? Yes, it's possible. The two races are a 2.4-mile downriver swim and a half-mile sprint along the sea wall, respectively, both ending at North Cove Marina in Battery Park City. You must be 15 to enter. • Race for the River: 7/21 at 12:30 P.M. Pier 62, West Side Hwy. at 23rd St. Cove-To-Cove: 7/21 at 3:45 P.M. South Cove, Battery Park City (888-NYC-SWIM or nycswim.org for both); $90 and $50, respectively.

PHOTOGRAPHS: FROM TOP, WENDY PARR; COURTESY OF TIM LAUBE/SOUTHAMPTON PRESS.

some of them. So now they're asking questions, like how do they support their families, how do they do a job interview.

"If Taubman goes to jail," he suddenly adds, "and he uses his time right, he can become a mentor to them. They'd never get to meet a Taubman on the outside. And the inmates have respect for older people. They'll become his protector."

Twice a week, Freddy sat with his students in the religious center, helping them draft résumés and conducting mock interviews. His more entrepreneurial disciples would sometimes follow him to the track in the afternoons and start to jog alongside him, testing out their business ideas. Two of them soon become his closest friends. Both were in for drug possession, and both were in for a long time—five years in the case of the younger, unmarried twentysomething, and twelve in the case of the thirtysomething with kids. At some point, it occurred to Freddy that although he'd served in the military, and although he'd grown up in working-class New York, these were the very first black friends he'd ever had.

"It's weird how you tend to cluster in your own kind," he says. We're sitting in a restaurant in Grand Central when he talks about this. He stares out at the streaming seascape of dark-blue suits. "Your own kind isn't necessarily the best kind. Your own kind turns on you. I can certainly speak to that." He stares at his food. "I'll tell you another thing," he continues. "I wish I had a company now. Because if I had a company now, I would hire every guy that gets out. I'd probably have the most loyal, dedicated employees . . . "

For a while after his release, Freddy flirted with the idea of starting an employment agency that would place former prisoners. He didn't. Nor has he done anything about improving the lot of prisoners who are still doing time. "Until the day you leave, you say you'll change the system," he says. "You repeat it to yourself: *I will change the system. I will. I will.* But the second you get out, you want to distance yourself from this experience. Fast. Quickly. That's the sad part."

He grabs my arm suddenly and gives me an anguished stare. "To tell you the truth, I'd rather not be talking to you," he blurts out. "I'd rather put this behind me, you know?" He fiddles with his fork. "I'm doing it for the guys inside. Because so many of them said, 'Oh, you'll be like all the rest. You'll leave and forget me.' "

He shakes his head. "I want them to know," he says, "that I didn't forget. I did not. I think about them still." ■

cue

Kids

Edited by Susan Avery

Events

For Children

Ice, Ice Babies

If you can't stand the heat, get to Chelsea Piers' Sky Rink for free summertime ice skating. (See box.) • Saturdays through 8/31, from 2 to 4 P.M.; Chelsea Piers, Sky Rink, 23rd St. and the West Side Hwy. (212-336-6100 or www.chelseapiers.com); free, $5.50 fee to rent skates, or bring your own.

Ease on Down to the LES

The Wiz, based on the children's classic *The Wizard of Oz*, is a modern update with Motown music and a streetwise style. As in the original, Dorothy gets caught up in a twister and lands in a magical world of munchkins, et al. • 7/19–7/28; Henry Street Settlement, Abrons Arts Center, Henry De Jur Playhouse, 466 Grand St. (212-598-0400); $10 grown-ups, $5 kids.

Campfire Girls, and Boys

Gather round for campfire songs and sea chanteys aboard the *Peking* at the South Street Seaport. Kids then compose their own lyrics and perform them. • 7/20 from 1 to 4 P.M.; South Street Seaport, Pier 16, tall ship *Peking* (212-908-4110); free.

Pitter Pattern

Ready to learn transfiguration? The Brooklyn Children's Museum offers the fundamentals of patterns as they occur in the natural and man-made worlds. The new exhibit, "Pattern Wizardry," includes a walk into a giant spiral, a visit inside a honeycomb's land of hexagons, a game of monster-size Magnadoodle, and travels through a course of tree branches. • Through 1/5/03; Brooklyn Children's Museum, 145 Brooklyn Ave. (718-735-4400 or www.brooklynkids.org); $4.

Radio Disney's Bugsy Tells Tales

Come for the toys and Ferris wheel, but listen to Radio Disney's D.J. Bugsy as he does his own brand of Grimm Brothers' storytelling at the Times Square Toys 'R' Us. Free gift for each attendee. • 7/18 from 11 A.M. to 1 P.M.; Toys 'R' Us, 1514 Broadway, at 44th St., level 2 (646-366-8855); free.

Full Flower

The gardens at Wave Hill are brimming with colorful daylilies, tiger lilies, water lilies, and plantain lilies. Discover where they are and sketch, paint, or print your own selection. • 7/20, 7/21 from 1 to 4 P.M.; Wave Hill, Kerlin Learning Center, W. 249th St. and Independence Ave., the Bronx (718-549-3200 or www.wavehill.org); $4 grown-ups, $2 students and seniors, free to kids 5 and younger.

Social Climbers

For kids who are climbing the walls this summer, Central Park Conservancy shows them how to do it right. The Youth Open Climbing session on an indoor rock wall includes all equipment, and it's free. For kids 8 to 17. • Every Saturday through 8/25 from 11 A.M. to 1 P.M.; Central Park, North Meadow Recreation Center, mid-park at 97th St. (212-348-4867, ext. 10, or www.centralparknyc.org); free.

Rockin' Robots

Watch how a variety of robots function and learn how they do what they do at the weekend Robot Clinics at the New York Hall of Science. • Weekends through 9/1/02 at 1:30 P.M.; New York Hall of Science, 47-01 111th St., Queens (718-699-0005 or www.nyscience.org); $7.50 grown-ups, $5 students and seniors, $2.50 kids 2–4, youngers are free.

Learn In-Line Skating

Enjoy a day in the park while learning those all-important in-line-skating skills. BYO Rollerblades, helmet, knee pads, elbow pads, and wrist guards, and let the experts from the National Park Service teach you how it's done. For beginners and intermediates. Preregistration required. • 7/20, 8/17, and 8/31 at 11 A.M.; Fort Tilden Visitor Center, 169th St., Queens (718-318-4300); free.

Just for Parents

School Choices

New York has some of the best, and some of the worst, public schools in the country. Clara Hemphill, director of the Public School Information Center, authors a new book, *New York City's Best Public Elementary Schools* (Teachers College Press; $19.95), that provides parents with what they need to know to get their kids into the school they want. Info on homework, competition, class size, and teaching methods. • Currently in bookstores.

We've Got a Substitute

Remember the days when you walked into class and came face-to-face with the dreaded substitute? In *The People Garden*, a cast of child actors shows the temporary teacher that the simple lessons of childhood are the same ones required for life. Recommended for kids 3 to 12. • Saturdays at 11 A.M.; York Theatre, Church of St. Peter at Citigroup Center, 619 Lexington Ave., nr. 54th St. (800-233-3123 or www.peoplegarden.com); $15.

In the Beginning Was the Book

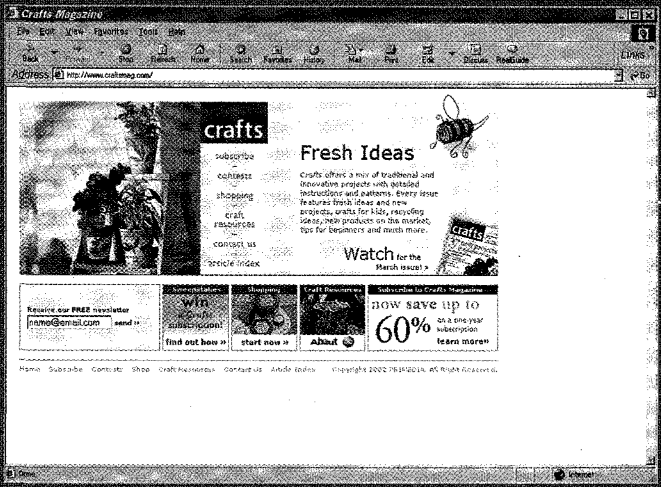
Classic kids' books have long been a source of inspiration for all other forms of entertainment. Now the New York Public Library for the Performing Arts opens "Children's Books in Performance," a multimedia exhibit and film series that shows how books make the world go round. • Through 10/31; New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center (212-870-1630 or www.nypl.org); free.

Activity

Blade Runners

Olympic champions are pretty cool in their own right. But now, with free summertime ice skating at **Chelsea Piers**, families can not only chill out from the sweaty season but also take lessons from a couple of medal winners. Sky Rink's eleven coaches include Michelle Kwan's sister, Karen (who also competed at the national level, a couple of years ahead of her sibling), and ice-hockey gold-medalist Alana Blahoski. Training season for the NHL is also under way, so keep your eyes peeled for fast-moving Canadians. S.A.

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF CHELSEA PIERS.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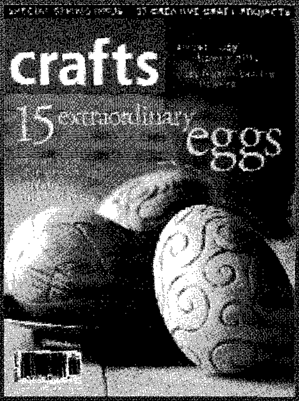
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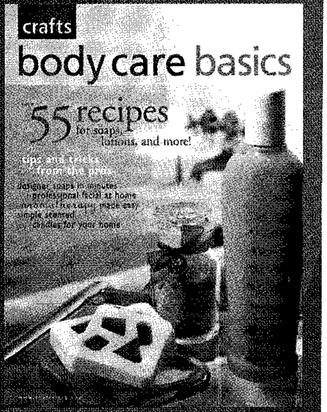
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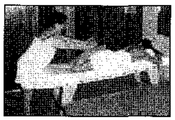

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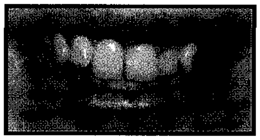

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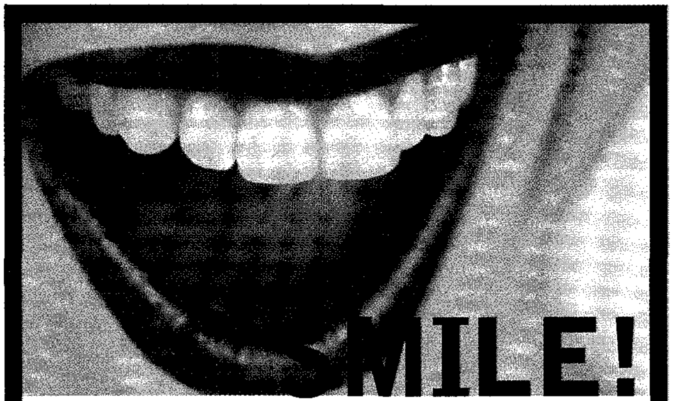

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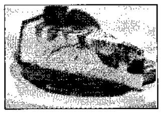

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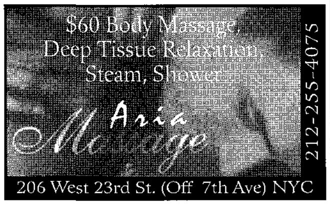

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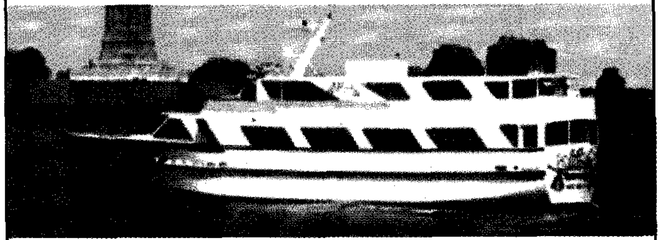

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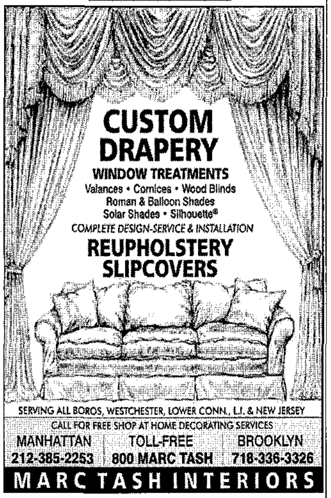

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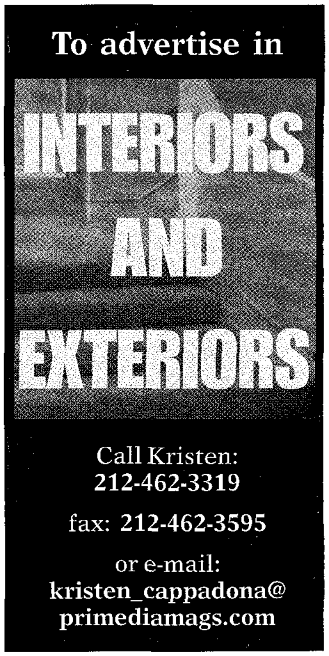

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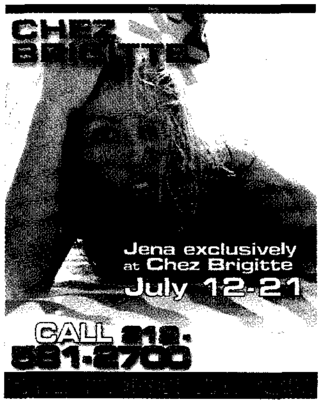
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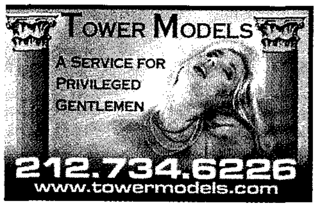
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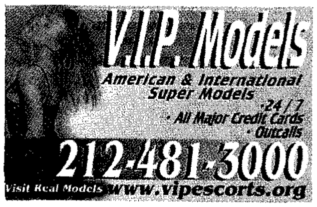
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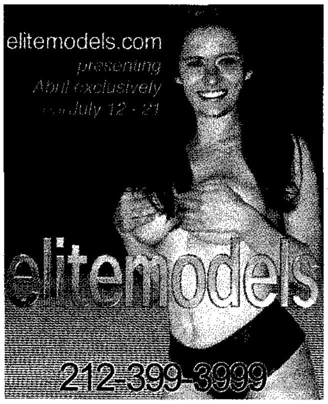
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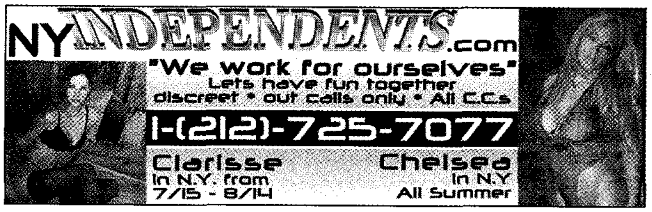
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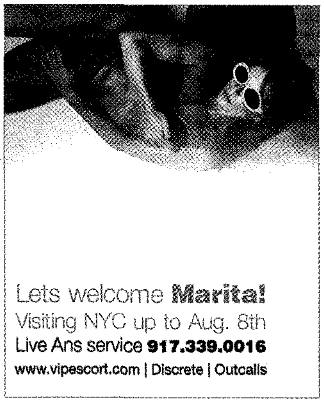

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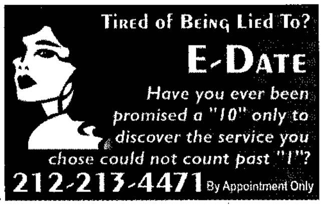

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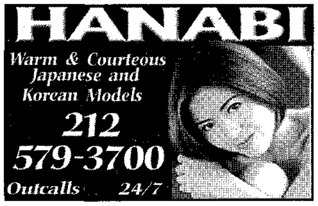

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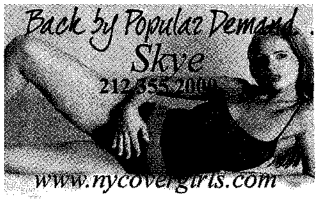

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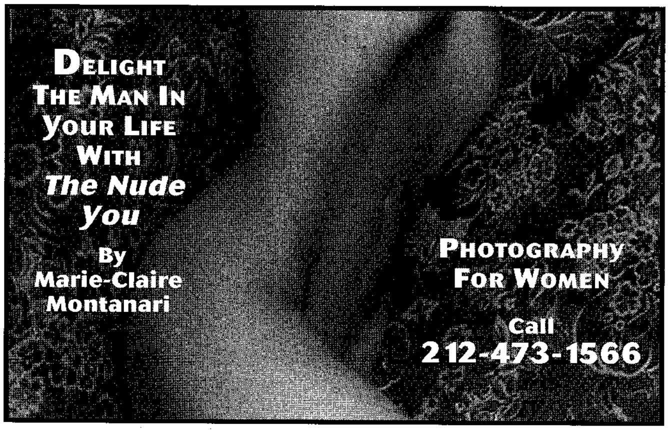

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Tempus Fugit!—How very true. This white male executive is searching for an Asian beauty (over 30) to travel through time with. Must be healthy and wise, petite, shapely, love travel, performing arts, music, and be interested in a committed relationship. I am mid 50s, medium height, slim, blue eyes and toned. Photo/note. 2757 ✉☎

Sexy Single Mom—Dark hair/eyes, gentile Jewish, seeks ruggedly handsome man with good life values, 40 plus. Photo. 2747 ✉☎

Attractive, Fit, Secure—Professional, single white male, 36, enjoys travel, arts and dining out. Seeks attractive, secure older woman with similar interests, for friendship/relationship. 2742 ✉☎

Pretty, Petite, Sexy—Light blue eyes, auburn hair, warm, kind and a Yankee fan. Looking for attractive, romantic, caring, successful white male, 50-60, to share life. Note/photo. 2738 ✉☎

Annette Bening—With a touch of younger Stockard Channing. Considered "extremely cute, with great gams - a real catch." Gorgeous red hair, friendly blue eyes, infectious smile. Sassy, saucy, sensual, single, 38, toned, trim, strong body, lots of heart. Authentic, vibrant, cosmopolitan, fun. Loves urban living, rural visits. More Italy or rented bungalow than all-inclusives; more Ornette Coleman than pop; more leisurely dining than fast food. Dessert queen - makes a mean chocolate cake. Enjoys biking, dogs, art, people-watching, movies. Seeks thoughtful, ambitious, financially secure man, 35-48, 5'8" plus. 2700✉☎ bridgetteklein@yahoo.com

Slender, Smart And Sexy—Dark-haired beauty. Sophisticated, supportive, fun-loving, 49. Upbeat personality, sparkling eyes, intellectually inquisitive, financially secure professional. Likes theater, Italy (beauty, culture, pace of life), London, Sonoma, sailing, jazz clubs. Enjoys opening bottle of good red wine, relaxing together, whipping up home-cooked dinner or sampling NY restaurants. Seeks professional man (48-59) with a certain sophistication, generous spirit, time for real relationship (5'9" plus, please). Allmyheart100@aol.com 2750✉☎

ttractive, Elegant Widow—Self-employed rofessional, Riverdale area, seeking a nice uy, 65-70, who loves animals, movies, quiet venings at home. Photo and note. 2767✉

apture My Soul—Accomplished, finanially secure and educated Jewish male, outhful-looking 51, 5'9", with no baggage, eeks that special, attractive, slim, fun, istinctive, romantic 30s gal to forever share l the adventures that life has to offer. Feet rmly planted on the ground and photos are must. investornyc@hotmail.com 2763 ✉

avishing Writer—Pretty, slim, cultured dy, both serious and fun - loves Mozart, avel and the arts. Seeks bright, handsome rofessional man, 50-62, for friendship and mance. Note/photo. peony33@aol.com 732 ✉☎

ingle White Male—30, blue eyes, brown air, average build, looking for a female ompanion, 25-35. Race unimportant. Must e conscious that life is not fair. 2759 ✉

etite, Cosmopolitan Westchester Widow—lid 60s, seeks articulate, cultivated gentlean for mutual enchantment. No blue jeans/ eaker types, please. 2774 ✉☎

A Touch Of Glamour—Stunning classic looks and great personality. Thin, high quality, intellectually curious, upbeat, blond. Radiates poise, grace and fun. Good athlete: golf, tennis, snowshoeing, skiing/hiking out West. Stylish but not fashion victim. Reaches out to others. Believes good things can happen when least expected. Laughs easily. Easily pleased, not laden with baggage. Loves summer burgers on the grill, opera, politics, charitable involvements, antiques, art, The Economist, theater. Can't get enough travel. Seeks nice-looking, financially comfortable, divorced/widowed man, 50-68, active with good disposition. elisa1357@yahoo.com 2779 ✉ ☎

Distinguished-Looking, Successful Man—Company president, grey hair, tall, sense of humor. Two residences. Variety of interests including music, horses, sailing, etc., and just "hanging out". Interested in meeting a cultured, down-to-earth younger woman in her 30s or early 40s, to share good times and friendship. Would appreciate note with your background and description. Photo and phone are essential. Your confidence respected. 2777 ✉

PLACES TO GO. PEOPLE TO MEET.

	F	S
ames	6 Swing Lessons 8:30 pm	7 MOMA 1:00 pm Touch Football 3:00 pm Ping-pong & Pool 9:00 pm
	13 Blue Man Group 8:00 pm Bowling & Bars 9:00 pm	14 White Water Rafting 9:00 am Brooklyn Museum 12:00 pm Guided Hiking 2:00 pm
orkshop	20 Ski Trip Weekend 6:30 pm	21 Metropolitan Museum 3:00 pm Bourbon Tasting 8:00 pm
e Justine ch Volleyball	27 Salsa Dance Workshop 8:15 pm	28 Long Island Wineries 10:00 am Rock Scrambling 10:00 am Chelsea Galleries 2:00 pm

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Gay White Female Writer Seeks Muse—Manhattan-based, accomplished, charming, witty, 41-year-old professional seeks same. Please be not too femme. Please be financially/emotionally secure, 36-46 years old, fit and drama/disease/cat-free. Must be dog-friendly. Send photo/note. 2770 ✉

"4" S Club's Singular Sensation—Sexy, smart, sophisticated, slim (interested in joining?), Jewish psychotherapist who adores swing dancing, off-Broadway, cinema...and loves talking about it afterwards - seeks her counterpart in his late 50s, for companionship/love. 2751 ✉☎

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Pretty, Green-Eyed, Lively, Easygoing—Ivy-educated MBA, looking for warm, kind, funny, tall, almost-normal, 50-60ish guy who's looking for me. Special loves: Kyoto, Barcelona, Harvard Square, Seattle, Maine, Paris and Palo Alto. Prefer (914), (203), (212). Photo, please. 2773 ✉☎

Make Me Laugh—Here I am - Jewish, divorced 2 1/2 times, on the Upper East Side. Having been a model for years and years, I now have turned to medicine. I volunteer at a NY hospital in radiology, and love it. I'm 5'7", love medical, Atlantic City, stock market and, I hope, you. This is my first-time ad and I hope you will make my summer fun. I'm interested in ages 60s plus. 2737 ✉☎

Extremely Attractive White Male, 53—Financially secure, seeks lady, very attractive, older or younger. Photo. 2760 ✉☎

NYMESSAGE

Santiago—I love you and will always there for you! xxx Jennifer

City Girl, Country Heart—Enjoys theate cabaret, picnics in the park. Seeks 50-6 Renaissance man. 2735 ✉☎

Tall, Attractive Professional Woman-Seeks man with wit and intelligence, 50 60s, for friendship - possibly more. 2741✉

Divorced, Professional Jewish Man—4 very athletic, 5'8", seeks sincere, intelliger attractive counterpart to share fun time common interests and Seinfeld. 2772✉

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Downtown Designer—40s, handsome, clever and kind. Seeks beautiful woman of the arts, who likes le Jardin de Luxembourg, Erik Satie and the White Album (Beatles). Note/photo. live-801@rcn.com 2776 ✉

Pretty Brunette, Princeton Area—Patent attorney, 40s - likes warmhearted, fun-loving people, tennis, travel and animals. Seeks male counterpart for lasting relationship. Note/photo/phone, please. 2766 ✉

Caring, Responsible, Nonsmoking—Handsome, fit and lovable guy, 5'9", 42, financially secure and from a stable, loving family. Looking for a tenderhearted, pretty, slim Jewish female, 25-38, to share life, love of travel and strong interest in Jewish history and culture. Note/photo, please. 2762 ✉

Pretty, Warm, Loving—Happy, accom plished Jewish professional, very youthfu active 55, 5'6", fit, fun, full of life an love, bright, kind, sensitive, communicati and evolved, seeks fine-valued, accom plished Jewish soul mate to share lov laughter, family and friends. Note/photo delighted to exchange. 2768 ✉☎

Erudite, Sophia Loren Look-Alike–Internationally known artist - enjoys a things, spiritual and evolved, Jewish. lady, elegant, exotic and sensual, a comple woman. Seeking my spiritual partner, wh is solvent, lives out loud, traveled, "A Man who's exceptional and looking for an excep tional woman. Please be fun, relaxed an open to all the possibilities, 45-63. Pho a must. godessxlife@aol.com 2730 ✉☎

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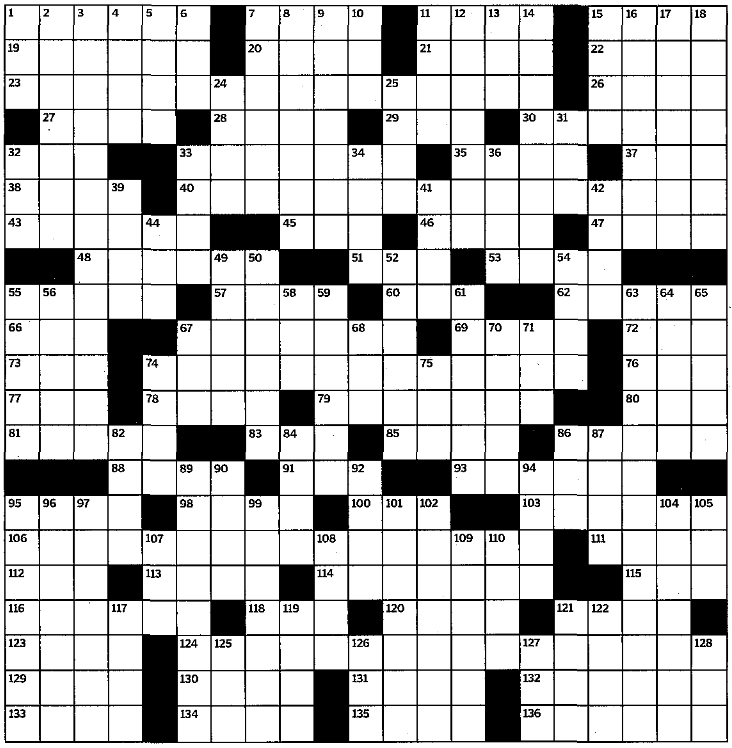
'Questions, Questions, Questions'

'Cue' Crossword by Maura B. Jacobson



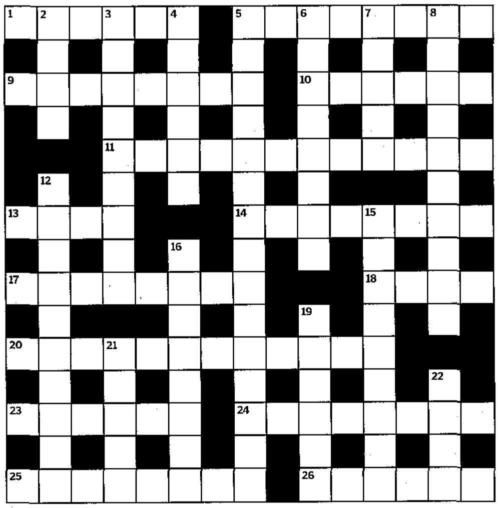
ACROSS

1 Sentries
7 Roe source
11 Food, slangily
15 Alphabet sequence
19 One of the Gandhis
20 Novice: var.
21 Lady Chaplin
22 North Carolina college
23 How did a doe win a race?
26 Ice menace at sea
27 River under the Brooklyn Bridge
28 Inland sea of Russia
29 Break a Commandment
30 Less of a struggle
32 No gentleman
33 Fully in the shade
35 Platter
37 Miracle-—— (plant-food brand)
38 Try to persuade
40 What happened at a flea circus?
43 Publication manager
45 Buckeyes' school letters
46 Thereabouts
47 Org.
48 Casting a ballot
51 Offense that maddens MADD
53 Dentist's request
55 Went on a buying spree
57 Pioneer automaker
60 "One —— Lonely Number"
62 Appetizing stores
66 Paleozoic, for one
67 Drifted on top of the water
69 Patsy
72 Actress Balin
73 This minute
74 What is a gold tooth?
76 Exhumed Egyptian
77 Eggs, in biology
78 Charged atoms
79 Regis and Kelly, e.g.
80 Between Mao and tung
81 Kind of flush
83 Himalayan ox
85 "And —— bed"
86 Was on the sick list
88 Fiddling emperor
91 D-day landing vessel
93 Provide with opportunity
95 So far —— goes
98 First name in daredeviltry
100 Uncooked
103 Fight by grappling, colloquially
106 What happens at a good restaurant?
111 Popeye's "Hi!"
112 Cheerleader's cry
113 Portable dwelling
114 Renters
115 Exist
116 Supple
118 Pub quaff
120 Europe's most active volcano
121 Roof overhang
123 Forever and ——
124 What do Scrabble players do?
129 Nair competitor
130 After teen or golden
131 "Oz" author
132 Audio system
133 Creator of Perry and Della
134 Fan's disappointment
135 Every, in Emden
136 Iran, once

DOWN

1 U.S.O. patrons
2 ——-of (never known)
3 What is a will?
4 Van Winkle and Torn
5 Confound it!
6 N. Eur. airline
7 Chafing-dish fuel
8 Mexican state
9 Without guile
10 Homer Simpson's exclamation
11 Mongolian desert
12 More spherical
13 Informal relative
14 Tart mart
15 C.S.A. soldiers
16 Winter vehicles on runners
17 Bullring idols
18 Like failed seedlings
24 Ibn ——
25 Exxon, formerly
31 Desirable blackjack card
32 Stage signal
33 Delhi dress
34 Horse kept for breeding
36 "Wishing will make ——"
39 School on the Thames
41 Margot's "Superman" role
42 Mentally balanced
44 Baseball great
49 Philip of "The Man Without a Country"
50 Opposite of matte
52 Side-to-side measurements
54 Paradise lost
55 Madrid mister
56 Utah city
58 Companion of dit
59 Adheres
61 "—— Fidelis"
63 Who use small razors?
64 Busy, as a phone
65 Fed to the full
67 With Jo, Griffith-Joyner's nickname
68 British rocker Brian
70 1943 Pulitzer-winner Sinclair
71 Faux ——
74 Office repository
75 Boo or yoo follower
82 Starting bet
84 Treaty partner
86 Attorneys' gp.
87 Rick's love, in "Casablanca"
89 Turnabout
90 It's within your range
92 Loyal
94 Part of B.A.
95 Plane's path
96 Not as ebullient
97 "Moby-Dick" narrator
99 Manors
101 Munitions storage place
102 Pensively longing
104 "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" heroine
105 Hurricane center
107 Numbered rd.
108 Butter sub
109 Complete set of chromosomes
110 Get wind of
117 Computer memory unit
119 Front-runners: abbr.
121 Borgia in-law
122 Imitator
125 "My turn!"
126 Ring org.
127 Cleo's cobra
128 Mauna ——

The 'Guardian' Crossword Set by Quantum



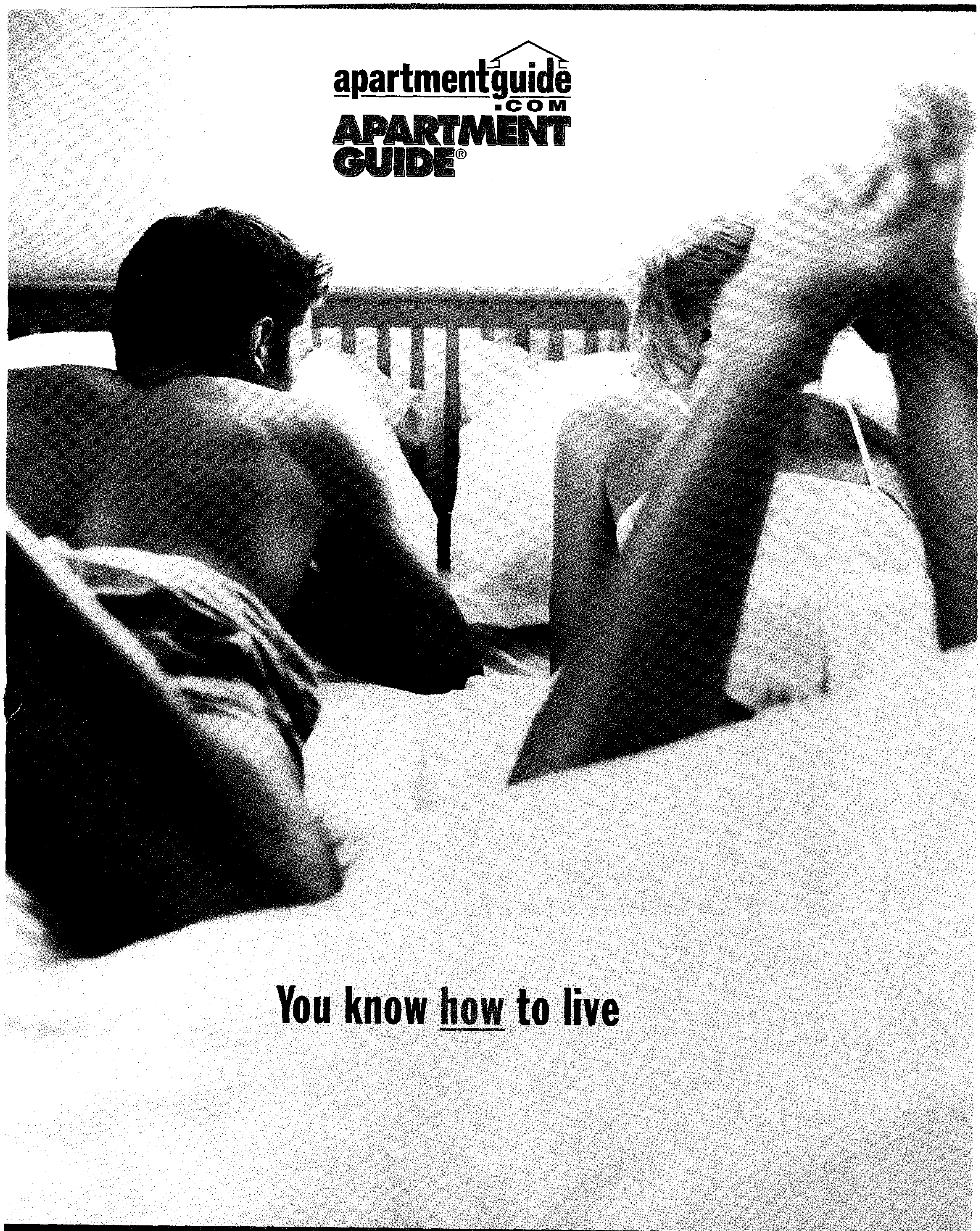
ACROSS

1 Hair preparation doctor uses after treatment. (6)
5 Bright colour-sergeant, say, in the dance. (8)
9 Discipline one lout with art lesson in small group. (8)
10 Part of arrow left in battle. (6)
11 Small cuts to be made in this theatrical performance? (12)
13 Dash! Biro's broken. (4)
14 Dealing with Heather by writing. (8)
17 Relatively active part of body takes in rest. (8)
18 Some feeling returns in the water. (4)
20 Copper darts start possibly to be thrown in farce? (7,5)
23 Temporary dwelling by the city is hidden from view. (6)
24 Make a killing in the service area. (8)
25 Don't break up so much, they say. It's careless. (8)
26 Dislike injection? (6)

DOWN

2 Work round unpleasant matter. (4)
3 Worried monster company, in short, shown at wind up time? (5,4)
4 English man disregarding books? It's to show clearly. (6)
5 Find difficulty in living in autumn on CD work. (4,2,4,5)
6 A fellow's good at speaking, having plenty of brass. (8)
7 Making it go round Eastern monarch. (5)
8 Only cheer leader of team excitedly in an orderly way. (10)
12 Express link. (10)
15 The painting comes down to a head. (9)
16 Salad dressing and no French wine for the bird. (8)
19 Can spin or twist. (6)
21 Tug made from wood round the West. (5)
22 Artist in middle of Poly examination. (4)

SOLUTIONS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES APPEAR ON PAGE 47.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